

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 805



MAY 2, 1885

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 805.—VOL. XXXI.
Registered as a Newspaper] ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1885

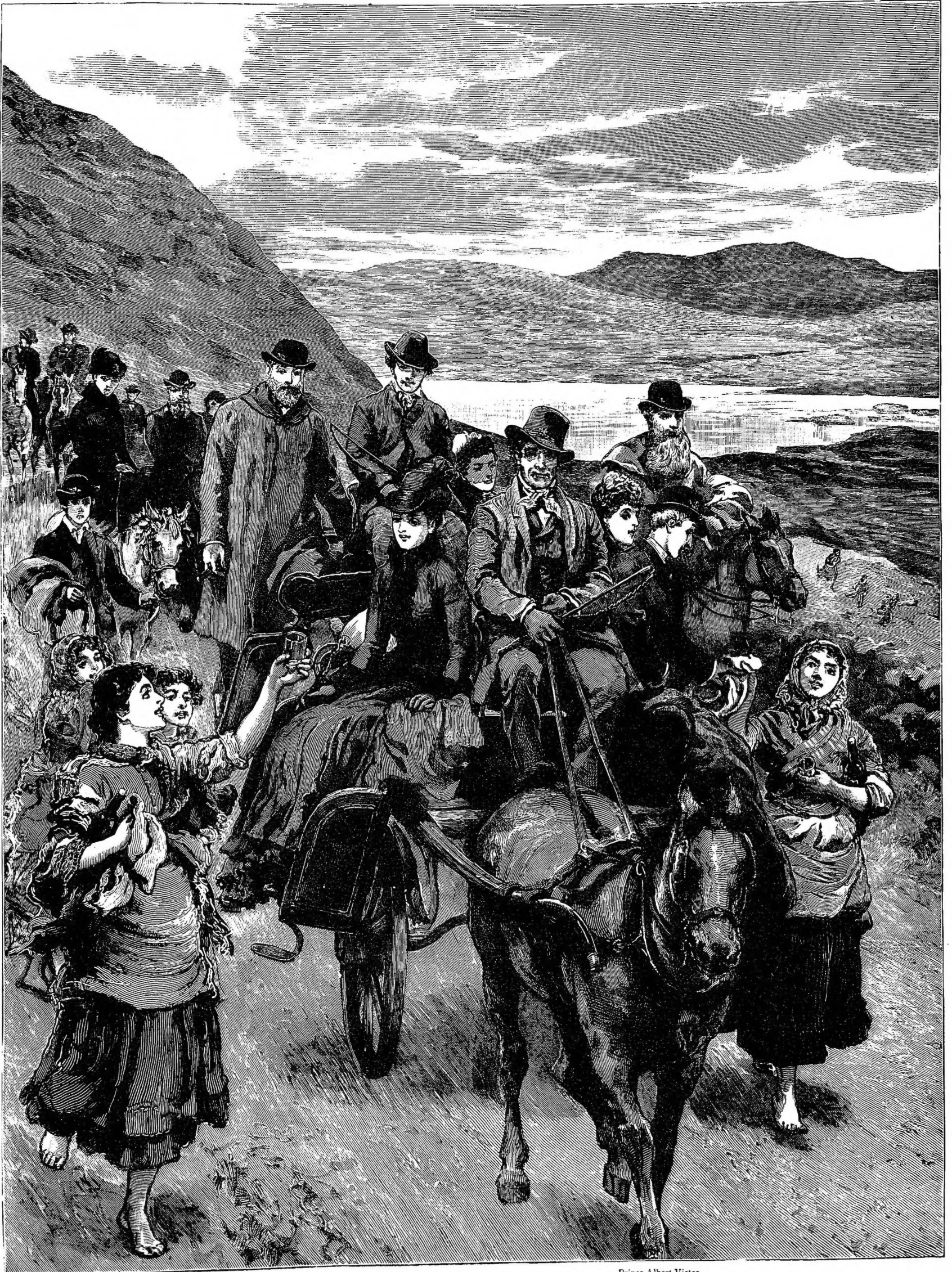
ENLARGED TO
TWO SHEETS [PRICE NINEPENCE
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THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND—CROSSING THE GAP OF DUNLOE, KILLARNEY
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. S. P. HALL

Topics of the Week

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.—If there is to be war between England and Russia, no one will be able to say that this country plunged into a great struggle under the influence of momentary passion. In his powerful speech on Monday, Mr. Gladstone maintained perfect self-control, and his scrupulously moderate tone exactly represented the feeling of the English people. The nation is most anxious that there should not be war, and there is hardly any sacrifice consistent with the honour and the vital interests of the Empire which the majority of Englishmen would not readily sanction for the prevention of so terrible a calamity. Unfortunately the same pacific sentiment does not prevail in Russia; at least, it does not prevail among the classes on whose will the issues of peace and war depend. It is urged, by those who have taken the Russian view in this controversy, that little importance ought to be attributed to the battle at Penjdeh; and they would be right if it could be proved that General Komaroff fought, or believed that he was fighting, in self-defence. But if the Russian Government are convinced that this was the true explanation of the battle, why should they decline to submit the question to arbitration? The only answer is that they have no such conviction, and that General Komaroff attacked the Afghans because it was believed at St. Petersburg that the time had come for the execution of a boldly aggressive policy. All that is known about the recent proceedings of Russia confirms this conclusion; and England would have deserved to lose her hold over India if, confronted by unmistakable evidence of hostile intention, she had hesitated to make vigorous preparations for the maintenance of her rights. It is still possible that war may be avoided; but, if that good fortune is in store for us, we shall owe it, not to the Russian Government's sense of justice, but to the impression produced by the manifest determination of England to draw the sword rather than accept peace on dishonourable terms. Russian statesmen, like many other Continental statesmen, evidently fancied that nothing would ever again induce us to contend with a great Power; and the discovery that they were mistaken may lead them, even at the last moment, to withdraw those of their claims which they themselves know to be unreasonable and unjust.

THE DECLARATION OF PARIS.—This arrangement, for it can scarcely be called a Treaty, will once more come into prominence if Russia and ourselves should go to war. The most important and the most disputable of its four clauses is the second, which states that "The neutral flag covers the enemy's goods, except contraband of war." It is admitted that no such doctrine was known in the "good old days," as Mr. McCoan would probably call them. The old-fashioned idea was that a belligerent should do as much harm as he possibly could to his opponent, both publicly and privately. At the same time the convenience of neutrals was very little regarded, and they were apt to be knocked about like ninepins. But gradually more humane sentiments have been suffered to prevail. War is at its best a horrible evil, but as humanity has long forbidden that it should be waged against women, children, and non-combatants, why should not private property be also exempt? This is what the Americans claim, and, because private property under the Declaration of Paris is only protected when in neutral hulls, they have hitherto refused to give their adhesion to this international arrangement, which does not go far enough for them. Mr. McCoan, in a cleverly-argued letter, regrets that we have given up this power over neutral vessels, but the plain fact is that the commerce of the world is now shared by so many nations that such interference would be intolerable. Eighty years ago there was only one other nation besides ourselves which had an important maritime trade. What did our precious right of search do for us then? Why, it embroiled us with that nation, our own kinsmen, the Americans, and the wretched inglorious war of 1812 was a very dear price to pay for the cargoes which, under a more sensible system, the Yankees might have carried for the convenience of the French. In effect what the Declaration of Paris says to belligerents is this: "Because you belligerents choose to fall out with each other, that is no reason why you should injure and annoy us neutrals."

THE AMEER'S ATTITUDE.—For the moment, Abdur Rahman Khan, ex-pensioner of Russia, present Ameer of Afghanistan, has become an important political factor. Under ordinary circumstances, his goodwill would have little value, but the sudden advance of Russia to the vicinity of Herat changes the whole complexion of affairs. So far as appearances go, the Ameer is our fast friend, as well he may be, considering the handsome income we pay him. Afghan sincerity is not, as a rule, a very pronounced quality in either prince or peasant; but it may be pretty safely reckoned on in return for £20,000 per annum—so long as no higher bid is made. We make little question, therefore, that the effusive demonstrations of affection and loyalty in which his Highness indulged at Rawul Pindi were sincere; nor do we doubt that, other things being equal, he prefers England to Russia. None the less would it be foolish to expect undeviating loyalty from him. He is placed in a

very difficult and delicate position. Were there no other danger threatening him than a Cossack deluge, he could afford to call in British help to stem the torrent. What he has much more to fear is the appearance of Ayoub Khan in the field. That Pretender still has a large following in Afghanistan, and, were he supplied with a good store of Russian gold and arms, it is quite possible that the throne of Cabul might find another occupant. This, then, we conceive is the real reason for the somewhat dubious attitude of our interesting *protégé*. He loves England much, but he fears Russia more, and Machiavelli lays it down that, in similar cases, fear is more potent than love. On the whole, our safest policy would seem to consist in securing the Indian frontier by all the means in our power, without taking into account that very variable element, Afghan friendship.

DUMB DOGS.—There has been much controversy lately as to the duty of those clergymen who think that England ought not to go to war with Russia. It has been urged that they should proclaim their convictions from the pulpit, and that if they fail to use their influence in favour of peace they deserve to be despised as "dumb dogs." Those who take this view seem to forget that all clergymen do not hold the same opinions about the questions in dispute. The majority of them, no doubt, sympathise with the majority of their countrymen, and contend with a good conscience that if Russia is as hostile as she seems to be we are bound to resist her aggressive policy. Are these clergymen also to make their political ideas the subject of their sermons? If not, why not? They are not less sure of their ground than are the clergymen who take the opposite side; and both are equally convinced that their respective opinions are based on the deepest principles of international morality. It is impossible to claim for one set of preachers the right to discuss political subjects in their discourses without conceding the same right to all preachers. But if sermons are to be close imitations of leading articles, how many persons will care to go to hear them? And of those who do go, how many will come away feeling that they have profited by what they have heard? Fortunately, almost all clergymen feel the force of these considerations, and carefully refrain from using their power as preachers for the benefit of their political party. It would surely be rather hard if even in church people were hindered from remembering that there are elements of human nature of more importance than the distinctions between Whig, Tory, and Radical.

IRELAND AFTER THE ROYAL VISIT.—Men of all shades of politics—even the most verdant of Fenian green—must admit that the Royal visit was a greater success than was generally expected. Many feared, some hoped, that it would prove a failure, or that some lamentable *contretemps* would take place. As matters turned out, the disloyal demonstrations were of a petty character; and, which is still more satisfactory, they were evidently made to order rather than spontaneous. But let us not exult too much. To express surprise that the public behaviour was so good is really to libel, rather than to compliment, the Irish people. There is a great deal of human nature about the Irish; they are sociable, gregarious, and fond of merry-making. It is small wonder then that—apart from the personal merits of the Royal couple—they should cheer a Prince and Princess whose presence was everywhere the signal for banners, and triumphal arches, and fireworks, and balls. These things may be frivolities, but they serve to variegate the monotony of an existence passed—as Disraeli once rather fancifully said, "On the shores of a melancholy ocean." So we shall rejoice if Royalty does all it can to render the agreeable impressions thus made on the Irish people more durable by establishing a permanent residence in Ireland. If Ireland can be made fashionable as Scotland is fashionable, and a swarm of tourists every summer pours into the island from this side of St. George's Channel, poverty will be alleviated, and the traditional feeling of bitterness may gradually be exchanged for contentment.

BULLYING AT SCHOOLS.—King's College School appears to be anything but a model place of education, judging from the correspondence which has appeared this week in the newspapers. Bullying of a particularly brutal sort seems to have gone on systematically for a considerable time, and the headmaster must have had some notion of its existence, or he would not have issued a ukase against one particular form of the pastime. It may be questioned, however, whether all the other public schools in the metropolis are in a position to point the finger of scorn at the Somerset House institution. Big establishments, with five hundred or six hundred day boys and no boarders, are apt to be deficient in the gentlemanly tone which characterises our great public schools. There is none of that association between masters and pupils out of school hours which forms such an important part of a boy's training. At such a place as King's College School the masters are teachers, and nothing more. This work they perform no doubt conscientiously and thoroughly, but the moment it is finished they wash their hands of their pupils. We do not blame them; it is the system that is in fault. Boys are taught by it, but not trained in the highest sense of the term, because, practically, it is no one's duty to look after the training. At King's College School, for instance, the duty has devolved on a

couple of porters, who, thinking it of no importance, left it undischarged. So a parcel of big bullies are allowed to beat a little boy to death without the slightest interference on the part of the authorities. No doubt a searching inquiry will be made, and we take it for granted that the offenders will be expelled, even if they are not indicted for manslaughter. A good deal more will be required before the London public schools attain the high level long ago reached and maintained by Eton, Winchester, Harrow, and Charterhouse.

LOCALISING THE WAR.—There is a growing belief on the Continent that if war should break out between England and Russia it will be impossible for the neutral Powers to localise the struggle. And there can be little doubt that this anticipation will prove to be correct. No authoritative statement has been made as to the efforts of the neutral Powers to induce the Porte to close the Dardanelles; it is not even certain that any such efforts have been made. But assuming that there is some foundation for the rumours on the subject, is it probable that Turkey would wish to prevent us from striking Russia where she is most vulnerable? It is true that during the last eight or nine years many hard things have been said by some Englishmen about the "unspeakable Turk," and that the foreign policy of the English Liberal party has been bitterly resented by our old ally. Still, England does not want Constantinople, and Russia does; and the Turks are not quite so stupid as to miss the significance of this slight difference between the aims of the two countries. Russia threatens to make war on Turkey if she lets our ships pass into the Black Sea; but the Porte may not perhaps dread a war in which she would be acting with England. Besides, there is good reason to doubt whether the threat is seriously intended, for Russia knows well that if by any chance she succeeded in beating the combined forces of England and Turkey she would not be permitted by Austria and Germany to reap what would seem to her the proper fruits of her victories. On the whole, then, it is much more likely that Turkey would be for us than that she would be against us. But even if she were to favour our enemies, it is not very probable that England would meekly consent to be excluded from the Black Sea. Lord Beaconsfield was at one time prepared, if necessary, to force the Dardanelles; and in the event of war his successor would certainly not display a less resolute spirit.

PITY THE PITITE.—Bit by bit the old-fashioned theatrical pit is being improved off the face of the earth. Play-going veterans of economical habits regretfully recall the days when the third row of the pit was the best place in the house for seeing and hearing. This fact dawned by degrees on the minds of managers, and they very naturally resolved to make their customers pay more dearly for such a coveted position. At the same time the alteration was scarcely conducive to the best interests of the drama; for the pitites of the olden time were both more critical and more serious-minded than the modern occupants of the stalls, who too often come to chatter and digest their late dinners, and who prefer frivolity rather than anything which puts a strain on their intellectual powers. However this may be, the anti-pit tendency continued, and the Bancrofts at the Haymarket boldly abolished the pit altogether. There was a good deal of grumbling at the innovation, but, with more than thirty theatres at the public disposal, these are not the days for O.P. riots, and so the change was quietly accepted. Mr. Irving on his return from America has introduced a similar revolution at the Lyceum. It is true that he retains the names of pit and gallery, but he destroys the essential quality of these sections of the auditorium by announcing that all the seats will be reserved and can be booked in advance. The two most obvious objections to this scheme are, first, that it will compel the pitite or the "god" to arrange for his visit to the theatre some days beforehand, instead of being able as heretofore to go at a moment's notice; and, secondly, that speculators will buy up the tickets in advance and retail them at an enhanced price. Mr. Irving's alleged object is to prevent the hustling at the doors, but, judging from Monday's experience, the squash was worse at the ticket-office than it has formerly been at the pit and gallery. We confess that we should like to see a reversion to the old plan with this addendum, namely, that one or two courteous and intelligent officials should be posted outside the pit and gallery entrances, with the view of instructing the intending audience how to stand *en queue*. The public would soon appreciate the convenience of thus standing "in tail," and would take their places without assistance. As we borrow most of our plays from the French, surely we might also borrow from them this excellent custom.

THAMES ROUGHS.—It seems almost too good news to be true; the hand of the law is actually reported to have fallen upon a couple of Thames roughs. Even more astonishing is the nature of the charge brought against them—merely "being drunk and disorderly, and using obscene language." Considering that the species is always more or less intoxicated—generally, more—invariably disorderly, and quite incapable of using other than obscene language, it must have seemed hard to the two culprits to be suddenly come down upon for practices which had acquired the sanctity of vested interests in their eyes. Let us trust that this most happy "new departure" on the part of the river police is not a mere

spasmodic burst of energy. Our glorious river and its banks have been too long given up to the rule of the rough. What other civilised capital in the world would so misuse the opportunities presented by such a river as ours? Take, for instance, the southern bank between Hammersmith and Putney Bridges. Here are all the makings of as splendid a promenade as exists in Christendom. On the one side of the raised causeway runs the river; on the other, green meadows and thickets stretch away. A great population lives close at hand at Hammersmith and Fulham; and we have, therefore, all the raw materials for a popular promenade. Why, then, is the causeway almost deserted by decent folks even on the workman's holiday, Sunday? Because the young rough holds his revels there; because blatant ruffians are allowed to bellow blasphemies at one another as they indulge in "three sticks a penny;" because the stagnant ditch on the land side emits horrible stenches; because, in short, we are a free people, proud of the right to do what we like, and to suffer what we don't like.

DEMOCRACY AND MODERATE LIBERALISM.—In his speech at the Eighty Club the other evening, Mr. Chamberlain criticised pretty sharply the opinions of Moderate Liberals, and it must be admitted that his criticism was remarkably effective. The Moderate Liberal is usually a man of good sense, but as a rule he certainly lacks enthusiasm. He is constantly oppressed by a sense of the difficulties which attend any new scheme, and he would nearly always let well alone rather than run the risk of making changes which may have bad or doubtful as well as good consequences. There can be no doubt that men of this kind will exercise little influence over democratic constituencies. Everywhere the democracy believes firmly in what is called a positive policy, and it prefers even extravagant leaders to chiefs who are supposed to be excessively cautious. It has no sympathy with that dread of State interference which is the most distinctive "note" of the Moderate Liberal mind. On the contrary, it has an almost boundless faith in the ability of the State to remedy public grievances and to redress the balance of fortune. To those who point out that this belief is not confirmed by the experience of mankind, the answer of the modern democrat is that in past times the powers of the Government have been in the hands of a class, but that now they are being transferred to the people, and that the people will take care to use them for the benefit of the community as a whole. Whether these doctrines are just or not, it is certain that they are about to play a great part in the political life of England, and that the most popular politicians will have few characteristics in common with the old *laissez-faire* school. This is understood by Lord Randolph Churchill as clearly as by Mr. Chamberlain; and perhaps it may be found in the end that there is not much real difference between the Radical and the Tory Democrat.

PERSECUTING YOUNG LADIES.—Two cases have recently been tried of rather a similar type. In one a foolish youth forced his attentions on a girl who could scarcely be called more than a child, for she was only fourteen, and, because she did not reciprocate as he wished, he fired a pistol at her. Fortunately, she was very slightly hurt, but her escape seems due rather to accident than to any lenient feeling on the part of her assailant. In the second case no weapon was used, there was only a threat to kill, but the circumstances were of a blacker type. The defendant, instead of being, as in the previous instance, a hobbledehoy of seventeen, was a man of over thirty, and for upwards of eleven years he had persecuted the young lady on whom he had chosen to fix his (so-called) affections, rendering both her life and that of her family quite miserable. It is not easy, unless some male relative has the courage to administer a sound thrashing, to put a stop to this sort of conduct, as it may not be legally punishable, but fortunately this intolerable Lothario began to write threatening letters, and then the Law stuck its claws into him. We are glad to see that both he and the boy with the pistol have got an exemplary term of imprisonment with hard labour, and we hope their penalty may serve as a warning to others, for this odious kind of persecution, especially towards girls of the humbler ranks, who are less sheltered than their wealthier sisters, is by no means uncommon.

SCHOOL BOARD EXTRAVAGANCE.—The worm has turned at last, or, if that be going too far, it is wriggling energetically with a view to turning later on. With Imperial taxation rapidly rising on the one hand, and the educational ratepayer feels himself between the hammer and the anvil. When the School Board system was first established, formal assurance was given by its enthusiastic promoters that the rate never could or should rise above 3d. It now amounts to a fraction more than thrice that sum, and there can be little question that, unless the ratepayers bestir themselves at the forthcoming election, a full shilling in the pound will be exacted from them in the course of a year or two. Even as matters stand, the impost presses very severely on a large section of the community, who are relatively in quite as poor circumstances as those whose children go to Board schools. The worst of it is that other cities somehow contrive to do the same work at much lower cost. Why should it be necessary to pay teachers so much higher salaries in London than in Birmingham, Bradford, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, and Sheffield? There is no appreciable

difference in the cost of living, and there is no proof that we obtain a better article for our money than the provincials. Were this the case, the London schools would stand at the top of the list in the amount of Government grants obtained. The truth is that the old party in the School Board are imbued with the idea of its being their mission to set an example to the rest of the kingdom. Unfortunately, they have succeeded no farther than by setting an example of extravagance which should it be persevered with much longer, will bring the cause of education itself into discredit.

NOTICE.—The Number this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editor will endeavour, as far as lies in his power, to return to the senders, or to any address which they may indicate, all Sketches, whether used for purposes of illustration or not, and all rejected MSS. (for the transmission of these latter postage stamps must be enclosed); but at the same time he wishes it to be clearly understood that, although every possible care will be taken of such Sketches or MSS., he declines to accept any responsibility in the event of their being mislaid or lost.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mr. HENRY IRVING.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—TO-DAY (SATURDAY, at a quarter to eight, HAMLET.—Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving, Ophelia, Miss Ellen Terry. Six performances. SATURDAY, May 9, LOUIS XI. MONDAY, May 11, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Five performances. SATURDAY, May 16, THE BELLS. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, 10 to 5.

LYCEUM.—PIT and GALLERY BOOKING OFFICE open daily, in the Pit passage, Lyceum, from 8 in the morning until 6 in the evening. Seats can be booked one week in advance, only by personal application and not by letter.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING at 7.30, THE SILVER KING, by Henry A. Jones and Henry Herman, produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Cooper, Doone, Walton, Huntley, Fulton, Bernage, Gurth, De Solla, Foss, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Ormsby, Huntley, Dickens, Cook, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Doors open at 7. Box Office 9.30 till 5. No fees. Prices—Private Boxes, One to Nine Guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.—Business Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY.

Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the successful play, in Four Acts, adapted from Sardou's "Nos Intimes," by B. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, entitled PERIL. Characters by Mr. Coghlan, Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carne, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Weatherby, Mr. Grattan, and Mr. Thornbury; Mrs. Arthur Sterling, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Deane, and Mrs. LANGTRY. Doors open at 7.45; PERIL at 8.15. Carriages at Eleven. Box Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3.700. MATINEE of PERIL SATURDAY next, at 2.15. Doors open at 1.30. Carriages at Five.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, COVENTRY STREET, W.

BRIGHTON THEATRE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—On MONDAY, May 4, Mr. LIONEL BROUGH and WILLIE EDOUN in THE BABES.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, the New Military Romantic Drama, entitled CALLED TO THE FRONT. To render thoroughly realistic, the Military Scenes, a large detachment of the Tower Hamlets Rifles have been specially engaged. Misses Elise Grey, D'Almaine, Howe, Pettifer, Morgan; Messrs. J. B. Howe, Algernon Syms, Lewis, Steadman, Stephenson, Newbound, Drayton, &c. INCIDENTALS—Harris and Leslie, E. Mosedale, Arthur Alexander. Concluding with SUCH IS LIFE.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
NEW AND ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, THREE AND EIGHT. Feteauxils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees of any description. Tickets and Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 till 6.30.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

PATRON:
H.M. THE QUEEN.
PRESIDENT:
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
Division 1, INVENTIONS. Division 2, MUSIC.
Will be opened by H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES on MONDAY, May 4th, at noon.
Admission to opening ceremony up till 2 p.m. by Season Ticket only. After two o'clock by payment of Half-a-Crown.
On and after TUESDAY, May 5, Admission to the Exhibition, 1s. every Week day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d.
EVENING FETES. Illuminated Fountains and Gardens lighted every evening by many thousands of Electric and Gas Lamps.
INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

JAPAN IN LONDON.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.
Albert Gate, Hyde Park (Near Top of Sloane Street).
SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.
300,000 persons have already visited.
TANNAKURA'S JAPANESE VILLAGE.
Fresh Arrivals from Japan. Five Streets of Houses and Shops constructed and peopled by the Japanese, who may be seen engaged at their various occupations as in their own Country. Daily, Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m. ONE SHILLING. Children, Sixpence. Wednesdays, Half-a-Crown. Children, One Shilling. Japanese Entertainments at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free) Military Band.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, BURLINGTON HOUSE.
The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY will open on MONDAY next, the 4th of May. Admission from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. (except on the first day, when the doors do not open before 10 a.m.). One Shilling. Catalogue One Shilling, or bound in cloth, with pencil, One Shilling and Sixpence. Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF OIL PAINTINGS by ARTISTS of the BRITISH and FOREIGN SCHOOLS is NOW OPEN at Thomas McLean's Gallery, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

"ANNO DOMINI," by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This Great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other Important Works, at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

ZEUXIS AT CROTONA. By EDWIN LONG, R.A.
I. "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY." II. "THE CHOSEN FIVE." These Two New Pictures, with "ANNO DOMINI" and other works, ON VIEW at 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission, One Shilling.

NEW ENGRAVINGS NOW ON VIEW.
THE DAY OF RECKONING. S. E. WALLER.
AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE. MARCUS STONE.
A PRIOR ATTACHMENT. MARCUS STONE.
THE SISTER'S KISS. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
WEDDED. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
A LITTLE DUCHESSE. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. FORBES ROBERTSON.
THE POACHER. BRITON RIVIERE.
LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE. BRITON RIVIERE.
FIRST WHISPER OF LOVE. L. ALMA TADEMA.
PLEADING. L. ALMA TADEMA.
&c. &c. &c.
Engravings of above on sale at 11s. each.
OFFER OF MARRIAGE and COMPANION, 11s. 6d. each.
THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS,
GEO. REES, 115, Strand, Corner of Savoy Street.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

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THE EXPLOSION AT THE ADMIRALTY

A FEW minutes before eleven on Thursday morning, last week, an alarming explosion took place at the Admiralty Offices in Whitehall, in the room occupied by Mr. Swainson, Assistant Under-Secretary to the Board, who was performing official duties in it at the time. A tremendous report was accompanied by the crash of timber and glass, and according to a stair porter who was in a little watch-box immediately outside Mr. Swainson's room, an "awful blackness" supervened. Groping his way into the room the porter could not find Mr. Swainson, but when the darkness cleared away that gentleman was discovered quite unconscious, doubled up under a heap of plaster, books, fragments of wood, and dust in the right-hand corner of the room, whither he had been hurled from the opposite corner by the concussion. He was at once extricated, and after his injuries had received attention from the Director-General of the Medical Department of the Navy, who fortunately happened to be in the building with him, he was conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital, where he has been slowly recovering from the severe shock given to his nervous system, and the cuts and bruises which he received.

On a careful examination by official experts of the room, the furniture in which was completely broken up, while the wainscoting was destroyed and a portion of the ceiling brought down, it was clearly ascertained that the explosive could not have been dynamite, which would not have left the floor intact, and would have rent a hole instead of making a mere dint where it first acted on the lath and plaster wall. The theory which seems to have ultimately found most favour was that the explosion had been effected by gunpowder, with perhaps some gun-cotton, lodged in a gallipot (some fragments of one were found among the debris), which with a short-time-fuse attached had been placed on the book-shelf in the room before Mr. Swainson entered it. The acceptance of this theory has produced a suspicion that the outrage was perpetrated by some one well acquainted with the building, possibly a subordinate employed who had a personal grudge against Mr. Swainson. According to another theory the affair was an accident arising out of some unlucky experiment on explosives performed by Mr. Swainson himself. Colonel Majendie's report on the explosion has been transmitted to the Home Secretary, but its contents have not been made public.

THE DURBAR AT RAWUL PINDI

RAWUL PINDI, where the recent meeting took place between the Ameer of Afghanistan and the Viceroy of India, is a large, populous town in the Punjab, between the Indus and the Jhelum. The town is a prominent centre for the transit trade between Afghanistan and India, and contains a large bazaar. The houses are mainly of mud, but there is a brick "palace," built by Shah Soojah when he was expelled from Cabul. The town is walled round, and contains an old fort. The camp where the Durbar was held was situated in the plains outside the city, and for weeks before the Viceroy was expected troops arrived from all parts, until a vast force had assembled. The Viceroy's camp was pitched on the racecourse, and presented a handsome appearance. Two broad metalled roads led to it, separated by a band of turf studded with plants grouped around fountains. The roads were lined by a long row of tents, which terminated in the large Durbar tent. It had been arranged that an extensive camp should be pitched for the Ameer, but, as the tents sent for his use were unsuitable, he was lodged in a house which had been richly furnished for the occasion. The Ameer's tents depicted belong to the Maharajah of Cashmere, and were borrowed by the Government for the occasion. They are of scarlet cloth outside, with lines of yellow embroidery. Inside they are lined with Cashmere shawls. The poles are silver-plated. The Viceroy arrived at Rawul Pindi on the evening of March 27th, and met with a most imposing reception at the railway station.

The three Commanders-in-Chief—Bengal, Bombay, and Madras—the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, Sir C. Aitchison, Sir M. Biddulph and Staff, and all heads of department, with all the native chiefs were assembled on the platform. A salute of thirty-one guns announced the arrival of the train. After introductions and greetings the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin entered a carriage and four, and proceeded at a walk along the entire route, accompanied by their Staff and guests. The 9th Lancers furnished the body guard, with LA Battery Horse Artillery. The route selected was about two miles, and was lined throughout on both sides by Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, and Elephant Battery. Crowds thronged the wayside—house-tops, trees, and every available spot. Great enthusiasm was displayed, and one of our engravings shows the arrival of the Viceroy in camp signalled by a salute of thirty-one guns.

In answer to an address of welcome from the Municipality, Lord Dufferin bore testimony to the loyalty of the Indian Princes in the present crisis, and trusted that "the friendly reception which was about to be extended to the Ameer Abdurrahman would prove to all our neighbours our firm intention and anxious desire to respect their rights, and recognise their dignity, and would confirm that confidence in us which had so long been established, and which was receiving daily expression from the rulers of India within our borders." The Ameer arrived on the morning of March 31st, and we hope shortly to publish engravings of his reception, and the subsequent Durbar.—Our present engravings are from sketches by Mr. Donald E. McCracken, Assistant to the Inspector General of Police, Punjab, and two photographs (General View of the Camp and Arrival of Viceroy) forwarded by Mr. John White.

THE SOUDAN CONTINGENT LEAVING SYDNEY

WE fully described the incidents attending this departure last week. All went off well with the exception of a deplorable collision between two of the steamers going down the harbour. This caused the death of two women, and serious injuries to several other passengers. One of the women thus killed was the wife of a member of the Contingent, and, when the collision took place, was in the act of holding up her child to see its father.

The importance of the despatch of the Soudan Contingent must not be estimated by the number of the troops thus sent. Compared with European expeditions the number is trifling, but it was the first military expedition ever organised in Australia, and the people feel that it is the opening of a new chapter in their history. For the first time, too, Australia has been giving of its own, and giving it freely as a contribution to the mother country in a time of trial.

The colonists, however, were by no means of one mind concerning the expedition. Many thought it was meddling in a business which did not belong to them. This view was forcibly maintained by the ex-Premier, Sir Henry Parkes. The policy of sending forth



THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT MUCKROSS ABBEY, KILLARNEY



THE PRINCESS SHOOTING THE RAPIDS AT THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE, KILLARNEY



THE PRESS CORRESPONDENTS' BOAT AGROUND, KILLARNEY

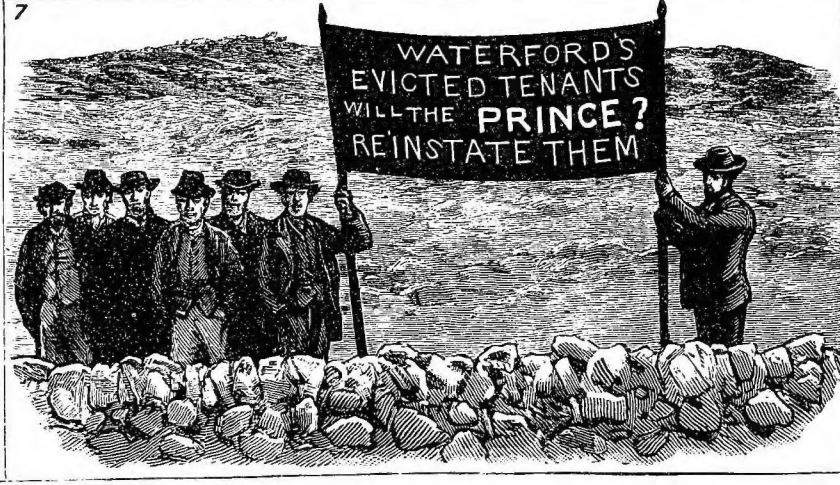
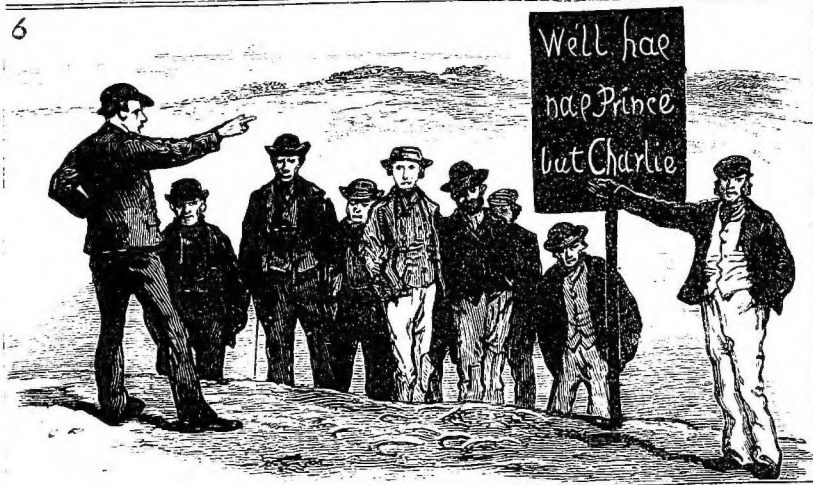
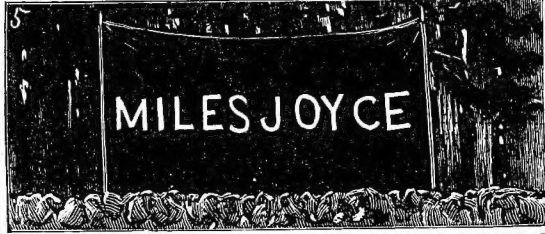
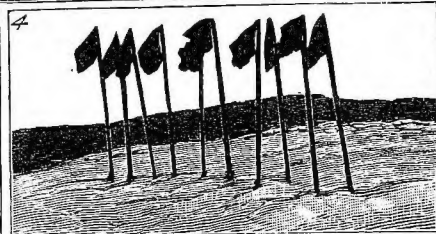
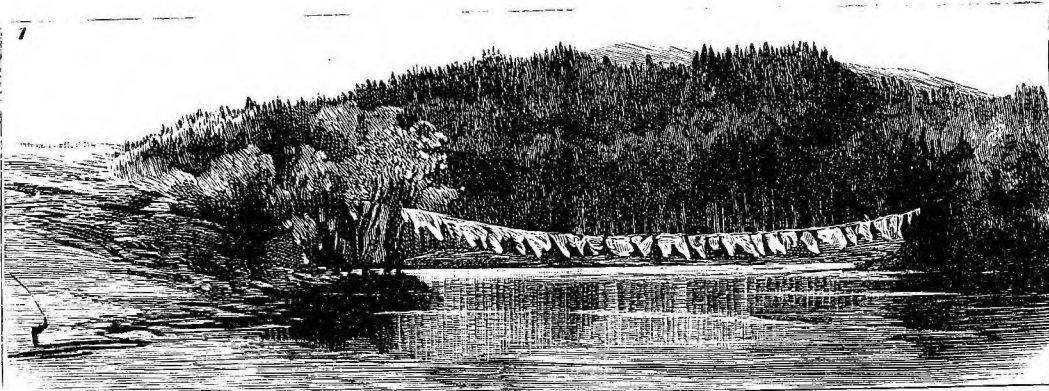
THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. S. P. HALL



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND—THE ENTRY INTO BELFAST: THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING DOWN DONEGALL PLACE
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. S. P. Hall

THE EXPLOSION AT THE ADMIRALTY—MR. SWAINSON'S ROOM JUST AFTER THE EXPLOSION



1. Mr. Ardagh's Mill.—2. On the Road to Curraghmore.—3. Black Flags at Kilmackow.—4. Black Flags on a Ploughed Field.—5, 6, 7. Placards by the Blackwater.
SUNSHINE AND SHADE IN IRELAND—SOME NOTES IN THE SOUTH
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. S. P. HALL

men to slaughter persons against whom they had no cause of quarrel was, we observe, warmly denounced by a secularist lecturer, while the clergy of the various Christian denominations remained discreetly silent. The same phenomenon has been noted in the mother country. Meanwhile, in a recent speech, Mr. Dalley, the Premier of New South Wales, defended the action of himself and his colleagues with energy and eloquence. He said, "In sending military assistance to England in a foreign country, we knew that we were straining the powers of local provisions made for our own defence, but we resolved that, as members of the Empire, we were defending ourselves and all most dear to us just as much in Egypt as if the common enemy menaced us in this colony."

"CURLY"

AN ACTOR'S STORY, by John Coleman, illustrated by J. C. Dollman, is continued on page 437.

PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY—"ACCEPTED;" "REJECTED."

MR. J. WATSON NICOL has here treated us to a pair of very *apropos* subjects. At the one we laugh, at the other we almost feel inclined to weep. For who is there among the thousands who presently will throng the halls of the Royal Academy Exhibition so hardhearted as not to sympathise a little with this poor fellow who has been rejected? He had evidently reckoned that this time he must succeed; that the R.A.'s would hang him, even if they "skied" him; and lo! the child of his brain and of his fingers, the progeny of many a patient hour of toil, has come back on his hands! From gloom let us turn to sunshine. The other artist, the lucky fellow, who has been accepted, is so overjoyed that he must communicate his feelings to somebody, and so he selects as a sympathetic listener, that highly respectable but somewhat wooden individual—his lay figure! Supposing she were, like Balaam's ass, to respond; would he be scared out of his wits; or would he, in his present state of hyper-excitation, take it all as a matter of course?

THE FRENCH IN TONKIN

Our engravings are from sketches (two of which were jotted down in the saddle under fire) by Mr. J. George Scott, who writes:—

"FORTS IN THE DONG-SUNG DEFILE"

"For a distance of about six miles the Chinese had crowned every height in this defile with a fort. It never seemed to have struck them that the capture of the highest of a series implied the fall of all the others. The French artillery, carried on mules, scrambled up the steep grassy sides of the hills, mounted their guns, and fired straight down into a matter of a dozen forts all round. A couple of shells was usually enough for each fort, and many were evacuated even without this persuader. The storming by the infantry of the first few dominating forts cost rather dear in some cases. The hundred odd forts of the Dong-Sung defile cost the French about 200 men in killed and wounded. Never did General capture so many forts in three days with so little loss. The total number was variously estimated at from 106 to 158. Many of the forts were furnished with trenches covered over with timber and earth, so as to form shell-proof casemates, crenelated often in three tiers, as was the case in the casemate on the hill side in the front of the sketch.

"DONG-SUNG"

"THIS fort, which gave its name to the whole defile, fell on the 6th of February, and with it all the forts for about three miles behind, which were promptly evacuated. The place is a mere hamlet of a dozen houses, which are concealed by the clump of trees surrounding the pagoda that formed the General's quarters. The hills there were covered in places with dense forest, which ran down their sides in curiously-defined lines, the grassy slopes coming right up to an impenetrable jungle. The Lang-son column halted there three days to rep provision, and there was a fight on the ridge to the right of the sketch, where the Chinese, after cutting the heads off three sentinels in one night, made a vigorous attempt to surround and annihilate the company of the legion which held the heights. They came on with fixed bayonets, but were repulsed and driven back on the entrenched camp of Trung-Khanh, in the Bac-Lé Valley, which lies immediately behind the ridge. The peak Deo-Quao seems to be the highest in this part of Tonkin, rising to a height of over 2,000 feet, and from its summit a magnificent view is to be had over the troubled sea of hills which extends east, west, north, and south."

"THE MARCH FROM DONG-SUNG ON LANG-SON"

"THE Chinamen had made a very good road all the way from Lang-son to the Dong-sung forts, and the French naturally profited by it. It wound along the hill sides, avoiding the low valleys, where there was usually a stream in the middle of swampy ground. The hills became very monotonous after a time. Perpetual rounded grassy peaks, with here and there a solitary disconsolate-looking tree on the ridges, grew very tiresome, but the endless string of the French column winding along the five-foot wide path afforded a somewhat curious spectacle in a part of Tonkin where no European had ever penetrated before. The sketch was taken as the column was preparing to bivouac near the burnt-out fort of Pho-Bu, on the night of the 10th.

"THE BATTLE OF BAO-VIAY"

"BAO-VIAY is the name of a small village, which, along with another, named Deo-ky, lies behind the two ridges and the clump of trees in the middle distance, and is not visible in the sketch. It was in the tortuous half-defile, half-plain, in front of this that was fought the battle which decided the fate of Lang-son. The Chinese were in considerable force, probably 6,000 in all, and held positions from which, if they had had any discipline or organisation, they ought never to have been driven. They were not lacking in courage, and it was only after four hours' hard fighting that the villages were burned, the French artillery mounting the slope to the left of the sketch so as to dominate them. The fighting afterwards was desultory, the lofty hill forts offering a determined resistance. On the two ridges in the immediate foreground were posted the Turcos, and they received the hottest fire, 153 men and 6 officers falling in the space of two hours. Colonel Giovanninelli, however, was determined to pierce the Chinese position, and went straight for the centre, leaving the heights to the right and left flanks to the artillery and detached companies."

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN

GENERAL GRAHAM marched upon Tamai with 8,000 men on April 2nd. A halt was made for the night at the foot of the Teselah Hill, a group of detached crags overlooking the Tamai Valley, a reconnaissance being made by the Mounted Infantry to Tamai, which was found to be deserted by the enemy. Every precaution was taken against a surprise, and the evening passed off quietly. Towards midnight, however, the troops were aroused by a dropping but effective fire, opened upon them by the enemy at a considerable distance. One man was killed and two wounded, and several of the transport animals shot dead. The Grenadiers, who had been posted on the heights above, at once began firing volleys at the enemy, and the Artillery sent two or three shrapnel shells over the

heads of the Arabs, who thereupon promptly decamped. Next morning the force again moved forwards, and, after some time, were assailed by a sharp rifle fire from the ridges beyond Tamai, which was reached about 10 A.M. The villages, five in number, were deserted by the enemy on the approach of our troops, without a shot being fired in their defence. The wells, however, were found to be exhausted, and, as only three days' supply of water had been taken with the column, General Graham determined to return to Suakim. "No pumps having been brought," writes our artist, "no water was procurable, although there was plenty a few feet below the soil of the ravine. One of my sketches shows the burning of the huts this side of Tamai, no attempt being made to destroy the town proper for some unaccountable reason, although within half-a-mile of our scouts. The Mounted Infantry for once were employed as Mounted Infantry, returning and silencing the fire of the few natives who hung about the rocky crags and caused our slight loss. Considering we moved in square, we had very few casualties." On the return march, also, the artillery halted occasionally, and shelled the Arabs on the hills. The Mounted Infantry, riding upon the left of the column, came upon a small party of some fifty men who, the *Standard* correspondent states, were actually attempting to turn the flank of an army 8,000 strong. A few shots dispersed them, but one of the Mounted Infantry was killed, the other casualties numbering twelve wounded. As the troops retired it was curious to see the handful of Arabs making their way parallel with the line of march on the distant hills on the right, running from rock to rock like rabbits, and keeping up a constant fire upon the column.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE AND THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

SOME account of these Exhibitions, from the catalogues of which we publish some illustrations, will be found on page 431.



No one who was present in the House of Commons on the 7th of February, 1878, can forget the moving succession of scenes that then took place. The war between Russia and Turkey was drawing to a close, an armistice had been signed, peace was expected, and a conference was talked of. Nevertheless, Mr. Disraeli, desiring, as he said, to be ready either to enter upon a campaign or join in a conference, had asked for a vote of six millions. This was met on the Liberal side by an amendment of which Mr. Forster had charge. On this night of the 7th of February the House was densely crowded in anticipation of the debate and division. Mr. Forster was to have risen immediately after questions, but the questions on the paper were supplemented by one put by Lord Hartington as to rumours that were distracting the town. In reply, Sir Stafford Northcote read a telegram from Mr. Layard, declaring that, notwithstanding the armistice, the Russians were pushing on towards Constantinople, and had compelled the Turks to evacuate important positions on the line of defence. This announcement created a profound sensation, and Mr. Forster, in face of this grave state of affairs, withdrew his amendment. An hour later Sir Stafford Northcote rose again, and announced that Mr. Layard's telegram was absolutely without foundation. The Russians were not advancing, and matters stood as they had been at five o'clock.

How history repeats itself was shown on Friday night, when the House of Commons went through a somewhat similar discipline of varying telegrams. As in 1878, the House met in a crowded and excited condition, owing to a report which had agitated the town throughout the afternoon. It was said that the French Government had ordered its diplomatic agent to leave Cairo, and all on account of a scurrilous French paper which, after extraordinary patience, the Egyptian Government had suppressed. This new-born enthusiasm displayed by the French Government on behalf of the Press could mean only one thing. France was in secret league with Russia, and had seized the present opportunity to strike a blow at England.

So the report ran, and there was a feeling of relief when, replying to Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Gladstone said the Foreign Office knew nothing of the reported rupture. A quarter of an hour later the Premier rose again with a piece of paper in his hand, and everyone could see from the expression of his face and the gravity of his manner that he had a portentous communication to make to the House. Members were leaning in anticipation of the commencement of business, one of the last things in the world which members of the House of Commons feel attracted by. Amidst a strange silence, the Premier announced that since he last spoke he had received a telegram from Cairo confirming the report in the newspapers. "The French Chargé d'Affairs has left," Sir Evelyn Baring telegraphed. All the former concern at the gravity of this new turn in the situation rushed back upon members, and the incident was gloomily discussed. To fight Russia was a task not to be approached with a light heart; but here, evidently, we were to have Russia and France both on us at once.

Whilst talk in this strain was going forward, a whisper began to run about to the effect that there had been a mistake somewhere. Only the first part of Sir Evelyn Baring's message had reached Mr. Gladstone when he spoke. The despatch was now complete, and entirely altered the situation. "The French Chargé d'Affairs has left"—thus far the message had been completed when Mr. Gladstone spoke—"some papers for my consideration" was the continuation and conclusion which reached the Premier a few minutes later. This seemed at first too complete a joke to be true. It was more like an incident in a Palais Royal comedy where a suspicious husband is led astray by partial knowledge of the contents of a letter. But it turned out to be the fact, and the gloom of the evening was dissipated in a hearty burst of laughter.

On Monday the House of Commons once more assembled under circumstances of profound interest. The Prime Minister was to move the House into Committee on the Vote of Credit, and it was anticipated that the long silence maintained with respect to communications with Russia might at last be broken. Unfortunately, as frequently happens on these Derby Days of Parliamentary debate, a dog contumeliously ran across the course bringing about vexatious delay. Mr. Arthur O'Connor had placed upon the paper an amendment calling in question the technical procedure by which the Vote of Credit was submitted to the House. Mr. O'Connor himself delivered a verbose address, listened to with great impatience by the House. But they were in the position of the victim of the garrulity of the Ancient Mariner, "they could not choose but hear," for, till Mr. O'Connor had made an end of speaking, Mr. Gladstone could not make his statement, and, at any moment after Mr. O'Connor resumed his seat, Mr. Gladstone might be on his feet. If members left the House they might lose the opportunity of hearing portions of the Premier's statement. Therefore they sat silent, whilst Mr. O'Connor droned along, demonstrating how much better it would be for the business of the State if the direction of financial affairs were transferred to his hands. The fatal infectiousness of speech prolonged this episode up to seven o'clock, by which time the House had considerably

thinned, and the peers, who between five and six had gathered in the gallery over the clock, had fled in disgust. Still, there was a crowded audience, who had the satisfaction of listening to one of Mr. Gladstone's greatest speeches. How great it was is perhaps most triumphantly approved by consideration of its partial imperfections. No one but Mr. Gladstone could have overcome the effect of the unfortunate manner in which the speech opened. He thought it necessary to go back over half a century in quest of precedents to show that it was not usual to debate the policy of a Government upon a Vote of Credit. This was of itself depressing, and wherein it varied, and even grew exciting, it was fatal to the purpose of the speech. One of the principal objects the Premier had at heart was to secure a unanimous vote, and by way of attaining that object, he went back to 1878, raked up the embers of the memorable controversy, and, with enormous energy, fanned them into glowing heat.

This seemed a pretty way of conciliating the Conservative Opposition, and bringing about a condition of unity against the common enemy. It seemed at the end of the first half-hour of the speech, further weighted as it was by confession of failure in the Soudan, that it would prove a melancholy failure. But when he came to deal with the national relations with Russia, the genius of his oratory shone forth with lambent and irresistible force, completely shivering up all memory of the maladroitness of the introductory portion of the address. Nothing could be better than the tone of this portion of the speech, or the manner of its delivery. The orator was grave, almost solemn, but always resolute. "We have," he said, "laboured, and continue to labour, for an honourable settlement by pacific means." But there was the sad contingency of an outbreak of war, and for that, it was clear to see in every gesture of the Premier, and by every word spoken, the Government were resolutely prepared. The effect of this speech upon the House was magnetical and magical. It had been intended, if not to go the length of opposing the Vote to a division, at least to occupy some time in discussing it. Mr. Labouchere and Lord Randolph Churchill had left the House confident in assurances given them that debate would be opened immediately on the conclusion of the Premier's speech, and that they would be back in time to continue it. But they counted without the effect of the Premier's eloquence, and came back at ten o'clock to find the Vote of Credit passed, and the House engaged in the prosaic business of discussing the Civil Service Estimates. On Tuesday and Wednesday the House was quietly engaged with the Seats Bill, there being another field night on Thursday, when the Budget was brought in.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

THE weather was somewhat unpropitious after the Royal Party returned from Killarney to Dublin, and the Prince, having caught a bad cold on the first day of the Punchestown Races, was unable to be present on the second day. Prince Albert Victor, however, resolved to brave the elements, and saw the Prince of Wales's Plate won by Chancery. Meanwhile his Royal father was not idle, for he visited the Constabulary Depot in the Phoenix Park, and saw the men go through their evolutions. They cheered him with extraordinary enthusiasm.

The Dublin Citizens' Ball, which took place on the night of April 22nd, was a grand success. It was held in the Agricultural Hall at Ball's Bridge, which was fitted up expressly for the purpose at a cost of about 7,000/. The hall was admirably lighted and decorated, and presented an unexampled scene of gaiety and splendour. From the roof there hung more than 300 pretty flags, and the variety of bright uniforms and gay costumes combined to form a most effective scene. It was altogether on a grand scale. Between 4,000 and 5,000 persons were present. In the supper-room 1,500 persons could be served at once, and there were 200 attendants. There was no confusion or delay. The Royal Party left about 1.30 A.M., but the proceedings continued in full blast long after that.

Next day the Prince and Princess left Dublin for Belfast. As the train proceeded northwards the signs of welcome progressively increased. At Portadown, Lurgan, and Lisburn the reception was enthusiastic. At the latter place the linen spread out for bleaching was in several instances arranged in the form of a Prince of Wales's plume.

Belfast was loyal even beyond precedent. In street-decorations alone the townsfolk had spent 50,000/. In all the leading streets there was a profusion of flags, banners, floral devices, and mottoes; while several of the thoroughfares were spanned by artistic triumphal arches. The Royal train arrived about 3 P.M., and the distinguished visitors drove at once to the Ulster Hall, where they were enthusiastically received by an immense assemblage, and where a number of addresses were presented. The Royal Party then drove through the streets to Donegal Quay, went on board the Royal yacht, and shortly afterwards steamed down to Carrickfergus Roads, where the Channel Fleet was lying. At night the city was illuminated, and the streets were crowded with visitors.

On Saturday, April 25th, the Royal Party having arrived at Donegal Quay in the *Osborne*, proceeded to make a tour of inspection of various industrial establishments, such as the York Street Spinning Mill, Messrs. Richardson's linen factory (where the entire process of the linen manufacture was exhibited), and the works of Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., the well-known book and card publishers. After this followed visits to the Queen's College, the Botanic Gardens, and a ball in the evening. The weather was rather bad throughout the day, but this did not damp the sightseers' enthusiasm.

Next day the Royal Party started from the Northern Counties' Railway Station for Londonderry. All along the line they were most warmly received; at Carrick Junction, at Ballymena, and especially at Coleraine. Londonderry, when reached, was quite *en jete*, tens of thousands of persons lined the streets, and every house was decorated. The customary ceremonial then took place at the Court House, where various deputations were received, and the Prince replied to the addresses which were presented. The Royal party after this drove to the steps leading to the summit of the city wall, along which they walked till they reached the doorway on the wall leading to the Bishop's Palace. When passing the Walker Memorial the cheering was tremendous. After luncheon the Prince and Princess proceeded to Baronscourt, where they were cordially welcomed by the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn.

Sunday, April 26th, was a day of rest. Everybody, hosts and guests, went, as was their duty, to Baronscourt Church.

On Monday, April 27th, the Royal tour came to a conclusion. From Newtonstuart Station (whither they were accompanied by the Duke of Abercorn's sons) they proceeded to the sea-coast, under brilliant sunshine, and amid hearty demonstrations of loyalty. At Omagh, Dungannon, Cookstown, Carrickfergus, and Larne the same warm welcome was accorded. At Omagh, however, there were a few black flags displayed by a small party of Nationalists, but they were speedily dispersed by the Loyalists. At Dungannon, too, there was some disorder in the streets after the Royal party had passed. An Orangeman was stabbed, and several Nationalists were arrested. At Carrickfergus took place the chief ceremony of the day. The Royal party alighted from the train amid a salute from the Channel Fleet in the Lough, and drove through the streets of this historic town to the harbour, escorted by a troop of Dragoons. Passing the spot where William of Orange landed in 1690, the Princess christened two new piers, which were publicly opened that

day, and the Prince made an appropriate farewell speech. H.R.H. said that he rejoiced to find that in the heart of the country there was warm attachment to the Crown and Constitution, and he hoped that every year would add to the knowledge of the advantages of the Constitution, and diminish the influence of those who sought to foment disloyalty among them.

On arriving at Larne the Prince and Princess embarked on board the Royal yacht *Osborne*, which proceeded to Stranraer. From Stranraer the Royal party travelled by special train to London.

A good many of our illustrations were fully described in the chronicle of the Royal progress given last week. All the gentlemen had previously got out of the boat when the Princess of Wales, Lady Spencer, Lady Kenmare, Lady Mandeville, and Lady E. Kingscote shot the rapids at the Old Weir Bridge, Killarney.—"Correspondents Aground" depicts what might have proved a serious disaster. A boat from the Railway Hotel, filled with the correspondents of the London newspapers, ran aground in a narrow channel of the Lake of Killarney, near a low rock, called "The Giant's Coffin."—The sketches entitled "Sunshine and Shade" refer to various incidents, loyal and disloyal, which occurred during the Royal journey in the South. For example, the black flags, and the inscription about Myles Joyce (whom the Nationalists declare to have been unjustly executed for the wholesale murder of a family of his namesakes) were disquieting symptoms, while the decorated appearance of Mr. Ardagh's mill was a proof of loyalty.—"The English Girl and the Irish Girl" under the same shawl of course typify the much-to-be-desired union between the two countries.



THE WAR PREPARATIONS OF THE GOVERNMENT are being steadily prosecuted, and our armaments are rapidly approaching a condition of considerable effectiveness and efficiency. A supplementary army-estimate places at 35,000 the number of men of all arms required for military service in addition to those already voted by Parliament. Recruiting is going on briskly. Nearly every corps on the roster is up to its full strength. Reservists have been coming forward rapidly at the depôts of their regiments, though the date for joining the columns was fixed for the 4th of May. The total number of infantry reserve men as present called out is 7,500. The reserve men who have been warned that their services may be required at an early date represent a further addition of nearly 200 cavalry and 5,870 infantry. As soon as men can be equipped and transports provided large drafts of efficient will be despatched to bring British regiments in India up to their full strength. The output of bullets at Woolwich is now nearly two and a half millions weekly. Another step has been taken towards utilising the services of officers of the Auxiliary forces. The Commander-in-Chief has requested to be informed whether both in the Engineer and other corps of the Auxiliary forces, Volunteer, and Militia, there are any officers trained as civil engineers who are desirous of offering themselves for employment, since a limited number of them may soon be required as acting engineers in the regular army at home, with suitable pay and allowances.

AS REGARDS THE NAVY, a fleet for the Baltic, comprising from twelve to fifteen first-class ironclads and gunboats, is being hurried forward. On Wednesday orders were received at Portsmouth to commission the double-turret ship *Devastation* and the turret ram *Rupert* for contingent service in the Baltic. Some twenty fast merchantmen have been taken up by the Admiralty for conversion into cruisers, and, should war break out, this number will probably be increased to fifty, the authorities having in view more than a sufficient number of others for this purpose. Great exertions are being made to increase our torpedo strength. Orders have been given for the immediate construction of forty torpedo boats, to be divided between Messrs. Thornycroft and Messrs. White, of Cowes, and each of them is to cost at least 11,000l. The ships of war in commission are being provided with torpedoes, and the Torpedo Flotilla in course of being organised at Portsmouth for independent service in combination with the *Heda*, torpedo store-ship, will constitute a formidable auxiliary squadron.

PROFESSOR VAMBÉRY, so well-known as the vigilant and persistent opponent of Russian aggression, delivered his first address at Sheffield on Monday. He maintained that Russia was bent on the conquest of India, and that Herat was its key. To illustrate the exaggerated notion of the difficulties of Russian extension in Asia which had misled even the most experienced and anti-Russian of English statesmen, he said that when he spoke to Lord Palmerston of Russia's quiet and stealthy progress towards Tashkend, he received the answer that many generations must pass away before Russian progress in Central Asia could be a menace to this country. Not even one generation has passed away, Professor Vambéry added, before these things had come upon England.

SPEAKING ON TUESDAY as a guest at a dinner of the Eighty Club, Mr. Chamberlain said that there was still reason to hope for peace, sufficient to justify him in discussing domestic reforms. He defined Lord Salisbury's programme to be a vigorous foreign policy, and a vague indication of Fair Trade; and adhering to Mr. Goschen's protest at a former dinner of the Club against State Socialism, he dilated on the amount of pauperism and poverty which called for remedial treatment, and spoke of the transcendent usefulness of "our socialistic organisation of State Education."

ADDRESSING THE MIDDLESEX LIBERAL ASSOCIATION on Wednesday, Sir Charles Dilke said that Mr. Gladstone's declaration this week on the dispute with Russia was one of which no Liberal need be afraid. He thought the Liberal party were now as much united in foreign affairs as they were in home matters.

THE GREAT AND STEADY INCREASE in the expenditure of the London School Board, and consequently in the burden thrown on the metropolitan ratepayers, has for some time been productive of much dissatisfaction. It was discussed at a conference held this week at the Mansion House of representatives of Vestries and District Boards of London. Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., who presided, moved a resolution affirming the expediency and feasibility of a reduction in the expenditure of the London School Board. Mr. Smith pointed out, among other striking facts, that while the cost of School Boards had diminished in the provinces, it had greatly increased in London. In teachers' salaries alone the expenditure of the London School Board had risen from 17.4s. 3d. per child in 1873 to 27.6s. 1d. in 1885, the increase in this one item representing one of nearly 3d. per pound in the metropolitan school rate. The resolution was carried, as was one for a petition to the House of Commons asking for a School Committee of Inquiry into the expenditure of the London School Board.

A NAVAL AND MILITARY OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION has been formed, mainly with the view of assisting, but not financially, officers of the regular army in obtaining civil occupation, should they wish for it, on the termination of their professional career. Another of its objects is to collect information respecting the advantages offered by the various colonies to officers who may be inclined to settle in them.

REPLYING FROM WADY HALFA to an invitation addressed to him by the Marylebone Conservative Association, Lord Charles Beresford has consented to stand for that borough at the General Election.

IN VIEW OF THE DIFFICULTY OF TRANSPORT up the Nile, Lord Wolseley advises the friends of officers and soldiers in the Soudan to send them only a limited number of weekly journals.

A FIRE broke out a little before two o'clock on the morning of Friday last week, in the house and shop of Mr. Chandler, oil and colourman, 194, Union Street, Borough. It raged with such fury that, before the fire-escape could arrive from Blackfriars Bridge, the house was gutted, and Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, with their little boy, perished in the flames. Three of their other children were rescued by the courage and coolness of Alice Ayres, a sister of Mrs. Chandler, who with rare presence of mind fetched a feather bed, pushed it through the window, whence it was caught by some of the crowd below, and stretched out by them in readiness for what was to happen. Thrice she darted into the flames and smoke and reappeared at the window, whence on each occasion she threw a little niece of tender years to be caught in safety by those below. But when her own turn came, the fumes of the smoke and the heat had unnerved her, and springing out of the window she struck in her descent against one of the large dummy jars above the front of the shop before falling head foremost on the bed. She was immediately conveyed insensible to St. Thomas's Hospital, where she died on Sunday. One of the hospital physicians told her of the praises bestowed on her courageous conduct by the public and the press, and the news seemed to give her pleasure. The youngest of the little girls who was rescued has since died.

WE REGRET to have to announce the death of Mr. Alfred Kingston, one of the Assistant Keepers of the Public Records, which occurred on the 24th inst. The deceased gentleman was well known in literary, official, and parliamentary circles, having been intimately connected with many learned bodies, and for many years Secretary of the Camden Society. Mr. Kingston entered the Public Record office in 1844, his public services thus extending over a period of forty years. His untimely death at the comparatively early age of 55 will be deeply felt and deplored by all those with whom his duties brought him into contact, more especially by the officials of the Government Departments, the records of which were deposited in the Public Record Office, for with the Departmental Papers, Mr. Kingston possessed an exceptional acquaintance; and by a large number of private friends, to whom his amiability and high intelligence had greatly endeared him.

OUR OBITUARY also includes the death of Dowager Lady Cowley; of Miss M. B. F. Hales, well-known to the Roman Catholic community, whose attempt to erect a nunnery on her Kentish estate, Hales Place, near Canterbury, now occupied by Jesuits, involved her in very costly litigation; in his seventy-third year, of Mr. J. A. Samuda, a large employer of labour at the East End, who represented Tavistock in the Liberal interest from 1865 to 1868, and the Tower Hamlets from 1868 to 1880, many years a Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and for some time a Vice-President of the Institute of Naval Architects; of Mr. Henry Halford Vaughan, formerly Fellow of Oriel, and afterwards Professor of Modern History at Oxford, regarded by his friends as a man of remarkable ability, whom delicate health, love of seclusion, and devotion to study prevented from attaining the wide distinction which he might otherwise have earned; at Leopoldville, in the Congo State, after obtaining leave of absence to return to England, and in the completion of his twenty-fourth year, of Mr. E. S. Burns, a successful African explorer, an able official of the International African Association, and third son of Dr. Dawson Burns; and in his seventy-first year, of the Rev. Dr. Rees, President of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, author, among other works, of "A History of Nonconformity in Wales."



THE TURF.—Many Spring Meetings on Epsom Downs have been held in weather the very reverse of pleasant, but the gathering this week has been singularly favoured; and those who made their way by road to the tryst are enthusiastic about the delights of the journey. Perhaps the racing hardly came up to that of some former anniversaries, but it was fairly interesting. Backers of favourites opened well with the victories of Goggles in the Riddlesdown Plate and of Ptolemy in the Great Surrey Handicap, but in the small field of seven for the Great Metropolitan they could not hit the winner in three tries, as Althorp, who was less fancied than Renny, Criterion, or Newton, won in a canter by a dozen lengths. The Banstead Stakes fell to that frequent winner MacAlpine, and the Westminster Stakes for Two-Year-Olds to the all-conquering Bard, who started at 20 to 1 on him, and had no difficulty in beating his solitary opponent, Mr. Lefevre's Consigne. He followed up his victory on the following day by beating four opponents in the Hyde Park Stakes; and MacAlpine scored again in the Tadworth Stakes. A comparatively small field of fifteen did battle for the City and Suburban, and here the pickers of favourites were on the mark, as Bird of Freedom and MacMahon, who started equal favourites at 10 to 3, finished first and second, a head only dividing them. This was in accordance with recent public form, as a few weeks ago, it will be remembered, they ran second and third to Bendigo in the Lincolnshire Handicap. It is not satisfactory, however, to note that a few days ago Bird of Freedom was almost "knocked" out in the market, owing to all kinds of reports as to his having changed owners and being a doubtful starter.

CYCLING.—The Surrey Bicycle Club had a grand spring meeting at the Oval on Saturday last, an assemblage almost as large as on a grand cricket-day being present. The weather was charming, and the going good, but a rather strong wind prevented good "times," as a rule, being made. R. Cripps, the Nottingham amateur, showed good form in winning the Mile and the Ten Miles. The One Mile Open Handicap was won by P. Furnivall, of the Berretta C.C.—The spiritual welfare of Sunday cyclists, with whom Ripley is a favourite Sabbath-day's journey, is to be provided for by a short afternoon's service in the parish church, of which the Vicar has given due notice.

LAWN TENNIS.—The Covered Court Championship was well contested at the newly-erected Hyde Park Court, Paddington, and eventually won by H. F. Lawford. Covered Court play more properly belongs to the winter months, but will find more and more favour among us in our uncertain climate.

LACROSSE.—Lancashire, a strong county, has beaten Notts by four goals to nil.—At Highgate the Old Leysians have had a hollow victory over Hampstead by ten goals to none.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The Six Days' Long-Distance Contest at the Aquarium is proving very attractive, and is likely to be more so as the week progresses. Littlewood and Rowell, at the time of writing, being pretty close together, and each evidently determined to do all he can to win. On the last occasion it would probably have been a near thing with them, had not Rowell's foot given way.



LOUIS XIV.'S THRONE has lately been sold by auction for 260l.

NUMEROUS WORKS BY LEONARDO DA VINCI are in the possession of the Italian Government, and are to be published at the State expense.

TALKING IN CHURCH is a legal offence across the Atlantic. Several young ladies and gentlemen of the best society in Missouri were lately brought up in a police-court and fined for this offence.

THE THOUSAND-YEAR OLD ROSE-TREE at Hildesheim, North Germany, is showing wonderful signs of vigorous life this spring. The ancient tree threw out a shoot last July and this youngest branch is now nine feet long.

EATING WITH THE KNIFE is an accomplishment familiar to most English frequenting foreign *tables d'hôte*. An old American has been so horrified by the sight that he has bequeathed a large property to be used in the best manner for suppressing the custom of eating in this uncivilised manner. Judging from experience, the whole sum might be spent in a small part of Germany alone.

PUBLISHING A NEWSPAPER IN THE FAR WEST seems beset by curious difficulties. A Texas journal lately apologised for its shortcomings by explaining that "the publishers the past week have had to do their own cooking and washing, besides carrying fuel from the woods and getting out the press. The editor of this paper is affected with rheumatism at intervals that is sometimes very painful, and he requests his friends not to hustle him about so roughly when they become a little frolicsome."

PATRIOTIC HOMAGE has nearly destroyed the well-known statue of Strassburg on the Paris Place de la Concorde. Ever since Strassburg was seized by Germany, devoted French people from all provinces and of all classes have showered wreaths and bouquets upon the statue, often forming a perfect bank at the figure's feet. These wreaths, getting wet and decayed, have seriously damaged and eaten away the stone, so that all such loving offerings have been removed and further gifts prohibited, while the statue must be thoroughly renovated.

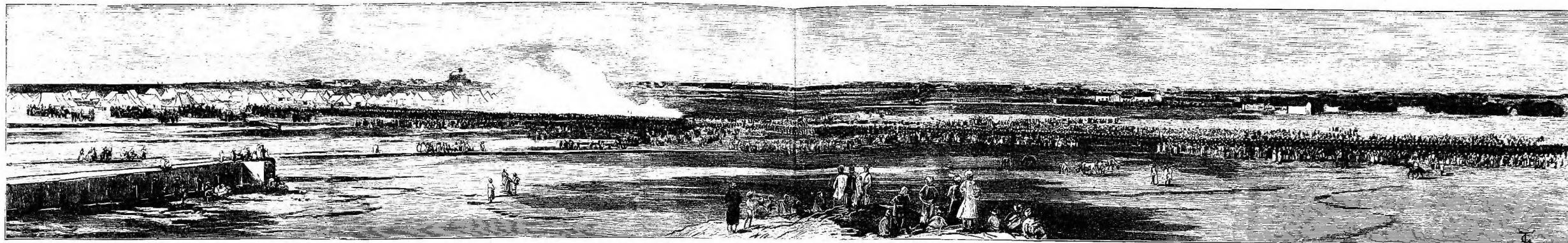
THE OFFICIAL DUTIES OF THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION have not prevented General Lumsden from thinking of the coming Colonial Exhibition in London, and he has used his spare time in collecting exhibits for South Kensington. Thus, a fine *kibitka*, or Turcoman tent, has been sent over for the Exhibition. It is a felt-covered circular hut on a trellis framework lined with brightly coloured hangings. The Central Asian display will be specially good, including Bokharan silks, Astrakhan furs, and all kinds of Turcoman and Aïmnak products.

VALUABLE ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES have been plentiful in Rome of late. Workmen have recently been clearing hay-lofts out of the huge brick building near the remains of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, and have laid bare the area of a great hall, finer in dimensions than the ruins of the Forum or the Palace of the Cæsars. The walls contain niches for statues and half-obliterated frescoes, while an adjoining corridor is painted with rows of Christian saints, capably preserved. It is thought that the frescoes belong to the tenth or eleventh century, and that these are early Imperial buildings used as a residence by the Pontiffs and their officials, as the Vatican is now occupied. Some Anglo-Saxon coins previously found close by agree with this date.

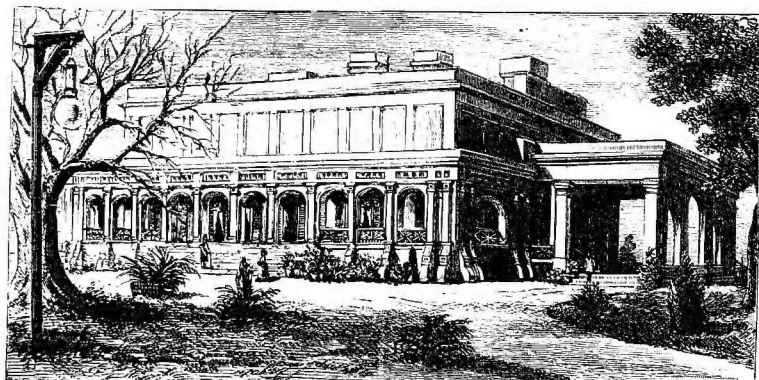
LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,743 deaths were registered against 1,706 during the previous seven days, a rise of 37, but being 33 below the average, and at the rate of 22 per 1,000. There were 39 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 2, and 8 above the average). There were 103 deaths from measles (a rise of 11, and 55 above the average), 40 from scarlet fever (an increase of 31), 10 from diphtheria (a fall of 11), 57 from whooping-cough (a rise of 11), and 21 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 381 (a decline of 68), and were 41 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 62 deaths; 54 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 28 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, 3 from poison, and 13 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,541 births registered against 2,617 during the previous week, being 216 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 54.7 deg., and 6.5 deg. above the average. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 56.8 hours against 48.5 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

THE INDIANS IN NORTH-WESTERN CANADA, whose general rising is now feared in connection with the Half-Breed rebellion, number some 25,000 souls, mostly very poor and discontented. They are chiefly Blackfeet, Crees, and Sioux, sub-divided into numerous tribes. The Blackfeet are a very strong body, although lately thinned out by whisky and small-pox, and are warlike, splendid riders, and well provided with hardy ponies. The Sioux are more savage against the whites, and have committed horrible massacres, whilst they are nomads and pagans. The Crees are scattered all over the country, and are, perhaps, the most dangerous of the lot. As to Louis Riel, he was in early youth a quiet, studious lad, brought up in a French Canadian seminary, and first came into notice in 1869, when the Canadian Government bought the North-West, and allotted the lands. Riel then raised a rebellion, which was ultimately suppressed by Lord Wolseley, the rebel leader being banished to the United States for five years. He obtained American letters of naturalisation, and tried mining in Montana, thence returning to Manitoba, where he obtained a seat in Parliament, but left in consequence of the disturbance created by his appearance.

THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION, which opens to-day (Saturday), covers a space of fifty-five acres on a fine site close to the Scheldt and the Docks. The building itself is fairly complete, but the gardens, the fountains, and the small lakes are still unfinished, so that after much talk and preparation the Antwerp display shares the usual fate of its predecessors in not being ready on the opening day. The triumphal arch forming the main entrance is the chief architectural feature of the building, which is more commodious than decorative, but several of the various foreign sections are very prettily ornamented, while the chief gallery devoted to Belgian manufactures is a fine handsome space. The exact reproduction of a coal-mine is close by here, forming one of the most interesting exhibits. Unfortunately the Colonial Departments, intended to be a special feature, are by no means ready, save the Congo section, which is entirely complete. Not so the Fine Art collection, where the Hanging Committee have managed to discontent most people in selecting 700 pictures out of the 2,300 sent in. The King and Queen of the Belgians will declare the Exhibition open, standing at the head of the grand staircase leading to the machinery corridor, and simultaneously every machine will be set in action. A cantata will follow, and the King and Queen will then inspect the Exhibition, a grand banquet and review closing the festivities. Anxious not to fleece visitors, the Antwerp authorities have organised a Housing Committee, with inquiry offices, where apartments can be secured at prices varying from 3s. to 12s. daily, and have established a vast "Popular Hotel," where a night's lodging only costs 10d., and two doctors watch the sanitary condition of the inmates.

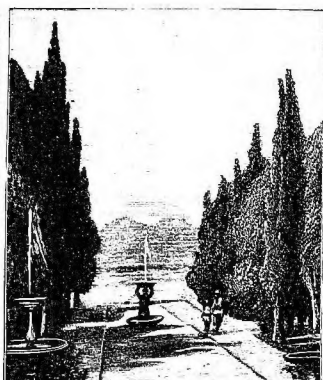


GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP—ARRIVAL OF THE VICEROY AND LADY DUFFERIN: THE BATTERY FIRING A SALUTE

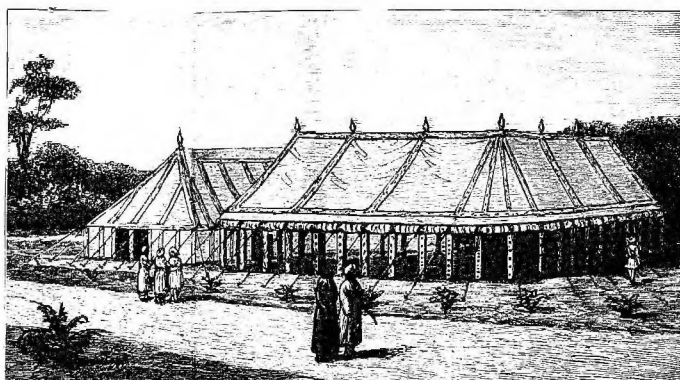


HOUSE FURNISHED FOR THE AMEER'S RESIDENCE DURING HIS STAY

Murree Hills



IN THE GARDEN OF THE AMEER'S HOUSE



THE AMEER'S DURBAR TENTS



THE VICEROY'S TENTS

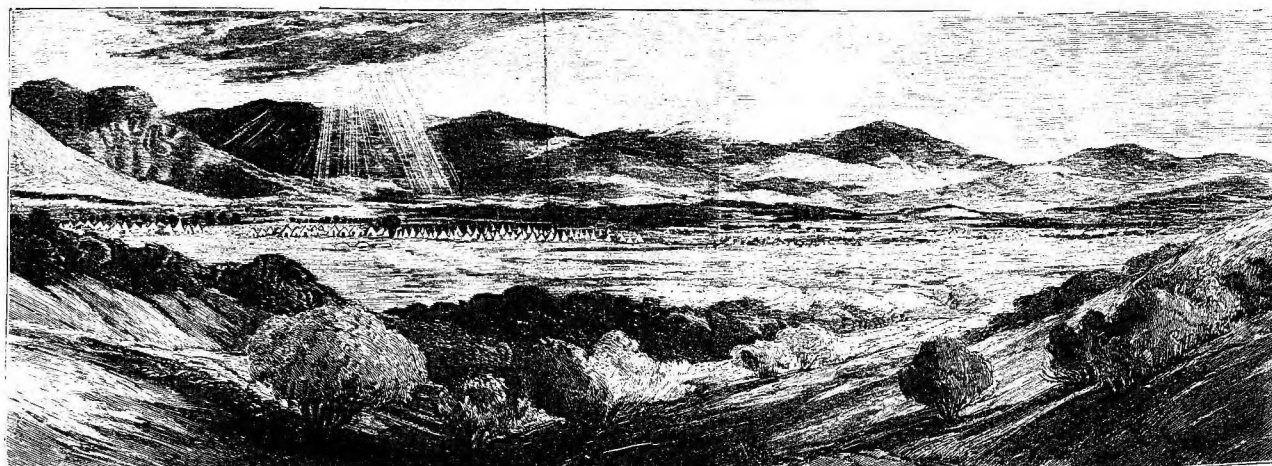


RAWUL PINDI CITY.

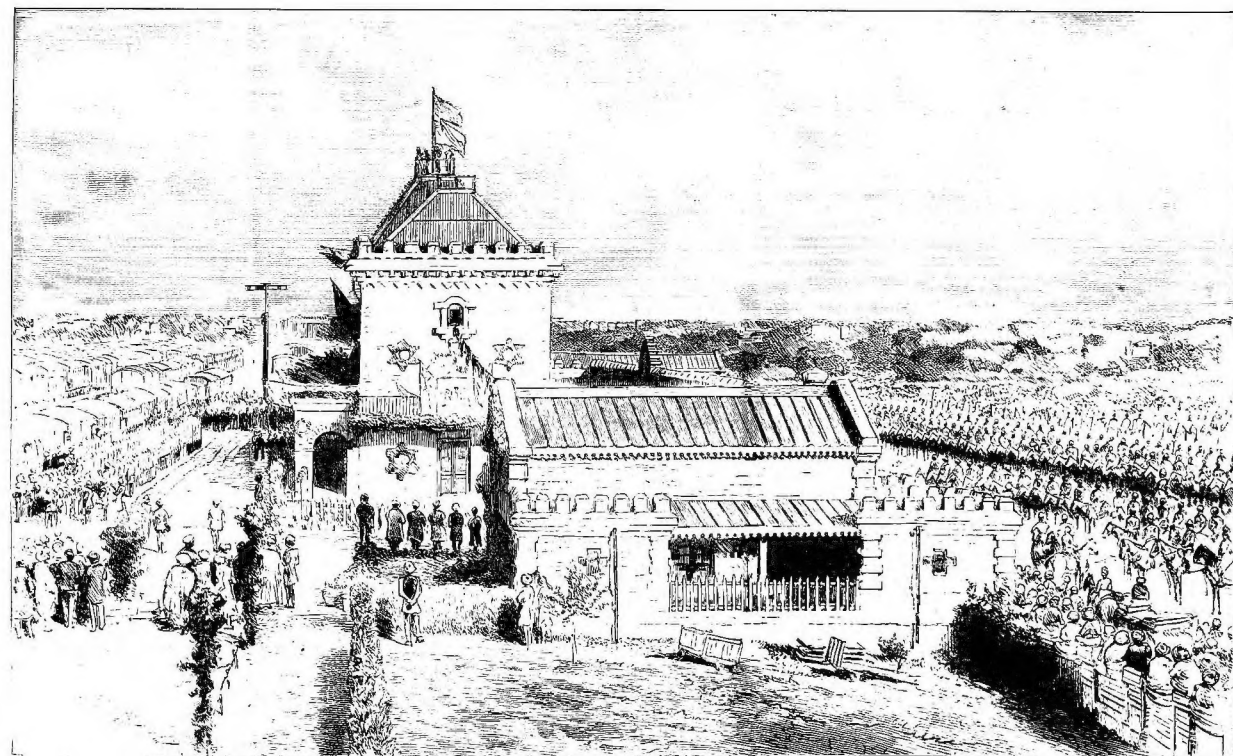
1st Division, Infantry Brigade

2nd Division, Infantry Brigade

Murree Hills



VIEW OF THE KHANNA PLAIN FROM "THE PARK," RAWUL PINDI



ARRIVAL OF THE VICEROY AT RAWUL PINDI

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DIFFICULTY—THE MEETING BETWEEN THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, VICEROY OF INDIA, AND ABDUL RAHMAN, AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN, AT RAWUL PINDI



THE question of "Peace or War" between ENGLAND and RUSSIA entirely rivets public attention abroad, as at home. Mr. Gladstone's solemn declaration of Monday night has created the strongest impression throughout the Continent, heightened by the remarkable union of the British Parliament in unanimously according the Vote of Credit, and thus sinking all party feelings on a point of national honour. While hitherto foreign opinion has persisted that England would in the end yield rather than fight, judging from her Premier's well-known pacific leanings, it is now generally acknowledged that she will bear no further trifling, and fully intends to support her words by deeds if necessary. So far the relations with Russia continue excessively strained, and the latest British proposals to submit the Afghan difficulty to arbitration may be fairly regarded as an ultimatum. These proposals are now being considered at St. Petersburg, where at present the war party distinctly holds the ascendant, and it is authoritatively declared that all conciliatory policy was decisively rejected at a Great Council of the Empire held by the Czar, notwithstanding M. de Giers' efforts towards concession. Indeed, one despatch in the *Indépendance Belge* asserts that M. de Giers wished to resign, but was persuaded to remain in office by the Czar, who then dictated a Note to England inviting her to accept the first frontier line proposed by Russia, as otherwise his troops would immediately march on Herat. Nor is the despatch of rewards to General Komaroff and his fellow-soldiers a proof of conciliatory disposition towards England. The Russian Press vigorously fan the militant feeling, and the *Novoe Vremya*, in an article "On the Eve," warns England that Russia will settle with her, not in Afghanistan alone, but in India itself. All journals agree in regarding Mr. Gladstone's speech as distinctly warlike, and urge that the British demand for investigation of the Penjdeh incident is unreasonable, as the event belongs to the military, not the diplomatic, side of the question. This critical state of affairs causes great anxiety and depression throughout Russia. The foreign colony are seriously alarmed, and several important British houses are winding up their affairs ready to leave. Meanwhile war preparations are being actively carried on all over the Empire. The arsenals are at work night and day, the Black Sea and Baltic coasts are being hastily put in a state of defence, and it is stated that the Army of the South has been called out, thus providing a force of some 200,000 men who could be gathered at any point within little more than a month, while another source declares that a partial mobilisation of the army within eight days has been secretly ordered. Over forty war vessels are concentrating at Cronstadt ready for sea, and the Black Sea Fleet is being largely increased, while a committee has been formed at Odessa to equip privateers. For some time past numbers of Russian troops have been sent up towards Merv, which is the nearest point to the Afghan frontier, where a considerable Muscovite force is assembled. Nor are General Komaroff's troops inactive, for the last news states that the Russians are making a road through Penjdeh towards Herat, having occupied Ak Tepé, and have now entered Meruchak, on the Murghab, some twenty miles south of Penjdeh. By this advance the Russians can threaten Balkh and cut the line of communication to Cabul.

Considering the prospects of peace to grow daily fainter, other Continental nations are warmly discussing the possibility of localising the war, should hostilities ensue. There is a generally expressed dread that a conflict between England and Russia cannot possibly be confined to the two nations, but by touching other national interests must inevitably spread further. Should Turkey not close the Dardanelles to the British Fleet, Russia would probably consider her action a *casus belli*, and her forces might come dangerously near the Austrian borders. Again, Russia is anxious to obtain the neutralisation of the Baltic, and Denmark is accordingly on the alert. GERMANY is generally credited with favouring Russian designs in Central Asia, having, it is declared, at the last meeting of the Emperors at Skiernivice agreed to the Muscovite advance in this direction rather than in the West. As usual, Prince Bismarck is pointed out as the one man who could solve the Anglo-Russian difficulty; but German feeling is strongly opposed to interference, and urges strict neutrality. ITALY, too, protests against all rumours of alliance with England, but Italian opinion in particular has been greatly influenced by the late proceedings in the English Parliament, the *Rassegna* forcibly pointing out that even the divided British parties have unanimously given Europe another proof of those qualities which are the cause of the moral greatness of England, and of her solidarity in moments of danger. And FRANCE has adopted a very different tone towards English policy, holding up our House of Commons as a lofty model for French statesmen, although fearing that Mr. Gladstone's speech is a certain prelude of war. "Those who are imperfectly acquainted with Mr. Gladstone," says the *Temps*, "will be astonished at this re-awakening of the old statesman. . . . We should not be surprised to see him, after having exhausted every diplomatic means to preserve an honourable peace, use for the purpose of planning and carrying through a war those rare administrative qualities which have made of this somewhat fanciful Homeric commentator the first financier of his time." Nor is Austria silent in the general chorus of praise over England's dignified attitude, and her journals express the warmest friendliness towards the British, in decided contrast to the German Press, which cannot forget English action in the matter of German colonisation.

Meanwhile, INDIA is steadily making all preparations on the frontier, and massing men and stores at Pishin and Quetta. Two army corps, numbering respectively 29,000 and 27,000 native and British soldiers, are now ready for service. Native enthusiasm and loyal offers of help increase daily, and two of the most prominent Bengal Mahomedans—the Nawab of Moorshebad and Nawab Absumoolah of Dacca—offer all their fortunes to the Government, the latter even selling his jewels by auction to provide further funds. Maharajah Holkar also made a most loyal speech when reviewing his troops, while the poorer rulers and landowners are equally eager to assist. Indeed, a decided war feeling prevails throughout India, even moderate-minded men considering that hostilities, even if averted, will only be deferred, as peace concluded on the present basis would be unsatisfactory and merely temporary. It is estimated that the present war preparations will cost 3½ millions sterling at the least, and Sir Auckland Colvin is planning how to meet the inevitable deficit in the Budget.

In EGYPT the announced suspension of the Soudan operations is being carried out at once. Thus the forces on the Nile are to be withdrawn immediately to Wady Halfa, troops are being sent off from Suakim, and the laying of the railway to Berber has been stopped abruptly at Otao, the coolies brought from Bombay to work on the line having been despatched back again the day after their arrival. Osman Digma's men still keep the British on the alert by skirmishing round the camps at Tambouk and Otao at night, but no serious encounters have occurred, and reports confidently assert that Osman is now very poorly supported and greatly dispirited, being obliged to dodge about with a small handful of followers, and never sleeping twice in the same place. Nevertheless an extra strong

guard is now sent with all convoys, as the Arab sharpshooters are numerous and vexatious, while the "friendly" are disappointed at the British withdrawal, and give some trouble. Although the health of the troops is fairly good, the heat and the poor supply of water at Otao cause some anxiety in the advance posts, and the medical authorities urge immediate recall. Lord Wolseley has now gone to Suakim to choose the best positions for the defence of the town in summer. Meanwhile the troops are eager for a change, and for active work in India, where the Australian contingent have offered their help, the offer being immediately accepted. According to news from Khartoum the Mahdi's forces have been defeated at Kordofan, and are disaffected at Omdurman.

Political affairs in Egypt have been more lively than military matters, much excitement having been created over the quarrel with FRANCE about the *Bosphore Egyptien*, a regular storm in a teacup. As Nubar Pasha at first refused reparation the French Consul-General hauled down his flag, and left Cairo for Alexandria. After lengthy negotiations, however, the affair has been practically settled by the Egyptian Government, at British instigation, agreeing to apologise for their violation of French rights in entering the office of the journal. Nubar Pasha according will visit the French agent to express his regret, and the *Bosphore* printing offices will reopen, though the journal will not reappear at present.

At home in FRANCE foreign affairs have entirely put domestic events in the background. Until the Chambers open on Monday there is no political news, save that three Republicans carried the Senatorial elections on Sunday. The chief topics have been M. de Lesseps' reception at the Académie, where the engineer's bluff, plain style of speech contrasted curiously with M. Renan's highly-polished and scholarly language in the respective orations, and the production of Victor Massé's posthumous opera, *Une Nuit de Cléopâtre*—where charming music is allied with gorgeous scenery. The Salon opened yesterday (Friday), the previous or vanishing day being made a paying day, so as to check the numbers of free visitors, who last year crowded the building. There are some 5,000 exhibits, including 2,500 oils alone, and the display is more exclusively National than usual, as the present jury are decidedly severe towards foreign artists.

The efforts to suppress the rebellion in CANADA are being carried on vigorously. General Middleton encountered a strong force of rebels, said to be the main body of Riel's followers, on Friday last in a dangerous ravine at Fish Creek, where the rebels had the advantage of position in rifle-pits hollowed out of the banks of the ravine. After a hard struggle, lasting all day, the Government troops, according to the official details, ultimately obliged the rebels, who had lost Gabriel Dumont, Riel's lieutenant, to evacuate the ravine, and retire to the west bank of the river. The loyalists suffered considerably, the rebels position in the ravine being well nigh impregnable. Accounts from Philadelphia, however, considerably qualify this version of the encounter, and represent it as an undoubted repulse for the Government, which will, it is feared, injure their *prestige* with the neighbouring Indians. Indeed, the American telegrams represent the state of affairs as very serious. General Middleton was compelled to remain in a highly dangerous situation at Fish Creek, fourteen miles from Batoche, and supplies and transport being scarce, he has lost several of his wounded, but provisions have now been forwarded, and it is hoped that he will soon be able to advance on Batoche, where the bulk of the rebels are strongly entrenched. Better success attended Colonel Otter's column, as he relieved Battleford, after a trying march through a stony wilderness. He is now strongly fortifying the position, especially as the Indians are gathering in the neighbourhood in great force, and has despatched a strong detachment towards the reserve of the chief, Poundmaker, who is expected to resist stubbornly. Mr. F. Dickens and the garrison of Fort Pitt, who were thought to have been massacred, escaped down the river, and have arrived safely at Battleford, but the civilians in the fort gave themselves up to the Indian chief, Big Bear, on promise of protection, and their fate is uncertain. Both Half-Breeds and Indians are decidedly emboldened by recent success, so that it is feared that many tribes will join the rising, and give much trouble, although there is no doubt of the eventual success of the loyal troops. By the various columns advancing in triangle from the base at Qu'Appelle, and mustering some 3,000 men, the rising will be narrowed into a point near Duck Lake, where Riel is now believed to be, but some hard fighting is expected. The chief distress is at Prince Albert, where supplies are short. The Government has now agreed to several of the Half-Breed claims in Manitoba, and offers land scrip to those who establish their claims.

War prospects also disturb the UNITED STATES, where the Government are despatching the new Minister to England, Mr. Phelps, and other Transatlantic representatives, in case of complications arising. American tourists are afraid to venture to Europe under the present uncertain conditions, much to the injury of the Atlantic liners, and commercial circles lament the scarcity of American vessels, which causes the chief trade to be carried under a foreign flag, liable to capture in the event of war.

The United States troops have been obliged to act forcibly at PANAMA, to protect their countrymen, the insurrection having become most serious. The insurgents under General Aizpuru erected barricades, and were about to burn the city, when the United States authorities intervened, fearing a similar disaster to that at Colon, where the city was destroyed and 500 persons massacred. The United States Commander arrested General Aizpuru, and took entire charge of Panama for two days, until the rebel General guaranteed the safety of the United States residents.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, in GERMANY a young man caused some alarm in Berlin by jumping on the step of the Emperor's carriage. He proved, however, to be a deaf and dumb idiot.—HUNGARY is reforming her Upper House, and has cut down the number of members exactly one-half.—AUSTRIA expects the next meeting of the three Emperors to take place at Ischl in August.—In BELGIUM the Chamber has adopted by an enormous majority the nomination of the King as Chief of the Congo State.



THE QUEEN and Princess Beatrice are expected at Windsor to-day (Saturday). On reaching Darmstadt at the end of last week, Her Majesty and the Princess were received by all the members of the Hessian Grand Ducal and Battenberg families, and took up their quarters in the New Palace. The Queen occupied rooms on the upper floor; but, the weather being fine and warm, Her Majesty spent most of her time in a tent in the garden, where she transacted the necessary State business. On Saturday the Queen witnessed the confirmation of the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, walking with her grandson and the Grand Duke in the procession to the chapel, where the Rev. Dr. Sell officiated, assisted by the Revs. Dr. Bender and E. Grein. A family dinner followed, and afterwards the Hereditary Grand Duke was appointed Lieutenant of Hussars. Later the

infant daughter of Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg was christened at the Palace, the sponsors being Her Majesty, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Grand Duchess Sergius, Prince Alexander and Princess Battenberg, and Countess Erbach. The Queen held the baby at the font, where the child was christened in water from the Jordan by Dr. Bender—who had baptised Princess Louis—and was named Victoria Alice Elizabeth Julia Marie. Next morning Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, with the Grand Ducal family, attended the German service in the Palace Chapel, where the Hereditary Grand Duke received his first Communion, and subsequently went to the service at the English Church. The Royal party afterwards lunched with Prince and Princess Alexander, and in the afternoon visited the Mausoleum at the Rosenhöhe to place wreaths on Princess Alice's tomb. On Monday the Queen and Princess Beatrice, with Prince Henry of Battenberg, drove to Ludwigshöhe and Krainchstein to tea; while in the evening the Princess went to a Soirée given by Prince Alexander. Prince and Princess Hohenlohe-Langenburg lunched with Her Majesty on Tuesday, when the Royal party visited the Catholic Church and the Prince Emil Garden. In the afternoon the Queen went to Einsiedel with the Grand Duke and Duchess Sergius. Next day Her Majesty received some English students, who presented bouquets, and subsequently the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove to Prince Alexander's seat at Heiligenberg and to Schönberg. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice were to leave Darmstadt on Thursday night for Flushing, where they embark on board the *Alberta* for Port Victoria. The Queen looks much better for the change of air.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor returned to England on Monday night, crossing from Larne to Stranraer in the *Osborne*. Their movements during the close of the Irish visit are chronicled in the article accompanying the Illustrations. They travelled straight to town, arriving at Marlborough House early on Tuesday. They were warmly welcomed by crowds on their homeward route. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Cambridge then visited the Prince and Princess, and the Prince went down to Epsom for a few hours. On Wednesday Prince Albert Victor left for Yarmouth to do duty as a lieutenant of Artillery Militia.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh gave a small concert at Clarence House at the end of last week. The Duke was in the House of Lords on Monday night.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught intended to leave India for Europe yesterday, but were stopped on their way to Bombay, the Duke being ordered to report himself at headquarters at Simla, owing to the critical political situation. Should the Duke go on active service he will command a division of the Quetta force, and the Duchess will remain at Simla. Their children have been staying with the Princess Louise, but have now returned to Windsor. The Duchess of Connaught's sister, Princess Henry of the Netherlands, is to be married to Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenberg next Wednesday at Berlin.—The Crown Prince of Sweden is in England on a short visit.—The much-discussed betrothal of the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden to Princess Hilda of Nassau has at last taken place.



THE OPERA.—Mr. Mapleson has not yet been able to conclude arrangements with the Covent Garden authorities, and another hitch is understood to have occurred. Mr. Mapleson is, however, still sanguine that he will secure the house for three seasons.—The Carl Rosa Company have been content with repetitions pending the production of *Manon*, which is finally fixed for Thursday next. M. Massenet has arrived in London to superintend the final rehearsals. Meanwhile Mr. Thomas's *Nadeshda* has been still further abbreviated, and it now plays much more closely and crisply. It is, perhaps, a pity that the opening scene between Ostap and the Choir of Serfs has been cut down, and the brief soprano solo and chorus in the second act has been dispensed with. But few will regret the disappearance of the tenor ditty in the second act, the abbreviation of the love duet, and the other omissions from the third and fourth acts. *Esmeralda* is announced for a single performance on Saturday, and *Mefistofele* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* will be the next revivals.

DR. RICHTER.—After a brief but successful tour in the provinces, Dr. Hans Richter began last Monday his London season. The programme presented no novelties, but in some respects it showed the Vienna conductor at his strongest. In such music as the seventh Symphony of Beethoven and the *Parsifal* and *Tannhauser* preludes Richter has no superior. On the other hand, he did not seem to have complete sympathy with Schubert's music, notably with the slow movement of the unfinished Symphony. Liszt's fourth Hungarian Rhapsody—"glorified gipsy music" as it has not inaptly been called—as usual delighted the audience. Richter now for the first time appears under the title of a Doctor of Music. The degree does not exist in Germany. At Oxford it has been sparingly conferred, *honoris causa*, upon foreign musicians, and the last recipient seems to have been Haydn, nearly a century ago. On Saturday last, after a Latin speech by the Public Orator, Richter was formally invested with the degree. He afterwards conducted a concert in the Sheldonian Theatre. Later in the evening he was entertained at a banquet at the Randolph Hotel.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—At the orchestral concert given by the students of the Royal Academy of Music last week, a new "Heroic" overture, clever but too long, by Mr. Briant, a vocal fantasia by Mr. Hattersley, and a pretty serenade by a son of Mr. Charles Godfrey, were tried. The chief item of the programme was, however, Mozart's Litany in B flat, an early work, partly operatic in tone, but written when the master was only fifteen. The fugue at the "Pignus futuræ" is a wonderful evidence of precocity.—The Royal Academy has lost its *dozent* by the death of Mr. W. H. Holmes. He was one of the first students when the Academy opened in 1823, and among his pupils were Sir Sterndale Bennett and Sir George Macfarren. For some time before his death, at the age of seventy-three, Mr. Holmes was in exceedingly feeble health.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Mr. Manns took his well deserved benefit at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, at the conclusion of a season during which he has introduced for the first time Raff's last ("Winter") Symphony, Berlioz's *Te Deum*, and other important works. The only item of novelty on Saturday was the *debut* of Fräulein Cramer, a robust soprano from Munich. This lady has, it is said, appeared at every one of the forty-two performances already given of Wagner's *Parsifal*.—At an "In Memoriam" concert last week Madame Sainton's pupils performed that lady's posthumous cantata "Florimel." The libretto is even more than usually feeble. It is a pastoral, but, despite its title, it has no connection with the Florimel of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*. The heroine of the cantata is a princess, who, accompanied by her maidens, goes into the Welsh mountains to lead an Arcadian life. She is tempted with a ring by the envious Gwendolen, but is eventually protected from harm by the fairy Mab. The music is charming, and in some respects higher in aim than any Madame Sainton had before given us.—Concerts have also been given by the Strolling Players, Mr. Ernest Kiver, Signor Negroni, Mr. F. Lewis Thomas, Herr Peiniger, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The large Bryceson organ built for Mr. N. Holmes has now been erected at the Albert Palace, where there is a concert hall capable of holding about 3,000 people.—The proposal to remove the remains of celebrated musicians to the new cemetery at Vienna has again brought to notice the fact that the body of Mozart and the skull of Haydn are missing.—Mr. Mackenzie has been commissioned to compose a new sacred cantata for next year's Leeds Festival. The libretto will be by Mr. Joseph Bennett.—A posthumous opera, *Une Nuit de Cléopâtre*, has been produced at the Paris Opéra Comique, with but little success.—It is reported that a new comic opera, the libretto by Mr. Colnaghi of the British Museum, and the music by Mr. Cotsford Dick, the song composer, will be produced at the Royalty after Whitsuntide.—Madame Patti had, it is stated, an audience of 11,000 persons at a recent performance at Chicago of *Aida*.—Madame Christine Nilsson left for Paris last week. She will probably return to London early in June.—The Italian Government have officially adopted the *diapason normal*.—H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh will, it is anticipated, play at the Concert, to be given by the Royal Amateur Orchestra, at the Albert Hall on Saturday.—On her return to London Madame Patti will sing at a special Concert at the Albert Hall.—Dvorák's patriotic hymn, "The Heirs of the White Mountain," dedicated "with feelings of deep gratitude to the English people," will be conducted by the composer on the 13th inst. at St. James's Hall.—The Brass Band and Choral Competitions at the International Inventions Exhibition will not take place until September.—The disease is announced, at the age of eighty-six, of Mr. Charles Henry Purday, formerly of Cramer's, and author of a book upon musical copyright.—The once popular pianist, "Blind Tom," has been officially adjudicated insane by the American tribunals.—M. and Mrs. De Pachmann are expected here this month, and will remain in England until their American tour begins.



ON SATURDAY LAST, ST. MARK'S DAY, the Archbishop of Canterbury performed the impressive ceremony of consecrating the new Bishops of Lincoln and Exeter in St. Paul's Cathedral. Canon Liddon preached the sermon, in which he sketched the history of the Episcopate from the earliest times, and the rights and duties of an Anglican Bishop, protesting against the transfer by the Legislature of the most sacred question of doctrine and morals to accomplished lawyers who might or might not be Christians. With largely secularised populations, with our higher class increasingly trained by infidel teachers, and with our vastly extended franchise, Dr. Liddon anticipated for the Church in no distant future sterner experiences than had befallen her since the middle of the seventeenth century.

IN THE MATTER OF PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL the Chapter and Restoration Committee have resolved not only to adopt the Archbishop of Canterbury's suggestion respecting the composition of a new Executive Committee, but to act at once upon his expressed opinion in regard to the competing plans. The contractor is therefore to be instructed to proceed without delay in the rebuilding of the central tower in conformity with the Primate's recommendation.

DURING THE PROCEEDINGS at the reassembling of Convocation on Tuesday the Archbishop of Canterbury intimated that the Revised Version of the Old Testament would not be ready before the 19th of May.

PREACHING AT THE FESTIVAL SERVICE this week, in Westminster Abbey, of the Church of England Temperance Society, the Chaplain-General of the Forces spoke of the desirability of aiding the cause by other than restrictive measures. He advised the Society to endeavour to procure rational amusements and brighter and cheerier lives for the poor. On Wednesday evening there was a crowded meeting at Exeter Hall of the Total Abstinence Section of the Society, presided over by the Bishop of London, who, referring in the course of his address to Lord Bramwell's recent pamphlet, maintained that the pleasure and enjoyments of persons who became total abstainers were greater, not less, than before.

IN THE COURSE OF THE PROCEEDINGS at the tenth meeting of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England, held this week in London, it was stated that the congregational contributions to the Home Mission had risen from 80,000*l.* in 1859 to 193,358*l.* in 1883, more than half this sum being contributed by congregations which came into existence during the interval.

THE NEW WEST-END BUILDING of the Salvation Army, by the side of the Edgware Road Station of the Metropolitan Railway, is to be opened to-day (Saturday). It contains two halls, one of which will accommodate 3,200, the other about 1,000 people. 600 Salvationist officers, from all parts of the United Kingdom, to say nothing of private, are expected to attend at the opening meetings, which will be continued until Tuesday next.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY

I.

It cannot be said that the present exhibition is the best that has been seen at Burlington House, but it is very much the largest. During the past year three rooms, now occupied by water-colour pictures, works in black and white, and architectural drawings, have been added to the building. Two of them are of large size, and all are well lighted and tastefully decorated. The old rooms, except, of course, the Sculpture Galleries, are now devoted exclusively to oil pictures. That the increased space is very large is shown by the fact that the number of works exhibited is 2,134, being about 500 more than the average of former years. Of the general character of so large a collection it would be impossible to give more than a vague idea in a sentence. It may, however, be safely said that the accustomed level of merit is fairly sustained. Portraits are quite as numerous as usual, and a large proportion of them, especially those by Mr. Millais, Mr. Holl, and Mr. Ousless are of rare excellence. Whatever may be the shortcomings of the English school in the more abstract forms of Art, there can be no question as to its great superiority to any other in portraiture. There are a few good pictures of historical interest, and a great many in which incidents of modern life are very ably depicted, some of the best being by painters holding no Academic rank. In landscape and marine painting the exhibition is not very strong; and as far as an opinion may be formed from a hasty survey the Sculpture Galleries are not nearly so well furnished as they were last year.

In the Third Gallery, where, as usual, the most important works of many of the Academicians are ranged, the three central places are occupied by large pictures by Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Millais, and Mr. Alma-Tadema. Apart from its artistic qualities, which are of

a very high order, Mr. Orchardson's work is extremely interesting in subject. It represents "The Salon of Madame Récamier" on the occasion of a reception; some of the most distinguished and several of the most interesting persons of the period being among the guests. The lady herself, dressed in white, reclines gracefully on a sofa listening with apparent indifference to the conversation of Bernadotte, Fouché, the Duc de Montmorency, and others seated near her. Conspicuous in the larger group, standing a little apart from these, are Lucien Bonaparte, Brilat Savarin, who seems to be boring Talleyrand, Siéyes, and M. de Narbonne. Canova and the painter Gérard stand a little behind, and Madame de Staël occupies an obscure place in a corner. The heads of all these and others Mr. Orchardson has evidently derived from authentic portraits, and into each of them he has infused a great amount of vitality. The attitudes of the figures are natural, and skilfully varied, and the composition as a whole is excellent. The picture is full of suffused light, and various tints of colour in the costumes, the rich furniture, and the Aubusson carpet, which occupies a large space on the canvas, are admirably harmonised. Passing for the present good portraits by Mr. Ousless and Mr. Pettie, and landscapes by Mr. Vicat Cole and Mr. P. Graham, we come to the first of five pictures by Sir Frederick Leighton. This is the three-quarter length figure—apparently a portrait—of a lady "serenely wandering in a trance of sober thought" by the sea-shore. The flesh tints, as in all the artist's oil pictures, are rather waxy, but the head is of great beauty and finely modelled; the action of the figure, too, is graceful, and the blue drapery that clothes it splendidly designed. Next to this hangs a large picture by Mr. Frith, "John Knox at Holyrood," in which the stern Reformer is seen reproving a party of frolicsome ladies and gentlemen playing at the ancient form of "kiss-in-the-ring" in Queen Mary's antechamber. The figures are well grouped, and some of them are animated, but the attitude of Knox is neither dignified nor impressive.

The largest picture by Mr. Millais, "The Ruling Passion," shows an aged ornithologist reclining on a couch, and explaining to a lady and several children the peculiarities of a small blue bird that he holds between his fingers. Many other dead birds of brilliant plumage are scattered about, and combine with the well-chosen tints of the draperies to produce a rich and harmonious effect of colour. The picture wants firmness and solidity, but there are several good points in it. The head of the enthusiastic old naturalist, in whom we recognise Mr. Barlow, the eminent engraver, is a capital study of character. He does not look moribund at all, as the title of the picture implies, but very hale and vigorous. A much better picture than this by Mr. Millais, and one of the best of its kind that he has painted, hangs on the opposite wall. It is the full-length portrait of a little girl, "The Lady Peggy Primrose," who, with her hat hanging from her neck, and holding in her uplifted dress some freshly-gathered flowers, stands in an attitude of childish unconscious grace. As a rendering of childish character this work could scarcely be surpassed, and it is distinguished besides for masterly handling and great beauty of colour. On either side of Mr. Millais' large picture is an admirable male portrait, by Mr. Frank Holl. One of them represents "The Earl of Dufferin," standing in a characteristic and habitual attitude; and the other, "S. Weir Mitchell, Esq., M.D., of Philadelphia," seated. There are no less than eight portraits by Mr. Holl in the collection, but these and the half-length of "The Bishop of Peterborough," in another room, seem to us the best. Together with the most penetrating perception of individual character, they show great completeness in the modelling of form and a fine sense of style. They are much better in colour than anything we have seen by the artist before, and in better keeping.

"Love's Labour Lost" is the inappropriate title to a large and rather purposeless picture by Mr. E. Long, representing a group of Egyptian girls. Some of them, old enough to know better, are playing with rudely-fashioned toys, while others with no expression on their pretty faces are doing nothing. Near it is a very powerful but not agreeable picture of an eagle and a wolf in fierce conflict, "Vae Victis," by Briton Rivière. Both animals are admirably drawn, and painted in a firm and forcible manner. Mr. J. Pettie has a very expressive and well painted picture, entitled "Challenged." A young gallant of the time of James II. has been rudely awakened by the arrival of a challenge. The bluff soldier who has brought it is leaving the bedroom, while he, with his hand pressed to his brow and a perplexed expression on his face, is vainly endeavouring to remember the events of the past night. The watch thrown on the floor together with some of his garments, and the generally disordered state of the room, clearly indicate the cause of his oblivion. The story is very clearly told, and the treatment in every way artistic. The picture is very rich in colour, and painted in sounder and more restrained style than some of the artist's recent works. In a quaint and characteristic picture by Mr. H. S. Marks, an old naturalist of the last century, in a satin dressing-gown and red nightcap, is seen in his study writing "A Treatise on Parrots," his table being crowded with stuffed specimens of those birds of various kinds and colours. A very artificial composition, garish in colour and very unreal in effect, "Cupid's Spell," by Mr. H. Woods, may be passed with scant notice, as there are better things by him in the gallery. In a small semicircular picture, "The Queen—God Bless Her!" Mr. J. E. Hodgson has depicted two English soldiers sitting on the ground in the desert and drinking Her Majesty's health. The figures are distinctly characterised, and the scene as a whole conveys a strong impression of reality. Mr. Alma-Tadema's large composition, "A Reading from Homer," bears some resemblance to more than one of his previous works. On the marble terrace overlooking the sea three or four youths and one graceful woman are languidly listening to a man rather more animated than the rest, who reads or recites to them. The figures are finely designed and skilfully grouped, but the charm of the picture chiefly lies in its pure and luminous colour, its finished beauty of workmanship, and general harmony of effect.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

I.

FOR the third time the members of the Institute have succeeded in furnishing their spacious gallery with a varied and very attractive collection of drawings. The general average of merit is quite as high as in either of the previous displays, and there are some works of rare excellence. That the contributions of some of the members, including Mr. Linton, the President, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Seymour Lucas, and Mr. Gow, are neither large nor numerous is attributable to the fact that they have been long engaged on important oil pictures. The best qualities of Mr. Linton's art are, however, to be seen in his two small figures, "Rose Bradwardine" and "Waverley." They perfectly realise the characters as drawn by Scott, and are distinguished besides by complete modelling of form and great beauty of colour. Near them hangs a capital little picture of a seventeenth-century soldier lazily smoking—"The Piping Times of Peace," by Mr. Seymour Lucas. Placid contentment is admirably expressed in the attitude of the man as well as in his face. Mr. Gregory's only work, "Morning Callers," is a slight but very brilliant sketch for a picture that has already appeared.

Between Mr. Linton's drawings hangs an admirable picture of "Cuckmere Haven from the Downs, near Seaford," by Mr. H. G. Hine. This artist has very often been compared to Copley Fielding, a compliment to him being implied. We are inclined to think, however, that when time has corrected the errors of contemporary

judgment he will hold a much higher place than Fielding in the world's estimation. His range is wider, and he is unquestionably a finer colourist. The deceased master certainly produced nothing so vividly suggestive of atmosphere and space, or so subtle in its gradations of tone, as either this picture or the views of "Durlleston Bay, Dorset," in the West Gallery. The drawing of grimy barges in a sluggish river, with an old ship partially obscured by smoke and fog, "The Providence Repairing," is an excellent example of Mr. W. L. Wyllie's manner of treating subjects of the kind, and there are several other works by him of equal merit. Mr. E. M. Wimperis has a spacious landscape agreeably recalling the work of Cox, "Slaughden Pier;" and Mr. J. Orrock a broadly-painted river-scene, "Hoveringham Ferry," in which the influence of a stormy sky on the scene below is truthfully rendered. The only example of Mr. T. Collier's vigorous style is a fresh and breezy moorland scene, "Near Burley," conveying a very vivid impression of daylight and movement. A less-known painter, Mr. T. Pyne, has perfectly succeeding in rendering the effect of broad suffused daylight in his large drawing of "A Hayfield at Marlow." The picture is in good keeping throughout, and very ably painted. Mr. Joseph Knight's gloomy "Moorland" is marked by accurate draughtsmanship of natural form and severe austerity of style. Near it is a large river-scene, by Mr. Keeley Halswelle, deficient in tone, but showing his accustomed skill in painting willow trees and water weeds. Mr. H. Caffieri's small picture of two girls "Shutting the Lock Gates" is bright and pure in colour, and very dexterously handled.

A large drawing, destined to attract a great deal of attention, and well deserving it, by Mr. Charles Green, occupies an important place in the central gallery. It represents the scene on the racecourse as described by Dickens in "The Old Curiosity Shop," with "Little Nell and Her Grandfather" sitting behind Codlin and Short's Punch and Judy Show. These two principal figures are naturally posed, and faithfully realise the author's description, but the chief interest in the picture will be found in the animated crowd of figures occupying the wide space beyond. They are variously employed, and show infinite diversity of character, but every one of them is life-like in expression and gesture. More fulness of tone would, we think, improve the picture, but every part of it has evidently been most carefully considered, and the workmanship throughout is of the finest kind. A low-toned drawing, "No Buyers," true in character and ably executed, by Mr. J. C. Dollman, represents a melancholy farmer trudging home from market in the rain with his two unsold calves. Of Mr. G. Clausen's three drawings, that entitled "Harvest—Evening" strikes us as the best. The man binding up sheaves of corn in the foreground is a genuine type of English rustic character, and the red glow from the setting sun on the distant figures is admirably rendered. Mr. Hugh Carter sends an excellent rustic interior, "Waiting," in sentiment as well as in method resembling the work of Israels; and a study of "A Weaver" at work in a garret, remarkable for its brilliant illumination and breadth of handling.

"The Boy—What Will He Become?" is the title of a very amusing and extremely well executed picture, by Mr. Frank Dadd. The dogged obstinacy of the recalcitrant boy, whose head is being examined by a phrenologist, and the fidgety impatience of his father to hear the verdict are admirably expressed. This painter's skill in characterisation is again shown in a very animated drawing, "Tally Ho! Off We Go," in which a country squire in hunting attire is seen playing with a child. Mr. Randolph Caldecott's two small hunting pictures are not very characteristic examples of his work, but a close examination shows that the heads of the men are nicely discriminated. A good illustration of English life in the last century is to be seen in Mr. Townley Green's picture of travellers, in the court-yard of an old inn with wooden galleries, preparing to start on "A Journey by the Waggon." The figures, if not very animated, are characteristic, and in perfect keeping with their surroundings. The picture is finished with fastidious care, and leaves nothing to be desired as regards composition or colour. Mr. Walter Crane has a very quaintly-conceived drawing of a piping shepherd and dancing girls, "Pan Pipes," treated in a decorative style. As usual with the painter the figures are incorrectly drawn, but the composition is excellent, and the general effect not displeasing. Mr. A. Gow's small drawing of "An Algerian Caravanserai," with many figures, is distinguished by truth of local character, refined harmony of colour, and finished workmanship. In a picture showing great power of humorous expression as well as much technical skill, entitled "The Tithe Pig," Mr. Joseph Nash has depicted an Irish parish priest smoking in his back-yard, and looking with indignation and dismay at a miserable little pig which a peasant farmer has just turned out of a sack. Mr. W. Small's skill in depicting Irish peasants is seen in a broadly-painted and effective picture, "A Wet Market-Day, Connemara." The picturesquely clad women are true types of character, animated in gesture and naturally grouped. An artistically treated and amusing drawing of smaller size by this artist, "Forbidden Fruit," represents a stalwart girl driving a pig out of an orchard. Mr. John Tenniel furnishes a capital study of "Sir Andrew Aguecheek," rather opaque in colour, but masterly in design; and Mr. J. W. Waterhouse a finely-wrought and very harmonious little drawing of an Italian girl stretching her arms and yawning in a sunny lane.

Pressure on our space compels us to hold over till next week our notice of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and of the Grosvenor Gallery.

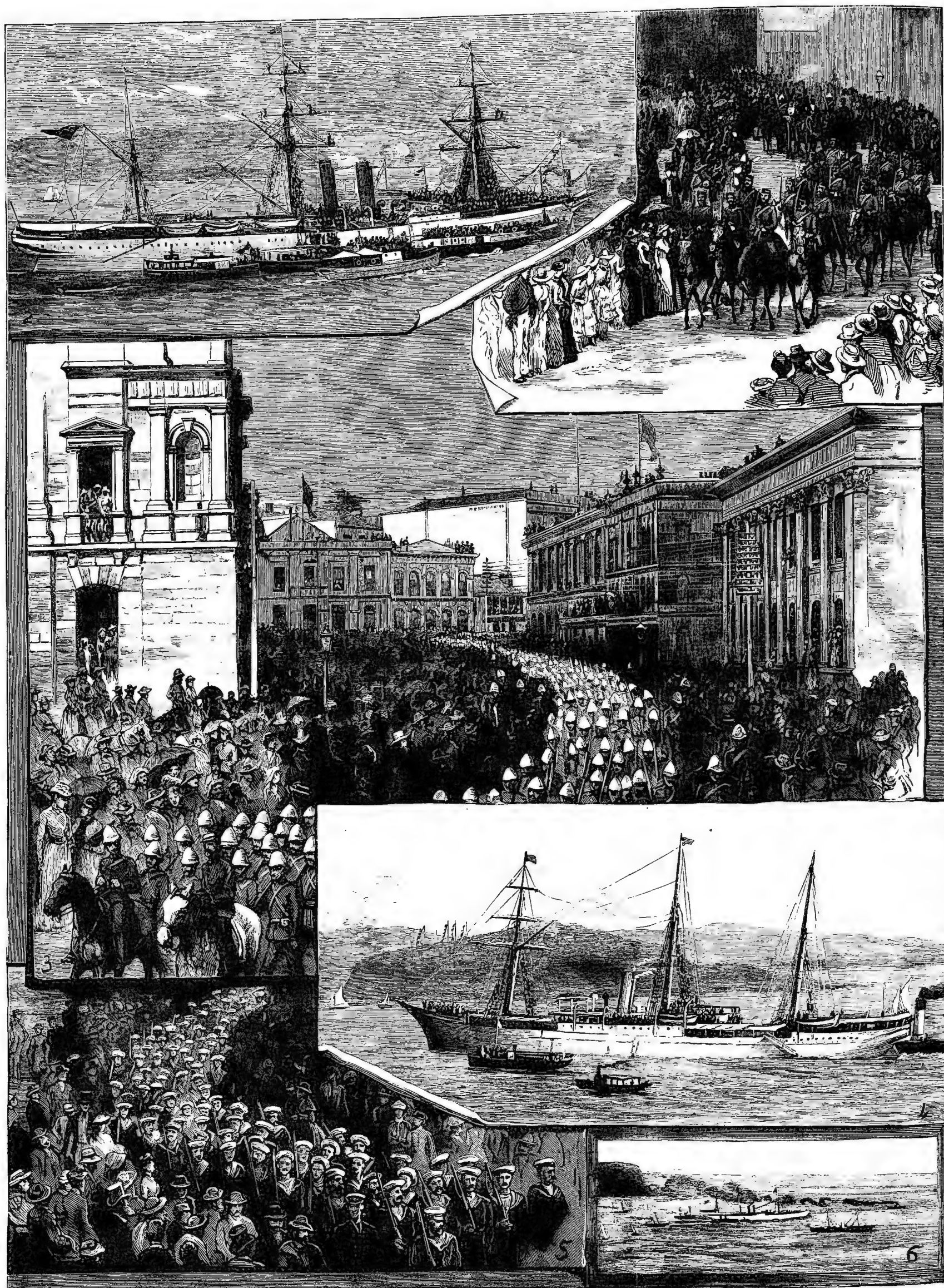


I.

IN *Cornhill* this month "Court Royal," by the author of "John Herring," maintains the high promise of its opening chapters; and "No. 11, William Square" is an undiluted ghost story vigorously handled. There is also a readable paper on "Humours of Parliamentary Elections." Otherwise there is not much that is noticeable in *Cornhill*.

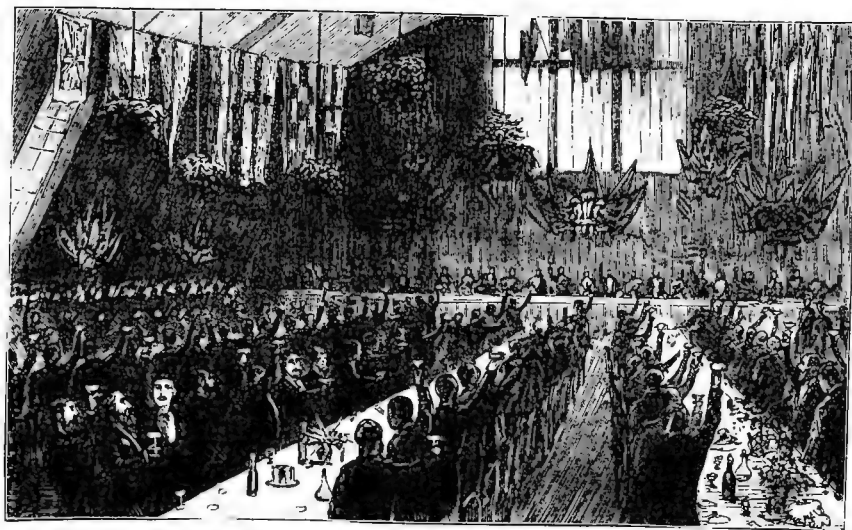
Mrs. Annie Edwards' serial, "A Girted Girl," in *Temple Bar*, retains all the freshness and interest of its opening chapters. "How Our Empire Was Founded" is a character sketch of Prince Bismarck, and very appropriate to our times. The writer sums up thus:—"It therefore appears that the greatest and most successful statesman of our age is seriously of opinion that life is not worth living unless it be led with a constant reference to its Divine Author and an existence beyond the grave—unless it be ruled by purposes that transcend the narrow limits of any individual vanity or ambition, any personal joy or sorrow. The historic-biographical sketch of "Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin" is well executed.

In *Longman's* "White Heather" pursues the even tenor of its way, and exhibits no suggestion of excitement to come.—Professor Freeman brings to a conclusion his paper "On Some Modern Abuses of Language." He seems to us to err somewhat in the direction of pedantry, and perhaps to under-estimate the etymological knowledge of his countrymen generally. Still it is well to be on one's guard in the use of what, after all, is supposed to be one's native language.—Mr. Bret Harte's "An Apostle of the Jutes" is not by any means one of his weakest fictional efforts. Pathos and humour are admirably combined in it.



1. Lord Augustus Loftus, Governor of New South Wales, and the Guard of Honour.—2. The Troopship "Iberia" Leaving Sydney.—3. Troops Passing Down Gresham Street, Sydney.—4. N.S.W. Troopship "Australasian."—5. The Naval Brigade.—6. The Last Glimpse of the Troopships.

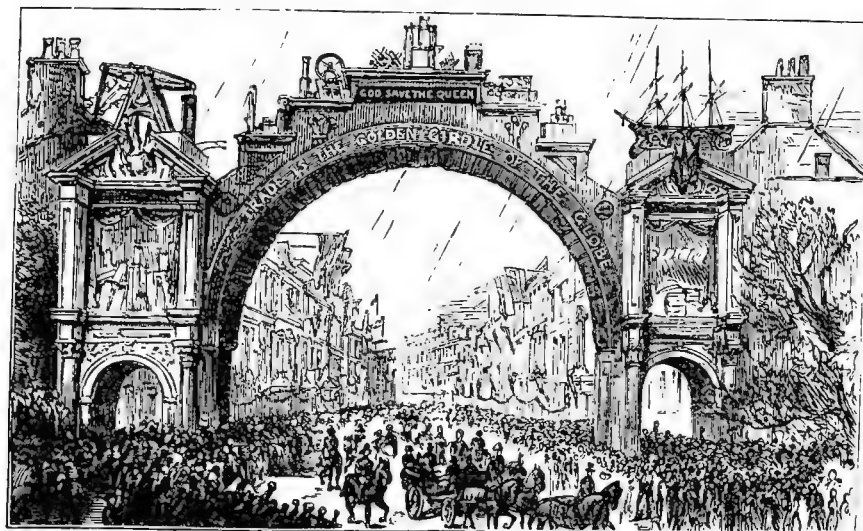
DEPARTURE OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES CONTINGENT FROM SYDNEY FOR THE SOUDAN



BANQUET BY THE CORK RECEPTION COMMITTEE AT HAULBOWLINE



THE ILLUMINATIONS AT BELFAST



THE TRADES' ARCH, BELFAST



UNDER ONE FLAG—A SKETCH BY THE WAYSIDE



THE CITIZENS' BALL AT DUBLIN—ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. S. F. HALL

Mr. Richard A. Proctor writes in the *Atlantic Monthly* on "The 'H' of England." Although aware of the failing of our compatriots in the proper use of aspirates, we are not disposed to admit that they are quite such sinners as they are made out here, although Mr. Proctor takes up the cudgels against the late Mr. Grant White so far as to deny "that most Englishmen put in an *h* where it ought not to be."—There is a good paper by J. S. Dwight on "John Sebastian Bach."

In the *North American* there is the usual store of serious subjects seriously treated. A paper that will be found largely useful to an important class of readers is one by Mr. James Payn on "Success in Fiction." His concluding paragraph runs thus:—"It is hardly necessary to say that no good writer—unlike that Lord Chief Justice who drank beer to put himself on a par with the puns judges—has ever succeeded in writing down to the level of his readers; nor is it a course to be recommended, even if it were possible to follow it. The influence of good fiction is at present in its infancy, or rather, they whose suffrages will one day spell 'success' for those who shall supply it, are but babes, and have as yet no appetite for strong meat."

The *Century* sustains its already high reputation this month as a magazine of varied interest in the able treatment of the subjects chosen by its contributors. The serials by Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. Henry James continue up to the level at which they commenced, while General McClellan on "The Peninsular Campaign, May and June, 1862," cannot fail to be of interest to those who care for what is most striking in modern military history.

Karl Blind contributes to *Time* a paper not without its special interest just now. "The only course left now," he says, "is action—rapid action. Now Liberals who from a mistaken reading of peace principles are conscientiously doubtful as to the line to be pursued, might well ponder the fact that the 'Peace of India' has to be guarded. What sense is there in delaying resistance to a systematic aggression, when the longer it is delayed the more difficult it will become to save India from warlike troubles, or from becoming the prey of a ruthless tyranny?"—Mr. Louis Katscher has also much that is thoughtful to say about the "Blood and Fire" movement.

Mr. W. E. Montague writes in the *Gentleman's* on a comparatively novel subject, "The South African Salt Lakes." They are in the Transvaal, and are broad inland seas, the home of countless birds happy to find so much water in so waterless a land. The article is not without signs of an exceptional descriptive power.

As to the *Argosy*, there is little that calls for detailed notice. "The Mystery of Allan Grale" is not without some exciting elements this month; and J. M. Wharton's "Miss Beauchamp's Will" is, in its way, a very good short story.—Mr. Wood's excellent series of papers, "Among the Welsh," is continued.

The frontispiece of the *Art Journal* is an etching by Mr. D. Mordant, after J. E. Santin's "The Apple Seller." The picture is a charming one, and the etcher's work has been well executed. Mr. Joseph Hutton's "London Club Land" is bright and entertaining. The writer has evidently found his American experiences not without their value in enabling to elucidate his subject.



THE farewell revival of *Ours* at the HAYMARKET Theatre on Saturday evening met with a reception which has not been characteristic of first nights at the Haymarket since that house passed into the hands of its present management. The audience were somewhat cold and apathetic, nor did even the patriotic ring of the references to Russia or the tokens of the military excitement in England during the Crimean War awaken any perceptible enthusiasm; though the departure of the Guards at the end of the second act, with all its stirring martial music, moved the spectators, as it has never yet failed to do, to an outburst of applause. The truth is that this slight but pretty and interesting play was not quite as well acted as we have been accustomed to see it. No doubt allowance must be made for the players' prepossessions. Among the audience of Saturday evening there were probably many who had fresh in their memory, for example, Mr. Hare's fine portrait of the high-bred chivalrous Russian nobleman, and with these Mr. Brookfield's performance of the same part, though, like all that Mr. Brookfield does, it is marked by originality and artistic sense, would seem but an ill exchange; as indeed did Mr. Arthur Cecil's assumption of the same character. To such disadvantages must be added the very general familiarity with the jokes about Sergeant and Mrs. Jones and their numerous progeny, and with the amusing bickerings between Colonel Shendryn and his wife. It would seem that popular pieces, for this obvious reason, cannot be safely revived except at considerable intervals of time; though the choice of this comedy seems to have been governed by a notion that it possesses, by virtue of its military complexion, a sort of *apropos* character. Fortunately Mrs. Bancroft is once more seen in her old part of Mary Netley, in which her playful vivacity and charming wilfulness are not less delightful than heretofore; while Mr. Bancroft returns to the part of Hugh Chalcot with quite a new zest. The part of Blanche Haye falls to that always pleasing actress Miss Calhoun, who is matched with a manly and highly presentable lover in the person of Mr. Barrymore. The humours of the final scene in the Crimean hut were at least well appreciated; and the curtain fell amidst a friendly demonstration which went far to atone for the languor discernible up to a certain point.

An adaptation of *Clara Soleil*, entitled *Bad Boys*, of which we may say more next week, was brought out on Wednesday at the COMEDY Theatre. It is simply a rather ingeniously-constructed farce in three acts, and though the scene is transferred to England, the atmosphere remains thoroughly French, and, it may be added, French of the recognised Palais Royal type. There is a disagreeable suggestiveness about some of the allusions which displeased ourselves, though many of the audience appeared highly delighted. The first act was rather tame, the last two were very lively, but altogether *Bad Boys* owes less to the playwright than to the performers. They were good all round. Miss Tilbury, Miss Minnie Bell, Miss Violet Cameron, Messrs. Arthur Roberts, Carton, and Marius (the latter capital as a peppery Indian colonel, in spite of his foreign accent), especially deserve commendation.

Mr. Melford's new farcical comedy, entitled *A Reign of Terror*, at the AVENUE Theatre is, it appears, an adaptation of one of Labiche's comedies. It is a very amusing piece, and is cleverly acted.

A new three-act comedy, by Mr. Sydney Grundy, entitled *The Silver Shield*, will be produced with a strong company at a special *matinée* at the STRAND Theatre on Tuesday, the 19th inst. Miss Amy Roselle will play the part of the heroine.—Mr. J. S. Clarke, the American comedian, has reappeared at the Strand Theatre in his old popular part of Major Wellington de Boots in the *Widow Hunt*. Mr. Conway and Mrs. Alfred Maddick take part in the performance. Miss Mary Anderson took her farewell of London audiences on

Saturday last at the LYCEUM, at which theatre Mr. Irving and his company reappear this evening after their long professional tour in the United States.

An adaptation of M. Pailleron's celebrated comedy, *Le Monde ou l'On s'Ennuie*, will shortly be produced under the title of *Culture*, at a morning performance at the GAIETY.

The *Great Tay-Kin* is the facetious title of a new comic musical trifle, described as a "Japananza, or Japanese Mystery," to be brought out at TOOLE'S Theatre this week. The author is Mr. Arthur Law; the composer, Mr. George Grossmith.

The dates of the performances of plays in the open air by Lady Archibald Campbell's Company in the grounds of Coombe House, Kingston-on-Thames, are fixed for May 28, 29, and 30, June 29, 30, and 1st of July, July 14, 15, and 16. *As You Like It* and *The Faithful Shepherdess* will be produced under the direction of Mr. E. W. Godwin.

Mr. R. De Cordova will recite Mr. W. S. Gilbert's fairy play, *Broken Hearts*, on Tuesday, 26th inst., at Steinway Hall, at 8.30 P.M.



MRS. WELDON is not to be allowed to emerge temporarily from durance vile in Holloway Prison in order to enjoy once more the luxury of conducting in person her own case, in this instance an action which she has brought against her husband's attorney. An application to that effect having been made by her through counsel, the Queen's Bench Division rejected it, as one for which there was no authority, and which they had no power to grant.—A committee has been formed to take steps to procure Mrs. Weldon's release. At a preliminary meeting a resolution of protest against the severity of her sentence was supported by four of the jurymen who tried her.

EFFECT HAS BEEN GIVEN to a most singular claim for tithes, or payment in lieu of tithes, which 330 years ago was imposed on occupying inhabitants in the parish of St. Botolph, Aldgate, by a Statute of Henry VIII. The plaintiff was the lay impropriator, and there were some twenty defendants. No proof was given of any payment having been made in respect of their property since 1535, and by a recent statute the tithes were extinguished in 1881. But the plaintiff claimed for two years or thereabouts prior to the date of legislative extinction, and the Court of Appeal having overruled the decision of the Chancery Division that the claim was barred by the Statute of Limitations, Mr. Justice Kay, sitting in that division, when the case was brought before him a second time for hearing, has had no option but to give reluctantly judgment for the plaintiff. That such a claim would be made could scarcely have occurred to the framers of the statute which extinguished the payment.

ANOTHER CAUTION TO JOURNALISTS has been given by the verdict of a special jury in the action for libel brought by Messrs. Kirk and Randall, the well-known contractors, against the proprietors of the weekly financial paper, the *Bullionist*, which, referring to the resumption of the works at the new Tilbury Docks, represented their suspension as due to the failure of the plaintiffs, the original contractors. Messrs. Kirk and Randall had not failed, and the termination of their connection with the Docks had been caused simply by a disagreement as to the terms of the contract. The week after the libel appeared the *Bullionist* inserted an ample apology and expression of regret for the mis-statement. But Lord Coleridge, while admitting that the defendants had "met the case in a handsome spirit," summed up for higher damages than the 10*l.* 10*s.* paid by them into Court, and the jury gave the plaintiffs a verdict for 250*l.* damages, to which, of course, must be added the whole costs in the action.

IN THE TRIAL OF THE QUESTION AT NISI PRIUS which of two persons, a father and son, the latter having become bankrupt, was the real principal of a money-lending business at Hull, some curious facts were disclosed. The business was one chiefly of lending money on bills of sale, and was conducted very much on the principle which guided the youthful Ralph Nickleby when making loans to his school-fellows. Thus, in one instance, it appeared from the books that the borrower received about 40*l.*, and that "bonus and interest" came to about the same amount, making his debt 80*l.* In answer to questions from the judge, the father stated that the business had been pretty well destroyed by the Bills of Sale Acts, 1882, which contained a clause doing away with bills of sale for sums under 30*l.* Upon this Mr. Justice Cave remarked, "Then the Act has done some good."



FARM PRODUCE is so often sold below cost price, while the retail consumer fails to benefit, that we are glad to see that in agricultural circles something like a stir is being made, with the view of securing a direct sale to consumers of farm produce, ordinarily sold only through one or more middlemen. It has been suggested—(1) That a limited liability society should be formed to sell as much below market value only as would attract consumers generally. (2) That the shareholder A should never receive more than 5 per cent. on his share. (3) That the price given to B for his produce should be such a price as the committee of management think they can really afford, after paying A's dividend, and all working expenses. (4) That the shares be 1*l.* each. (5) That B, that is, the man who wishes to sell his produce to the Society, must be a shareholder to the extent of ten shares. (6) That nobody be allowed to buy of the Society but shareholders and annual subscribers.

A FARMERS' MUTUAL ASSOCIATION, with the object of finding a profitable sale for produce, was projected at a meeting held at Hatchett's Hotel the other day, and there appears to be some chance of such an association being established. Whether this attempt be successful or the next one after that, or whether the interval between now and success be a period of many years, we are not less convinced that in the face of foreign competition, and in presence of the comparatively high wages without which farm labour cannot now be obtained, farmers and retail consumers will have to be brought far more closely together than they have hitherto been. The profits of the retail tradesman will have to be abated; first, because they are the least indispensable; and secondly, because their extent provokes other schemes, some of which will eventually prove effective. The sale of poultry, eggs, butter, milk, and cheese direct from the farm to the private house would be an immense advantage, both to farmer and to consumer.

THE WEAK POINT in all such schemes as those which we have been indicating is to be found in the want of interest which the servant of the farmer and the consumer would feel when he was no longer an independent tradesman but a salaried agent. There must

be somebody to collect the produce and to distribute it. If he is paid wages he cares nothing for sales; if he is paid commission he will be simply an ally of one person to the bargain, the farmer. The drawbacks of this want of lively interest, as well as the temptations to dishonesty which it offers, are wittily sketched in the "Monks of Thelema," by Messrs. Besant and Rice, a novel which has more social and economic suggestiveness than many a graver "tome." At the same time, the difficulties are not insurmountable. Good companies, banks and agencies, great emporia like "the Stores," or certain private "houses," manage to command effective service. The attempt requires capital and capacity, but these are still not lacking in England, and with these it should succeed.

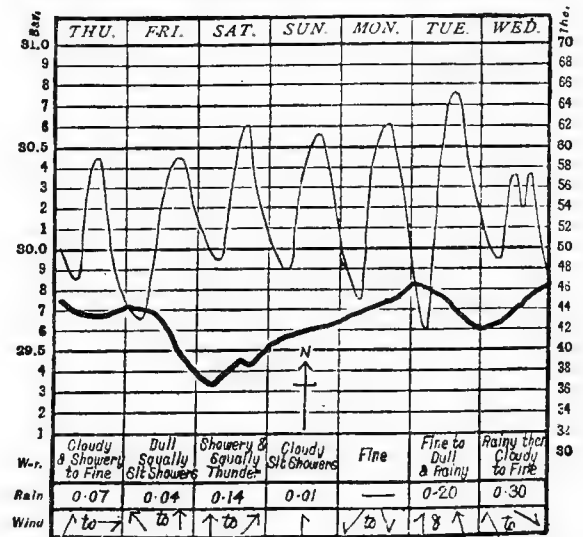
THE ENSILAGE COMMISSION has been busy wading through a mass of evidence on a subject which, like our wheat trade with India or the question of the Soudan, has, in a space of time which a child might easily recollect, sprung from the most complete insignificance into the utmost importance in its particular branch of agriculture, politics, or trade. The evidence as taken at present shows not only the immense value of the process as a means of saving crops in time of rain, but also its general adaptability to the utilising of much green produce hitherto wasted. The number of silos in England in 1882 was but six, while the close of this year will probably see between one and two thousand either constructed or in procession of construction.

MR. SWAN, the winner of the champion prize for ensilage in December last, told the Commission that he had two silos, and was building three others. The silos would hold a hundred tons, and they cost about a sovereign a ton. He covered with inch-boards and bricks on the top. The first year he put in grass only, unchaffed, with a few tares and oats on the top when the ensilage had subsided. The tares were not good, the oats seemed to be very good, and the cattle ate them, but when they brought them up to chew the cud, they spat them out. He attributed that to his not having cut the oats short enough, only two inches. The grass was not cut at all. He believed in chaffing three-eighths to half-an-inch. He had proved that a diet of ensilage and oil-cake kept cattle wonderfully well, and was especially adapted to winter feeding. If ensilage caused any taste in butter of cows fed on it, this was due to the milkman allowing the whole of the milk to stand in the cowshed until the milking was done.

SCOTTISH FARMERS in the Lowlands have a full average number of lambs, and the little ones are doing well. In the Highlands lambing is now at its height, and though the ewes are not usually in very good condition, the favourable weather enjoyed prevents those losses which comparatively weakly health in the mothers would probably induce in a rigorous season. The grass is still very backward, and turnips and other roots have been eaten up "close." Sowing is almost completed south of the Clyde, but north of that stream there is still a good area of oats to sow, also some barley land. The rents of farms in Scotland continue to fall, and some of the recent spring lettings are at 30 per cent. reduction. The death of the Earl of Selkirk, one of the most popular of Scottish landlords, and the reported approaching sale of the Earl of Crawford's great estates in Aberdeenshire, are noteworthy incidents.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Since last week the weather has fallen into a changeable condition generally. Over the more western part of the United Kingdom rough winds and rather dull rainy weather have been experienced, whilst elsewhere alternating sunshine and showery has prevailed. At the commencement of the period a shallow depression had just passed from our south-west coasts in a north-easterly direction to the North Sea, bringing rain rather generally. This was followed by the approach to our western coasts of a series of large and rather deep depressions (with subsidiaries in the south-west), travelling northwards. Strong southerly winds or gales, therefore, predominated at most of our western stations, with rain and somewhat dull weather, but moderate to light southerly breezes blew elsewhere, attended by pleasant and seasonable conditions, although occasionally showery. A thunderstorm occurred at Liverpool on Sunday (25th inst.), and thunder was heard in London during a sharp squall of wind and rain on Saturday afternoon (25th inst.). Temperature has been two or three degrees above the average in Scotland, but has not differed much from the normal elsewhere. The barometer was highest (29.81 inches) on Monday (27th inst.) and Wednesday (29th inst.); lowest (29.31 inches) on Saturday (25th inst.); range, 0.50 inches. Temperature was highest (65°) on Tuesday (28th inst.); lowest (42°) on Tuesday (28th inst.); range, 23°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 0.76 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.30 inches on Wednesday (29th inst.).

MODEL DWELLINGS FOR WORKPEOPLE.—Last week a handsome building, containing a coffee-tavern, lecture-hall, library, and workmen's dwellings, erected by Messrs. Chubb in connection with their works, in the Glengall Road, Old Kent Road, was inaugurated by the Earl of Harrowby, acting in the place of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was unable to fulfil his promise to attend on account of indisposition. The buildings have been designed by Mr. E. Hoole, F.R.I.B.A., and consist of a large hall, coffee-tavern, reading-room, kitchen, and retiring-rooms upon the ground-floor. Above, three floors of dwellings have been constructed, consisting chiefly of single rooms, of which there are twenty-nine, so grouped that they can be combined without alteration into two-roomed, three-roomed, or four-roomed tenements, according to the various requirements of the families inhabiting them. Water is obtainable, and a laundry is provided on each floor, the flat roof furnishing an ample drying-ground. The erection of this building was not undertaken before the firm had had a conference with the workpeople, and ascertained their wishes on the subject, and the management of the hall and coffee-tavern will be entrusted to a committee of the *employés*. These premises, too, will be available for use by workpeople employed in other factories, and by residents in the neighbourhood.

WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE TALE OF LIFE?



"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; What alone enables us to draw a just moral from The Tale of Life; What sheds the PUREST LIGHT UPON OUR REASON; What gives the firmest strength to our Religion; What is best fitted to SOFTEN THE HEART of man and elevate his soul, I would answer with Lassues it is **EXPERIENCE.**"

LORD LYTON.

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What mind can grasp the loss to mankind and the misery entailed that these figures reveal? What wishes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious prospects as untimely death? To say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes arising from the loss of the breadwinners of families.

WE ARE AT PRESENT AT THE MERCY OF THE IGNORANT AND CARELESS.

In order to prevent a disease it is necessary to remove its causes, by that means you hinder the agent or poison from gaining admission, at the same time you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the Blood what is continually being lost from various causes, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the body. The effect of

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Is to take away all morbid poison, and to supply that which promotes a healthy secretion.

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"**EGYPT, CAIRO.**"—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three separate occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last two attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable FRUIT SALT, to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars, 26 May, 1883. Mr. J. C. ENO.

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL TOIL.—"I am working from between six and seven in the morning until ten and eleven, and very often twelve o'clock at night, the year round, and on Sunday morning I wake up as usual a little after six o'clock, but I am glad that it is a day of rest. My head feels large and heavy. I take two teaspoonsful of your FRUIT SALT about half an hour before breakfast, and after breakfast it has removed the load from my head, and I feel like a giant refreshed with wine. For some years I have received much benefit from your FRUIT SALT. I have recommended it to many.—Yours, &c., A SON OF TOIL.—March, 1885.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

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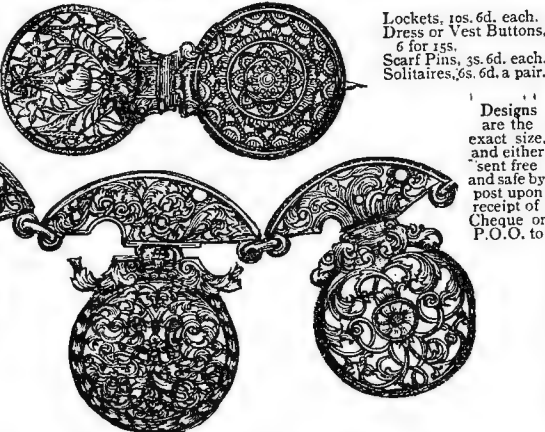
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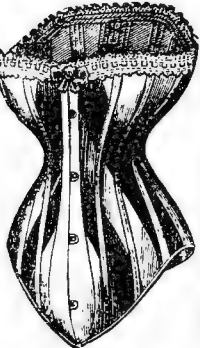


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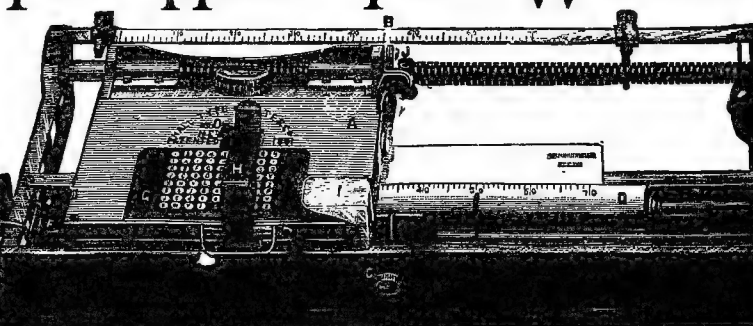
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CURLY: AN ACTOR'S STORY

RELATED BY JOHN COLEMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. DOLLMAN

In Six Weekly Parts — Part II.

CHAPTER III.

THE ELOPEMENT

FROM that night forth Flora was never permitted to leave her father's house on any pretext whatever, but

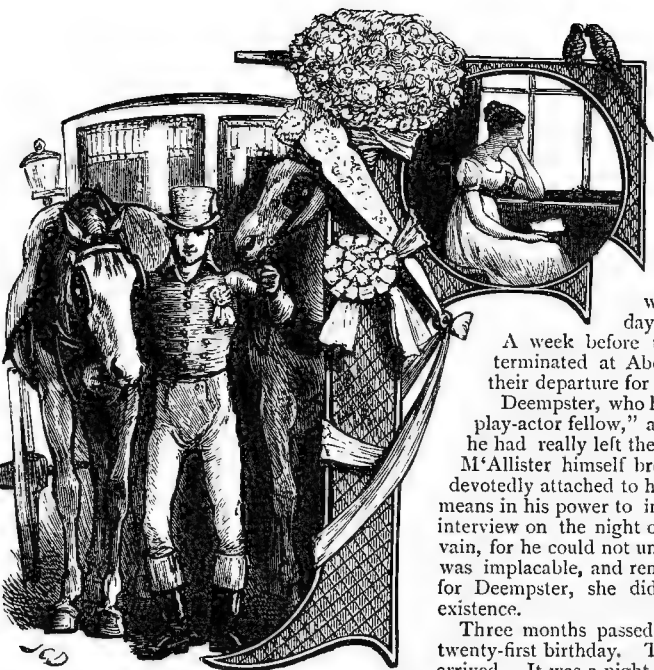
Stony limits cannot hold love out, And what love can do, that dares love attempt.

Despite locks, bolts, and bars the lovers daily communicated with each other, and it was fully arranged that they were to elope together the very day Flora came of age.

A week before that time the theatrical season terminated at Aberdeen, and the company took their departure for Inverness.

Deempster, who had kept a vigilant eye on "the play-actor fellow," as he called Curly, finding that he had really left the town, relaxed his watch, and M'Allister himself breathed more freely. He was devotedly attached to his daughter, and tried by every means in his power to induce her to forget the stormy interview on the night of the ball. The effort was in vain, for he could not unsay what he had said, while she was implacable, and remained disdainfully silent. As for Deempster, she did not even notice the man's existence.

Three months passed away, and Flora attained her twenty-first birthday. The time for the elopement had arrived. It was a night of storm and tempest. Willie



accompanied Curly from Inverness to see him start on his perilous journey. When all the house was at rest Flora, attended by the faithful Jeannie, went forth into her lover's arms. Then, her courage subdued by her love, she melted into tears.

"Oh, my love! My prince!" she said, "fold me to your heart. Let me feel your strong arm around me, that I may know I am yours."

"Mine, and mine only, and always," the young man replied.

At this moment Willie emerged from the other side of the coach, to which he had discreetly withdrawn with the postillions when he saw Flora coming.

"Dearest," said Curly, "let me introduce my best friend to you."

"Mr. Jamieson," said Flora, extending her hand, "my husband's friends are mine."

"Madam," said Jamieson, "should you ever need a friend, you may rely on me."

"I shall remember," she replied.

Then she embraced Jeannie, and stepped into the coach. The girl turned away towards the house, silently weeping. The young men clasped hands, and bade each other good-bye; the postillions set spurs to their horses, and drove away.

When the carriage was lost in the darkness, Willie walked rapidly towards the coach office to catch the Inverness mail, so as to return to his duties on the morrow. "They are a bonnie couple," he said, "and I think she has ballast enough to keep him straight. They ought to be happy—and yet—I've an ill-divining heart. I shall miss him more than I thought I should; he has frank and pleasant ways—and then he's so like my little brother Sandie, that's dead—the same laugh, the same curly pow, the same bright blue eyes. I don't know whether it was the laugh, or the pow, or the eyes that first drew me to him. Ah! here we are." So saying, he entered the archway of the White Horse, where the mail was waiting.

That very hour Deempster dreamt that the woman he loved had fled her father's home with the "play actor fellow." The thought maddened his brain, and burst the bonds of sleep. Without an instant's delay he slipped into his clothes, and, regardless of the rain and the darkness, he rushed down the High Street. From the opposite direction came the tramp of horses' feet at a gallop, the rattle of wheels, and the loud tantara of the guard's horn. It was the Northern mail on its way to Inverness. The sounds got nearer and nearer, till at length they were close upon him. As he stepped aside, and clung to the wall to let the coach pass, for a moment a vivid sheet of lightning illumined the horizon as brightly as if it had been noontide. Looking up he saw Jamieson on the box; the next moment the coach had vanished. The sight of the young tragedian confirmed his suspicions, and he growled, "Curse the long-legged brute. What can have brought him here at this unearthly hour? What but to help the other scoundrel to rob me of the light of my life? Yes, yes, it must be so. Perhaps it may not be too late; perhaps—" And so, with hell raging in his heart, he ran fast as his feet could carry him to the Gairloch Head.

In her agitation Jeannie had forgotten to bolt the door. He dashed it open, and rushing headlong into M'Allister's room, startled him out of his drunken slumber by giving vent to his suspicions. At first the old man was half dazed, but as soon as he could comprehend the state of affairs he jumped up as if he had been shot. A minute later, and they were in Flora's chamber. It was too late!

When he found the bird had flown, M'Allister turned grim as death. "Go down, Dan'l, go down," said he, "and bring me my dog whip." Deempster strode down stairs, and returned immediately with the whip. A moment after they burst open Jeannie's room. Poor Jeannie! She had overheard all, but she pretended to sleep.

"That'll do," roared M'Allister. "Come out o' that; none of your humbug with me." And he sent the whip flying around her ears. "Where is she? tell me! Blast you! tell me, you young Jezebel, or I'll cut the liver out of you!"

The girl sprang from her bed and confronted him, with her teeth set and her eyes a-glare. Then, folding her arms, she said, "Cut awa', but de'il a word you'll get out o' Jeannie."

"Curse you, then; take that—and that!" roared the infuriated father, as he sent the whip writhing into her tender flesh. Fortunately the girl had thrown herself upon the bed in her clothes, a circumstance to which she probably owed her life. Mad with rage, M'Allister plied the whip until she dropped down senseless. Then Deempster intervened. "It's no use whipping a dead dog," said he. "D—n her! there let her lie! They're gone North by the mail; we haven't a moment to lose. I'll gang and see the horses ready while you get dressed."

Half-an-hour later a coach and four horses, with two postillions, were at the door. Both men examined the priming of their pistols, both filled their flasks with spirits, then off they went through the night and the darkness.

When the chase commenced the lovers had barely two hours' start; their destination was St. Andrews.

Immediately on their arrival they were to be married by a young clergyman, a friend and fellow-student of Curly's. As they sped through the night, what were rain, storm, or tempest to them? Their arms clasped round each other, their kisses on each other's lips—they were in Heaven! The horses were strong and well-trained, the postillions were wiry and indefatigable—on, on they went, little dreaming that they were already being hotly pursued. At last dawn struggled over the Grampians. It was a dull grey morning, the rain still came drizzling down, and the sun strove in vain to emerge from the mist. What mattered that? The love in their hearts made sunshine enough to illumine the universe. At this moment they pulled up. Curly alighted eagerly. Imagine his consternation when he discovered they had arrived, not at Dundee, where he intended to cross the Firth of Tay by Broughty Ferry, but at a miserable fishing village miles and miles higher up in the direction of Perth! The truth was, after changing horses at Forfar, the poor postillions, soaked through and through, half blinded by the rain and sleet, and wholly fogged by too frequent potations of "mountain dew," had taken a wrong turning and lost their way in the dark. To reach Dundee was now impossible, for the horses were thoroughly blown, and the postillions refused to budge another foot. To make matters still pleasanter, the storm, which had lulled for a moment, now burst into a hurricane, the sea leaped mountains high, and at this point the Firth was absolutely impassable. They must wait the cessation of the storm. Alas! that waiting!

If they were only at the other side, the holy words once said, all the fathers and lovers in the world could not unsay them. Anyhow, there was no help for it, so they rested all that day at the village inn.

It was a day of doubts and fears—a day of delicious hopes and desperate anxieties. With all poor Curly's follies he had the heart of a man and the instincts of a gentleman. Although he had told the innkeeper that Flora and he were man and wife, yet, lest the breath of slander should hereafter taint her name, he slept that night at the ferry house, or rather he tried to sleep, for he could scarcely close his eyes for impatience and anxiety. As for Flora, she slept, and dreamt she was in Elysium.

Meanwhile, the irate father and the angry lover encountered midway on the journey to Inverness Mr. Ballantyne, factor to the Duke of Athol, who was driving post haste to Aberdeen. He had come by the direct route on the highway, and had changed horses where the mail stopped two hours before. The fugitives were not among the passengers, of that he was quite certain, and it would have been impossible for them to have reached Inverness by any other conveyance without his encountering them on the road. More than that, he had been at the theatre the night previous, when an apology was made for Curly, who had been announced, strangely enough, for the part of Tangent in *The Way to get Married*. It was alleged by Johnston that "Mr. Campbell had disappeared at a moment's notice, and gone no man knew whither."

With curses both loud and deep M'Allister and Deempster retraced their steps, and returned to Aberdeen in company with Ballantyne; then changing horses, they turned their faces towards the south.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE TRACK

AFTER a night of horrors, Curly arose with the sun, and rushed to the window. The sea was still raging furiously. The ferry boat was a mere cockle-shell; 'twould be sheer madness to try the passage till the storm abated. Then he went to look up

the postillions and the horses to see if it were possible to get on as far as Dundee.

Alas! the postillions were dead drunk—the horses dead beat and lame besides.

Obviously there was nothing for it but to wait. He walked by the shore, and tried to cool his fevered brain in vain. Then he turned into the inn. Flora was already up, rosy as her namesake, and hungry as a hunter. No bread-and-butter Miss this, but a woman—a true, large-hearted woman—with a well-balanced mind enshrined in a well-balanced body. She was elate and confident; he was feverish and anxious. The breakfast, which consisted of an abundance of fish, fresh from the sea an hour ago, a dish of ham and eggs, and delicious fresh bannocks

and butter, lay untouched before Curly. As for Flora, she had the healthy appetite of young, fresh, vigorous womanhood, and was not ashamed of it. She did ample justice to the simple fare. He couldn't taste a morsel, and called for whisky. She looked on with wondering eyes, astonished, and, it must be confessed, not over pleased. When he had got a dram or two down he began to pick up a little, and trifled with the breakfast, but it was in vain. He became fretful and irritable; every sound disconcerted him—the waiters' footsteps in the passage, the creaking of the door, the whistling of the wind.

All at once, as if by magic, the storm ceased, the sea became calm as a mill-pool. The ferryman came bustling in.

"The ferry was a' richt the noo. If the lady and the shentleman's would like to cross, David would be ready for them in two minutes." Curly became radiant; in fact, became the young hero Flora's fancy had painted him. Recovering his appetite, he attacked the breakfast vigorously.

As he did so the clatter of horses' hoofs and the roll of distant carriage wheels were heard. At the sound he started to his feet, and turned pale. "What's the matter, my love?" inquired Flora. "Nothing," he replied. "Nothing, darling, nothing; only I'm not quite myself this morning. Slip on your hat and cloak, dearest, while I settle the bill." So saying, he rang the bell, and Flora left the room to prepare for her departure. The doddering old landlady came creeping along like a snail, and snail-like departed to make out her bill. Meanwhile the sound of the approaching carriage wheels got nearer. "Gracious God!" he exclaimed, "should it be—? How long is this horrible old woman going to be making out her beastly bill? How long is Flora going to be? She might be getting herself up for presentation at Court!"

At last the bill came, and was paid—at last Flora had completed her hasty toilette.

The sounds were getting nearer. The farmer was ready and waiting. A moment more, and — Leaving the house rapidly, and hurrying down towards the ferry, some three hundred yards distant, they stepped on board the boat. At that moment a carriage and four horses, in a "lather of sweat," galloped like mad round the corner of the hill immediately overhanging the beach. Two men jumped out. The one roared, in a voice of thunder, "Hold there! Come back, or by — I'll shoot the pair of you!"

Flora sprang before her lover like a lioness defending her young, and called out: "Shoot me first, then!"

In his rage M'Allister fired, and would certainly have killed her, had not Deempster struck up his hand. He then called out to the ferryman, "Ho; you there, David Donaldson! You ken me; I'm Dan'l Deempster, of Strathmines. You see these?" and he flourished a handful of greasy one-pound notes. "They are yours if you put back and land those two."

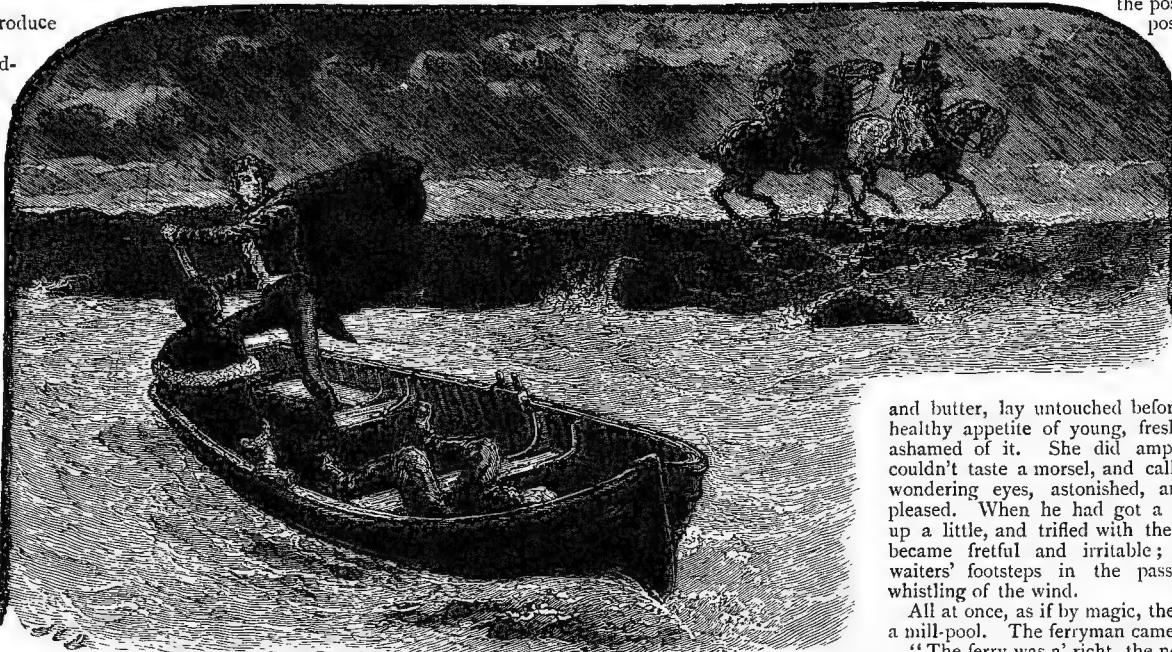
There was a moment's pause, and the ferryman remained irresolute. Then Curly produced a handful of sovereigns and forced them upon him, whispering:

"All yours now, and as much more when we land on the other side!"

David hesitated no longer; he pocketed the gold, and sung out with a laugh, "Heigh, Strathmines, a bird in the hand is worth twa in the bush: paper is guid, but gold is better!"

"Ay, mon," replied Deempster; "but lead goes further than either in a pinch like this! See that, noo!" As he spoke he fired, and hit the side of the rowlock nearest to him, completely carrying it away.

"Now, David, my mannie," he continued, "be advised; for if I fire again I shall put a bullet in your shoulder as sure as my name's Dan'l Deempster." There was an awkward pause, then the ferryman replied, "Say nae mair! say nae mair, Strathmines! Eneugh is as guid as a feast; I'm comin' back." So saying, with a sudden and dexterous movement, he swung the boat round and headed her for the shore. He had reckoned, however, without Flora, who was sitting behind him in the stern. With a movement as sudden and as dexterous as his own, she plucked the fellow from



his seat, down came his head athwart the gunwale, and there he lay, stunned and senseless. Unfortunately in the struggle one of the oars was unshipped and fell overboard, where it drifted out of reach. Curly, who was a capital boatman, seized the remaining oar, and tried to scull out to sea. The ferry was only two or three miles wide. If wind and tide served, it was a mere nothing; but unfortunately the tide was going out, and the wind dead in his teeth. At first his skill and strength stood him in good stead. The prospect of the reward nerved his arm and gave him added power—on the one side, love, life, happiness; on the other, ah! he didn't like to think of that! Flora encouraged him with sweet and tender words, while M'Allister raved like a maniac, and had it not been for Deempster, would most certainly have shot the young man, who presented a tempting mark as he stood at the stem, sculling away. Dan'l, however, merely said:—

"It's just sinful waste of powder and shot, to say nothing of mis-prision of manslaughter. Bide a wee! He'll be glad to let her drift in by and bye!" So saying, he unyoked a pair of horses, and desiring the postillions to follow with the coach, he and M'Allister rode leisurely along the side of the Frith, keeping pace with the boat. Despite all Curly's efforts, although she drifted down towards the sea, it was all he could do to keep her from running ashore into the very arms of the enemy. Flora was for going out, upon the chance of either landing at Dundee or of being picked up by some ship in the offing. All the strength was leaving his body, but all the courage remained strong in her heart.

"Let us go out to sea, darling," she said. "We can only die; and better death than life without you!"

At length they were opposite a small fishing village. The fishermen, who were mending their nets in front of their cottages, sprang to their feet, and stood horror-stricken at the sight of the frail skiff and the two helpless creatures drifting out to destruction.

A low, moaning sound came over the water; the boat trembled beneath them. Curly knew what that signified; so did the fishermen; so did Deempster.

"What does it mean?" M'Allister inquired.

"It means," replied Deempster, "that if they are not ashore in ten minutes no power on earth can save them. She's game to go down—I can see it in her eyes; but that white-livered hound hasn't the pluck to go through with it. They'll be ashore in five minutes!"

The fellow was right. Poor Curly "had not the pluck" to see the woman he loved dearer than his own life go down to death before his eyes while he had the power to save her. He therefore gradually suffered the boat to drift ashore.

The moment before they landed she said, "Remember, I'm your wife, darling—your wife. Tell them that, and they dare not part us!"

Now, of course Curly knew well enough that the statement he had made to the innkeeper, combined with certain corroborating circumstances, would constitute them, according to Scottish law, really man and wife. But he loved her too well to suffer the shadow of shame to fall upon her.

As the boat touched the beach a couple of fishermen held it fast, while a couple more carried out the poor ferryman, who was still senseless, and took him to the nearest cottage. Then Curly sprang forth, and, taking Flora in his arms, lifted her ashore. Taking off his hat, and bowing formally to M'Allister, he said, "I am at your service, sir." Meanwhile Deempster had arranged with Sandy M'Diarmid (the head man of the village) for the use of his cottage during the forthcoming interview. M'Allister, keeping his hand upon his pistol, indicated by an expressive gesture that he wished the lovers to precede him. Curly gave his arm to Flora, and the two followed the Laird of Strathmines, being in their turn followed by M'Allister.

Standing on the threshold of the cottage was a tall, weird-looking woman, with hair white as snow, and large, dark eyes, with an eerie, far-away look in them. Elspeth M'Diarmid (for it was Sandy's wife) stooped a little, but when she encountered Deempster she straightened herself and stood erect, looking him full in the face, as she muttered, "The evil een! the evil een!"

When she caught sight of Curly and Flora she exclaimed "Puir laddie! puir lassie!" and then, with a smile of rare sweetness, she said to Flora:—

"Come ben, my bonnie dearie!" Flora took the old woman's hand, and went into the cottage without a word. Curly was about to follow, when he was intercepted by Deempster, pistol in hand. Then M'Allister said, "Dan'l, I wish to speak to my daughter alone. Mind this man doesn't cross the threshold, and don't lose sight of him until I am ready for him!"

"Trust me for that," said Deempster, his hand upon his trigger. The night was now falling into darkness, and the villagers had dispersed, leaving the rivals alone together. As Curly made another step towards the door Deempster presented his pistol, remarking with a grim sort of pleasantry, "Mr. Player-man, this pistol is loaded with slugs, and if you have any regard for your health you will keep clear of the muzzle!"

Curly clenched his fist, and gnashed his teeth at his own impotence. "If I only had a weapon! If I only had a weapon!" he muttered, while he paced to and fro, and Deempster mounted guard at the gates of his Paradise.

CHAPTER V.

THE WHITE FEATHER

TIME wore on.

Presently the chaise and pair drove up—the postillions alighted to take their orders from Strathmines. He gave them in a low tone of voice—Curly could not distinguish a word—he saw the men, however, yoke M'Allister's horse in front of the other two, and he noted that they had saddled and bridled Deempster's horse. Then they sat down and began to smoke their pipes. What could it all mean?

Half-an-hour later M'Allister appeared at the door, and spoke in an undertone to Deempster, who gave further orders to the postillions, and then turning to his rival, said in a curt, insolent manner, "Hi! you sir, step this way, and look alive about it!"

Curly paused a moment, as who should say, "Am I a man, or a dog, to be thus spoken to? But after all, it is for her sake, for hers!" And so he entered the room. To his astonishment she was not there. The door closed after him with a bang, and he found himself entrapped. He was confronted on the one hand by M'Allister, on the other by Deempster, both desperate men, with loaded pistols in their hands. He was a prisoner, alone, unarmed, defenceless! There was a moment's pause—then M'Allister handed to Deempster a sheet of paper, on which a few lines were hastily scrawled.

"Will it do?" he enquired.

"Yes," responded the other.

"Now, you sir," said M'Allister, "listen to what I am about to say, and don't interrupt me. Fifty years ago, if a fellow like you—"

"Fellow me no fellows, sir," replied Curly, "I am a Campbell." "Campbell be d—d! They were aye a set of thieving caterans, the best of them, but they were men, not spangle-jacks, and I tell you that fifty years ago, had the best o' your blood done to a M'Allister what you have done to me and mine this day, my forbears would have given him Jedburgh law—they'd have hanged him first, and tried him after! You're not worth swinging for, else I'd think no more of shooting you than wringing the neck of a muir fowl."

"You are Flora's father, sir, and for her sake I endure these bitter words."

"You'll endure more, before I've done! Now, listen, if you've any regard for your life, answer me clearly and quickly, and above all truthfully. You demented girl swears that you are her husband, that I know to be a lie! But she has been in your charge two days and nights. Have you wronged her?"



"If any other man had asked me the question I think I should know how to answer him. You are her father, and I forgive you; but, as God is my judge, she is as pure as when she left your roof two nights ago!"

"And she is not your wife?"

"Would to Heaven she were!"

"Good. Now read this paper."

Curly took up the paper, and read these cruel words:—

"These presents are to attest that Flora M'Allister is not my wife; and I call God to witness that neither now nor hereafter will I seek to become her husband."

"DONALD CAMPELL.

"Dudhope Ferry, May 12th, 18—."

"You have read?" said M'Allister. Curly assented in silence.

"Now; your answer?"

"My answer is this," said the young man, tearing the paper in pieces, and casting the fragments to his feet.

"Just so," said M'Allister. "Dan'l, copy yon paper once more."

Strathmines locked the outer door, and putting the key in his pocket, began to write. As he wrote, not a sound could be heard save the scribbling of the pen on the paper.

While the old man locked the inner door Curly looked through the window. It was small—so small that there was no possibility of escape that way. No human being appeared within sight or sound. Then he looked towards the fireplace. There lay the poker, a primitive and unromantic weapon, it is true; but if he could only reach it! Quickly as he moved towards the hearthstone M'Allister was quicker still, with the pistol at his head.

"No, you don't, my mannie," said he, grimly. "Is the paper done, Dan'l?"

"It is," replied the other.

"Read it aloud, then, that there may be no mistake about it!" Deempster read it aloud. It was textually word for word with the document which Curly had destroyed. "Now," said M'Allister, "there's my watch," and he placed it on the table. "It's now five-and-twenty minutes past four; if at half-past you've not signed that paper, by the living God I'll chance this world and the next, and put the contents of this pistol into your head the next minute!"

The young man darted towards the door, but was intercepted by Deempster, also pistol in hand. Poor Curly! he was anything but a hero, but a better or braver man might have felt daunted, placed between the pistols of these sialwart and desperate men. He loved Flora M'Allister better than anything in the world—better even than life. If by sacrificing his own life he could have saved hers, I

think he would have found courage to do so. But he reasoned that she was safe enough for the present; besides, while there was life there was hope. These and a thousand other thoughts passed through his mind during those five minutes. Five minutes, did I say? I should have said five ages of agony!

"Time's up," said M'Allister, cocking his pistol.

"One moment," said Curly. "I will sign this paper on two conditions."

"Name them," said the old man sternly.

"First, that you will promise me not to coerce her into marrying this" (indicating Deempster) "or any other man."

M'Allister ruminated a moment, and said, "I promise."

"Next—that you'll let me see her to say 'Good-bye'—before you, if you desire it, but not before yonder man."

"Yonder man's" eyes flashed fire, and Curly heard the click of his pistol, but the hate in his heart gave him courage, and he faced his enemy to his teeth.

M'Allister—was he thinking, I wonder, that he had been young once himself?—interposed with,

"That'll do, Dan'l. Confound it! we can't have it all our own way, and our own way of having it too! The lad shall say 'Good-bye' to her."

"You promise that I shall see her, then?"

"I promise. Now sign."

"God help me!" exclaimed Curly. "I'm signing away her life and my own with my heart's blood!" And so he was, poor wretch!

M'Allister took the paper, and turning to Deempster, said, "Now, Dan'l—see the carriage ready."

Strathmines strode from the house, livid, but silent. M'Allister unlocked the inner door, and, going to the foot of the stairs, called Flora.

In a moment's time she was in the room—there was no fear about her. She went straight over to her lover, threw her arms round him, and kissed him before her father's face. That kiss never left the unhappy man's lips till the day of his death. Afterwards she remembered that he was cold as ice. At that moment, however, she merely thought that he was worn out with the strain of the voyage. As she took his arm, and leaned her head upon his shoulder, the hot blood rushed from her heart to her glowing cheeks, while he stood pale as death, motionless as marble.

Not a word had yet been spoken. At length her father handed her the paper. She read it, and quick as lightning, with a movement of repulsion as though she had been stung by an adder, she withdrew herself from Curly's arm.

"Did you—did you?" she inquired, looking at him. She might as well have spoken to the dead—the man was bereft of speech, paralysed with grief and shame—he could not meet her eyes. Then she turned to her father, and said,

"Is it true? Did he do this shameful thing?"

The old man, overawed by her great grief, bowed his head, and averted his face in silence. She paused. It seemed as if the splendour of her beauty was gone—as if the lustre had faded from her eyes, and she had in that moment grown old and grey. No trace of the old music remained as she said, with scarce a tremor in her voice,

"How cold it has grown! Please, father, take me home!" And so she passed forth into the darkness.

And he? Poor wretch! For a moment he seemed to lead a dual existence—his soul had left his body, and looked with loathing on the miserable thing it once inhabited.

Hark! What's that?

The clatter of horses' hoofs—the roll of carriage-wheels!

The sound brought him back to life. Like a madman he rushed from the house screaming, "Flora! Flora! My darling—my love—my life! It was for your sake—only listen—one word—one word!"

He heard—at least, he always thought to his dying day that he heard, her voice calling to him for help.

He gained upon them. As he reached the corner of the hill, the moon burst forth from behind the clouds. A man on horseback intervened as the carriage passed out of sight. Deempster, for it was he, as he rose in the stirrups, exclaimed,

"I've been waiting for this ever since the night of the ball! Blast you! Take this—and this!" And he struck Curly twice across the face with the thong end of his heavy whip—almost blinding him, then, reversing his grip, with the butt end, which was of loaded buckthorn, he dealt him one tremendous blow on the head which laid him on the ground.

For a moment the Laird of Strathmines smiled upon the fallen man, then he growled,

"That's a quittance in full, my bold play-actor, for all outstanding accounts 'twixt you and Dan'l Deempster!"

With that he put spurs to his horse, and rode away in triumph, leaving his rival stunned, bleeding, senseless—all but dead!

(To be continued)



DEMANDS for the extermination of dogs are not likely to find toleration from Mr. Frederick Adye, author of "The Queen of the Moor" (3 vols.: J. and R. Maxwell). Not often indeed have all dumb animals of whom men and women have made friends and comrades found so thorough and so efficient a champion: nor, with the exception of Mr. Blackmore, has the fascinating West Country ever had so competent a portrait painter. Cornwall and Dartmoor have seldom been dealt with honestly—the former particularly has been usurped by an order of novelists who have agreed to regard it as a region in which incidents impossible elsewhere may be lawfully allowed. Mr. Adye's Cornwall is just what it doubtless was in the Waterloo year—that is to say, very much what those portions of it which the steam-fiend has spared are now. However, the stage is of less importance than the drama enacted thereon: and "The Queen of the Moor" is, without being a great novel, one of an unusually high order. Its heroine, Cecil Calmady of Tor Royal is a woman certain to create in the reader much of the enthusiasm she excited among her moorland subjects. It is almost praise enough for an author that he should have been able to imagine a character at once so noble and so intensely human, and to make an exceedingly complicated portrait entirely comprehensible with seeming ease. There are many fresh incidents and situations in the novel, notably those relating to Dartmoor Gaol when used for confinement of prisoners of war; and the culmination of the plot in the Battle of Waterloo, though certainly not so fresh, loses none of its undying interest in Mr. Adye's hands. To point out the merits of the novel would take long indeed. Most of the numerous characters are excellent and life-like, either as finished portraits or as vivid sketches: and—a yet rarer merit—the novel is inspired by a spirit of good sense and by a feeling for proportion, and therefore for humour. We could wish that Cecil had been provided with a more suitable hero than that very poor and contemptible piece of waxwork, Arnaud de Valence: but, unhappily, there is human nature in that also, and his death entitles him to some measure of forgiveness. On the whole, it is long since we have read a novel with so much unbroken pleasure: and we doubt not the like experience awaits all

who can extend their interest beyond the conventional range of fiction.

"Nature's Nursling; a Romance from Real Life," by Lady Gertrude Stock (3 vols. : Kegan Paul and Co.), though coloured with Roman Catholic sentiment, is unusually free from the objections generally to be taken to the religious novel. It is altogether unaggressive, and its theological bias need not stand in the way of its perusal by the most timid person of other ways of thinking. Lady Gertrude Stock has tolerant appreciation for persons of the most diverse and hostile beliefs and unbeliefs, always excepting General Garibaldi : and even the attempt of a complete unbeliever to bring up his daughter as "Nature's Nursling," without any sort of religion, is made to turn out anything but a failure. The story is rightly called a romance, and, as such, is sufficiently interesting on the whole. The unconscious mutual influence of very opposite natures is well suggested and developed with considerable skill : and altogether the novel is a favourable example of the intensely feminine order of fiction.

"Once For All," by Max Hillary (3 vols. : Sampson Low and Co.), has for its leading hero a precocious young male flirt of the age of seventeen ; and the principal portion of the story is occupied in telling how this exceedingly objectionable young gentleman nearly succeeded in breaking a young lady's heart for love of him, still a schoolboy, and of his perilous relations with a beautiful governess, the grand-daughter of his cousin's coachman. Subordinate in interest are the performances of a grown-up baronet, who had promised marriage to the governess, but makes violent love to her grand-father's employer, who for her part has lost her heart to a young man of noble blood and long hair whom musical genius and enthusiasm induce to become organist in a remote Scottish village. In this last case, fortunately for the significance of the title, true love is returned. Of course it will have been perceived that the novel is about love, and nothing but love ; and it is just about as true to life and nature as novels that entirely ignore the larger portions of them can be. There is altogether a great deficiency of artistic reason in it from beginning to end. For no reason of any kind, Yetta Graham, the girl who loves the genius, is struck blind by lightning : but, though she continues sightless throughout the greater part of the story, she might just as well have kept her eyes for anything that comes of or depends upon her blindness, especially as she gets her sight back very sensibly and promptly during her honeymoon. Nothing is made of this business, important as one might think it, in any way whatsoever, beyond the not very probable fact that her eyes, throughout their blindness, retained all their beauty. For the rest, there is nothing beyond the strictly commonplace in "Once for All," which appeals entirely to persons of thoroughly sentimental proclivities.

Mrs. Edward Kennard, in "Straight as a Die" (3 vols. : Chapman and Hall), has not gone in so heavily for sport as in her former work, and, on the whole, to the advantage of herself and her readers. "Straight as a Die" is well and pleasantly written, and, while not much above the average novel in other respects, is certainly brighter and more sympathetic than the majority. It is to be hoped, for the credit of mothers in general, that Mrs. Shepperton, who sold her daughter Dulcie in marriage against the latter's will, and ensured the success of the bargain by an elaborate system of treachery, is intended by Mrs. Kennard for a study in the anatomy of monsters. Nor is this lady the only instance of exaggeration. Dulcie's husband is as thorough a blackguard as the connoisseur in such articles can desire, while Dulcie herself is a paragon of the patient virtue of suffering. The moral of the story is of course the wickedness of setting lucre before love—an old and wholesome doctrine that has now been preached for a long time without showing as yet any symptoms of growing stale.

"Benjamin," a sketch, by "R. and A." (1 vol. : Griffith, Farran, and Co.), is a purposeless story ending with the usual suicide at Monte Carlo. There is also a good deal about the at present popular subject of private theatricals, but in no respect adding to the humours of the theme. For the rest the story has no elements or qualities worth mentioning either by way of recommendation or otherwise.



AFTER a more than usually long spell of cold winds we may look forward to some warm bright weather. Our winter mantles are now too heavy, and we must turn our attention to those which are light and yet have a certain amount of warmth in them. For young people very short jackets to match the costumes are worn either close-fitting, trimmed with marabout or Astrakhan, or fastened at the throat and cut away in the Zouave shape ; sometimes they are handsomely braided à la militaire. Very stylish jackets are made in elastic cloth, in brown, claret-colour, stone, or slate-grey, trimmed with goffered lace to match. A very handsome dolman was recently shown to us made of the palest stone-coloured ribbed cloth, trimmed with brown velvet leaves veined and outlined in gold thread ; very deep brown and gold chenille fringe. The same shaped mantle was made in pale grey fine cloth, with appliqué of purple velvet plums and green leaves ; purple and green chenille fringe to match. For a wedding the bride's mother wore a costume of very dark claret velvet and brocaded satin. The dolman was of ivory-white velvet, with an appliqué design of shaded velvet apricots raised, and looking so natural as to be quite tempting. The bonnet was quite a chef d'œuvre of ivory and apricot-coloured velvet and lace, outlined with ivory beads, and on the left side a branch of leaves and ripe apricots in velvet. The bride wore a costume of ivory-white satin, very simply made, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and sprays of real myrtle, lilies of the valley, and orange blossom ; tulle veil. The bridesmaids wore ivory-white Indian silk, trimmed with coffee-coloured lace ; there were twelve of them, all in their teens ; their sashes and ribbons were very quaintly arranged in shades of red ; the youngest and fairest of the group wore the palest pink, and the shades graduated up to the deepest ruby worn by a sparkling brunette. The Leonardo da Vinci hats were of velvet to match the sashes in colour and shade. Each bridesmaid carried a fan of roses also shaded as nearly as possible to match the trimmings, as were the floral shoulder knots, tied with ribbon. The effect of these shaded trimmings was quite unique. The same idea might be carried out in the palest mauve to violet, starch-blue to purple, cream to brown, sea-green to the darkest shade of myrtle, and the palest yellow to the deepest orange. The stockings were of ivory silk, and the shoes of satin to match the trimming.

Amongst numerous distinguished toilettes at this wedding was a costume of plush in various shades of moss green, and only those of our readers who have studied ferns, lichens, and mosses growing on walls, trees, and even in dark cellars, as the wearer must have done, can imagine the original and artistic effect of this soft, yet striking, toilette. With a costume of gold and brown plush was worn a bonnet of brown and gold plaited straw with a very high double pointed front, filled up with pink May blossoms ; gold and brown feather aigrette.

It is an established rule that when a skirt for walking or dancing is made short it must be short enough to clear the ground, back and front, by two inches. Nothing can be more ungraceful, or

uncomfortable, than a skirt, formerly known as *ras terre*, which after the mildest summer shower requires to be held up, else it smears the boots or shoes. And the so-called "sensible boots and shoes" were made in so ugly and exaggerated a shape that people did not care to display them by holding up their skirts. A medium course has now been adopted between the shapeless canoe form and the painfully-pointed toes and heels ; the result is most satisfactory. In a leading Parisian fashion journal we find that out of sixteen models given, only three retain the high-pointed heels and narrow toes, the remaining thirteen have square, moderately high heels and toes, in fact, look thoroughly comfortable, and quite stylish. For walking, the most fashionable boots are of kid, with polished leather or morocco tips, fastened with from twelve to sixteen small buttons. For *jéters*, and other festive occasions, dull black satin boots, with glazed tips, are worn. Shoes for walking are made of soft kid with glazed fronts, laced or buttoned, or of the same material as the costume, a very expensive mode liable to failure. It is very different for dinner and evening dress ; when the dainty shoes of silk or satin are only required to tread upon soft carpets, it is well or those who can afford it to have shoes to match every costume.

A few words as to the seasonable materials which may be made up in various combinations, as taste may dictate. Never was an age when the shaping and combining of materials was more free to individual whims and fancies of the wearers than at the present moment. "Artistic" is a term which covers a multitude of vagaries, sometimes very graceful and becoming, at others quite the reverse. It is worthy of remark that by starting a style to "gloss over," if we may use the term, her failures, a really plain woman may stand her ground against her sisters who are more favoured in mind or body (not estate). Given a tall, thin figure, copper-coloured hair, which used remorselessly to be called "carrot," and a determination to pose for an artistic beauty, and the chances of failure are very small.

To return to the subject of materials. Velvet, and its modest variations of velveteen, are much used alone, and in combination with silk, satin, and wool. Stripes, checks, and shots are still very popular, and likely to remain so throughout the spring and early summer season. Bright-coloured silk petticoats and low bodices are worn under black or white lace for dinner and evening toilettes. They are no longer put on plain like toilette table drapery, but are caught up on one side with a cascade of satin or gold ribbon loops, or a bunch of ostrich feather tips, or even a gorgeously tinted bird, —here again trimmings are à volonté.

A material which is one of the most popular of the season is canvas ; it is made in all the newest shades and colours, plain, brocaded with satin or velvet, and striped ; it is used for costumes and mantles, for the former combined with silk and satin, for the latter trimmed with yak, and other woollen laces. Yet after all said, as to novelties in woollen materials we are bound to acknowledge that our tried and trusty fabrics, serge and cashmere, reign triumphant, and defy competition ; they are so soft, and drape so gracefully, when of fine texture, and are made in such exquisite colourings and shadings, that it is next to impossible to improve upon them for ordinary wear.

We may now venture to prepare cotton dresses of a more or less substantial material. Zephyr cloth is almost as warm as wool, as is also Bulgarian cloth, made for the most part with hair stripes of three or more colours, or with coloured dots and conventional designs, on dull Indian red, stone, brown, or grey grounds. For trimming these materials embroidery to match is correct. Floral and conventional patterns are used in combination, with plain materials of the same material and hue. For young girls in their teens cotton and linen fabrics are generally made with gathered and yoke bodices and plain full skirts ; some are still made with flounces and drapery.

Breakfast gowns are amongst the luxurious necessities of heads of families, be they mothers, aunts, or sisters, whose duty it is to attend to the morning meal of the working members of the household, husbands, sons, and daughters who are bound to start off early to their offices, colleges, or studies. It is well to have a costume which can be put on in a moment, and yet looks neat and fresh, and may with propriety be worn until luncheon time. Where the wearer need only head the breakfast table and give her orders to an experienced cook and housekeeper, there is no difficulty in choosing costly and elegant costumes for the occasion ; but when the mother or her representative is her own housekeeper the case is different, and economy as well as durability must be studied. For wet and chilly days a gown of Venetian red cashmere, trimmed with Eastern embroidery, a dark blue fine serge, with an appliqué design of brown velvet leaves down the front and round the hem of the skirt, or a dark lead-coloured serge, embroidered in poppies and daisies, crewl work, are very pretty and appropriate. By the way, these woollen costumes should never be sent to the ordinary washer-woman, who will not fail to spoil them, but to the dry cleaner, from whom they will come home looking as fresh as new.

As the days grow warmer a variety of cool and pleasing materials may be used for breakfast gowns. For example, tufted and broché Zephyr lawns in neutral tints, with conventional or floral designs, trimmed with coffee-coloured or cream woollen lace, wash well, and do not change colour.

For mourning a most durable material is silk warp cashmere, made of the best Italian silk and the finest Saxony wool. A new and very effective material for evening wear is "Drap Dentelle," which is semi-transparent, and should be trimmed with cream or black yak lace, or beaded with jet. Gauze brocaded velvet is light, and has a very rich effect.

We were recently shown a very novel material for the *tabliers* of cotton and sateen dresses ; it was of cream-coloured India muslin worked in outline stitches of shades in green, red, and blue, the design being wheat, poppies, and cornflowers.



"ON THE TRACK OF THE CRESCENT" (Hurst and Blackett), by Major E. C. Johnson, gives impressions of travel received by the author on a trip from the Piræus to Pesth. Major Johnson travelled by way of Constantinople, Varna, and Bucharest to the Hungarian termination of his journey. He carried his sketch book constantly in his hand, and if his drawings do not possess any great artistic merit, they at least help to enliven what else might possibly have been a dull book. He introduces controversial matter into his text in a provokingly childish fashion. Of a Major H— he says :—"He is one of the best fellows I ever met, full of poetry and good sense—a strange mixture." It is possible, however, further on, to quote from Major Johnson and prove that prose and good sense do not always go together. For instance, he says of Bucharest, or Bucuresci, "The City of Joy, is a strange straggling town, about four miles long 'and as many' broad, and spread over a great deal of ground." After telling us in so many words that Bucharest covered sixteen square miles of the earth's surface, it was surely unnecessary to add the final clause of the sentence. He may still be right in thinking that it is not "generally known" that "the word 'Huszar' is Hungarian for 'twentieth man,' that being

the proportion in which recruits for the cavalry were picked in former times from the population. These recruits took this, the national costume of the time of Matthew Corvinus (the fifteenth century), into the ranks, and the uniform and name have since spread from the Austro-Hungarian service into all the armies of Europe." As, indeed, everybody has not travelled in Roumania, Transylvania, and Hungary, Major Johnson's book, despite its want of literary merit, may be found of interest by some folk.

Mr. Vernon L. Morewood makes a valuable addition to ethnological lore, and close at home, in "Our Gipsies in City, Tent, and Van." The Gipsies seem to have made their appearance in the various countries of Europe at different times in the fifteenth century, and are known in Poland as "Zingani ;" in Italy, as "Zingari ;" in Spain, as "Gitanos ;" in France, as "Bohemians ;" in Germany, as "Ziegenner ;" in Holland, as "Heydenen ;" in Portugal, as "Siganos ;" in Lithuania, as "Zigonas ;" and as "Tchinganes," in Turkey. The Persians call them "Secrach Hindou," or "Black Indians." Their most ancient name, Mr. Morewood says, is "Sinte," or inhabitants of the "Sinda," or "Indus." Between some Hindostanee and Gipsy words there is, indeed, a striking similarity. "Lon" and "Lön" are respectively Indian and Gipsy for salt, "Bal" stands for "hair" in both languages, and so on. A few of our slang words are Gipsy, as "dad" for "father," and "pal" for brother. The fondness for tent life is one of the most striking characteristics of the race. Only the most inclement weather will drive them to the shelter of a house ; and the Gipsy wife of an English gentleman has, on the death of her husband, left children and home that she might roam in freedom with her kinsmen. Mr. Morewood is full of sympathy with the subjects of his work. He has shown them kindness, and not found them ungrateful. Those who are curious about a people whose name is familiar, but whose whole existence is largely a mystery, will find here much to instruct and entertain them. The author had one great qualification for the task which he undertook, industry and enthusiasm for his clients. "Our Gipsies" is elucidated and adorned with several sketches from life and nature.

Miss Emma S. Buchheim has translated for Messrs. Chapman and Hall Count Von Moltke's "Poland." Whatever so distinguished a personage has to say about a great historic fact must naturally be interesting ; but "Poland" would also be a handy historical manual, whoever the author was. "Among the chief causes of the fall of the Republic," says the Field-Marshal, "was the continual decrease of the Royal power in the State." This decline arose out of the abuse of the "Liberum veto," and the many precautions taken to maintain intact the dignity of the only free man, the individual noble. And this fact in the State system had a curious social effect. "It was for this reason that distinctions of class, the arbitrary treatment of the inferior by his superior, did not develop in Poland as in other countries. In the humble, fawning courtesy of the poor noble, degraded perhaps to the position of servant, we to this day recognise the hidden consciousness of his equality, and in the dignified kindness of the great noble, a patriarchal protection extended to the lowest. Owing to this democracy of the nobles, the monarchy in Poland degenerated into an aristocracy, and the aristocracy into an oligarchy." From the pride of the nobles, and, in later times, the degradation of the peasantry, the whole of the trade of the country fell into the hands of the Jews, who increased incredibly, and constituted a middle class of foreign extraction. Of the Jews Count Von Moltke writes as follows :—"When money ceased to be a means of happiness for the Jews" (in Poland), "they sought it for its own sake. Wealth was the one goal of each individual, and all means of obtaining it were lawful in his eyes, and afforded him a means of vengeance on his oppressors. Meek under insult and indignity, sober and frugal in his habits, never neglectful of an advantage, was it strange that all wealth flowed to his coffers, that gradually the oppressors became dependent on the despised foreigner?" The author claims for the Prussian Government that it is within reach of the liberation of the Polish peasants by transforming them into landowners, "a change which even their rulers thought impossible, and which would have been so for centuries in independent Poland." The translator is to be thanked for well translating a valuable work.

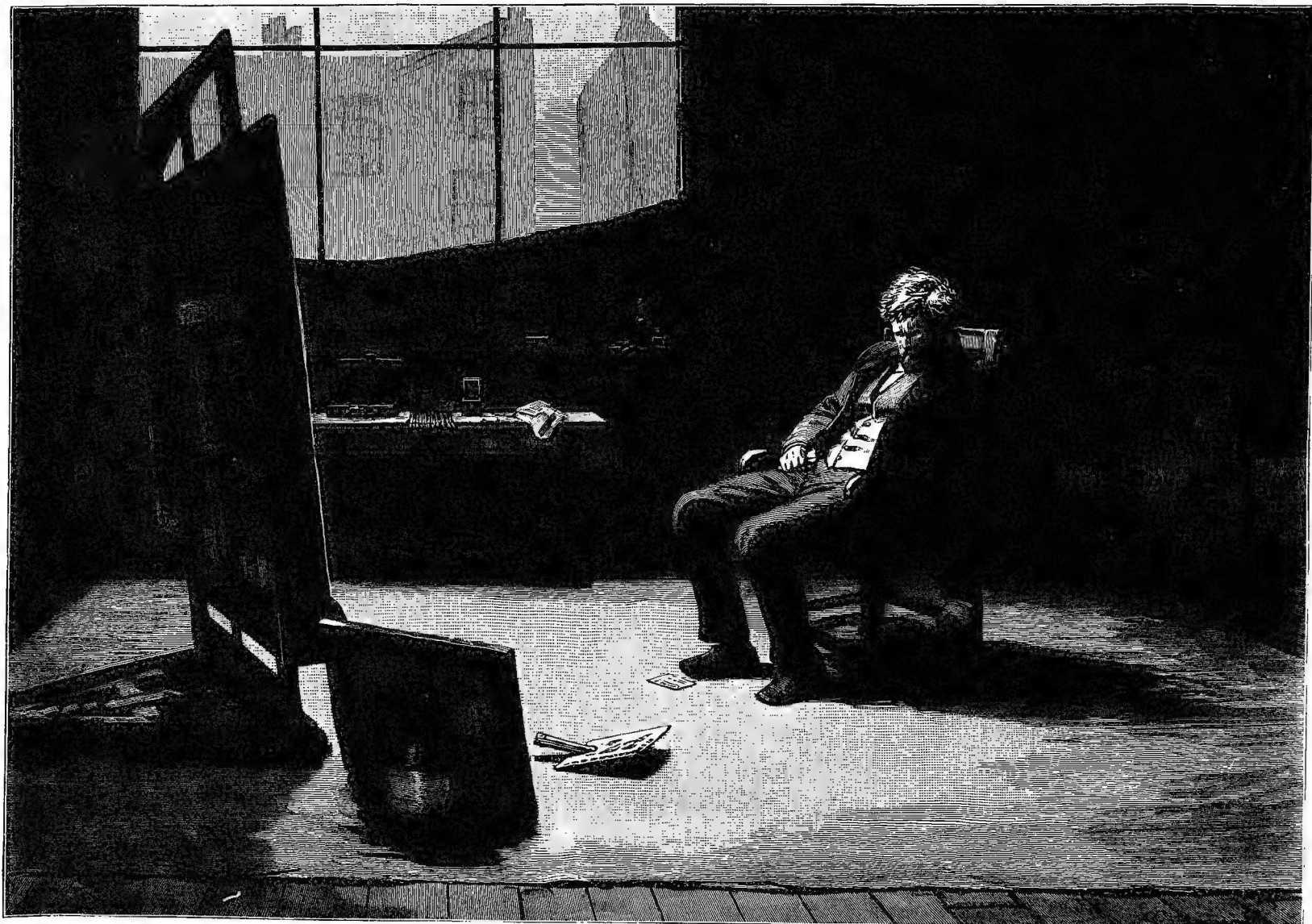
Mr. Lennox Peel has collected together in book form a number of articles and papers which have appeared previously in *Longman's Land and Water*, and has dubbed them "A Highland Gathering." The book is copiously illustrated with wood engravings from capital and original drawings by Mr. Charles Whymper. The papers deal mainly with stag-hunting and trout-fishing, and are, on the whole, pleasant reading. It was a good-natured and philosophic gillie who remarked to the sportsmen who missed a fine stag at close quarters, "Aweel, you need not expect to get into the way of it all at once. The great thing, you'll mind, is to keep cool and aim low. Nine-tenths of the deer that go away clean missed have had the bullet sent just an inch above their backs."

"A Journey Due South : Travels in Search of Sunshine" (Vizetelly and Co.), by George Augustus Sala, are descriptive of a voyage through France and Corsica to Rome. The narrative is given in that vivacious style which belongs to the author, and with somewhat of that exuberant show of knowledge of France, her language and her ways, which becomes or misbecomes him. There is in Mr. Sala's work much that must be very trying, except to those who are votaries of his manner of treating things. The following is a fair specimen of the matter in Mr. Sala's book :—"It was formerly the practice of politicians and publicists, who called Napoleon the 'Corsican ogre' and the 'Jacobin usurper,' to assert that Carlo Buonaparte was a poverty-stricken and pettifogging attorney at Ajaccio, and that it was only through the disgraceful fact of Madame Buonaparte having been the mistress of the Count de Marbeuf, the French Governor of Corsica, that by this latter's influence the young Napoleon obtained admission as a foundationer to the Military School at Brienne. I have read the statement made with charming naïveté that 'he was the son of a base-born pauper, and was brought up at a charity school.' The majority of these lies were invented by Bourbonist pamphleteers, refugees in London of the type of Peltier, whom Erskine defended when Napoleon prosecuted him in the English Courts for libel." After all, "A Journey Due South" is a gossiping book of travel, having all those characteristics which have made its author popular as a journalist.

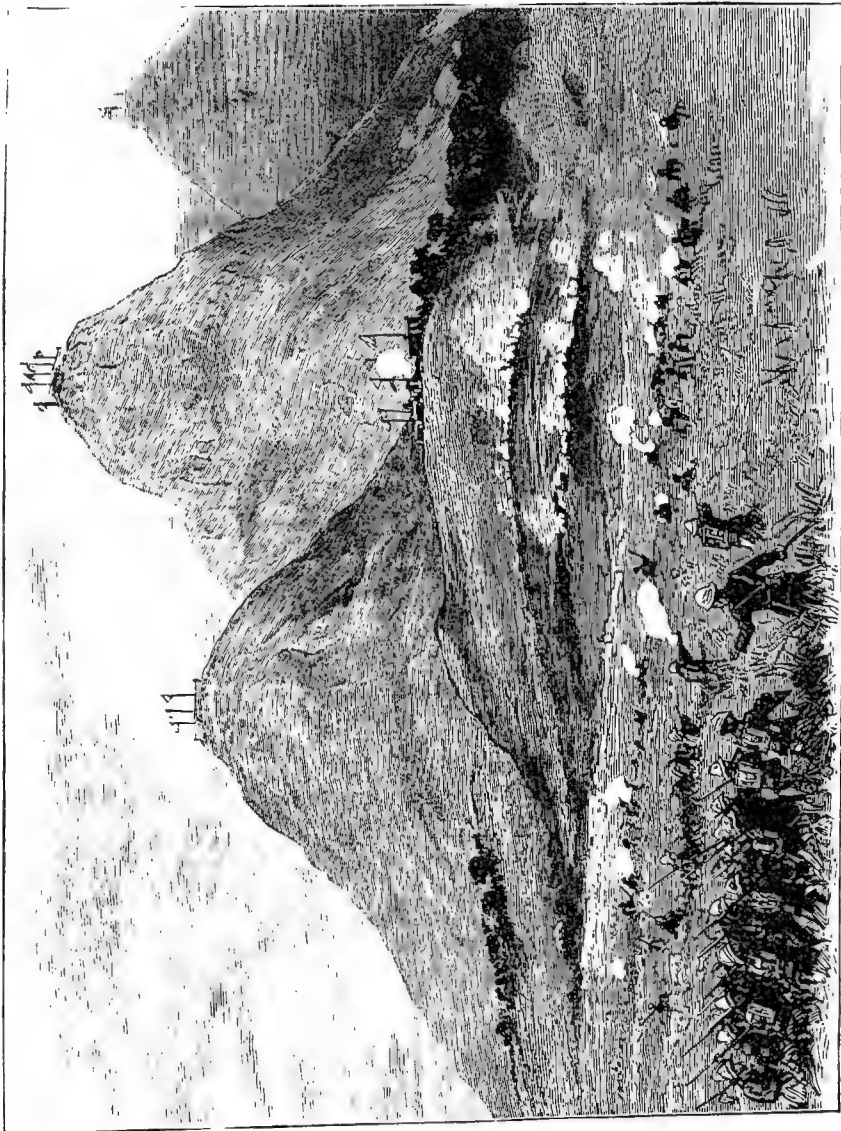
"Rome : Its Princes, Priests, and People" (Elliot Stock), is a translation by Miss Fanny MacLaughlin, from Signor David Silvagni's work, "La Corte e la Società Romana nei XVIII. and XIX. Secoli." This work should be a useful one to those who desire to penetrate behind the veil of what is one of the most discreditable periods of papal history. We do not think the author has treated his subject in the best fashion. At the same time it may be instructive to many folks to learn how Ganganelli, the Pope who offended the Order of Jesus, died. "The Pope's extraordinary malady excited the gravest suspicions of foul play, and these were confirmed by the appearances after death. Monsignor Caracciolo bears witness that some few days before his end his bones wasted and crumbled like the branches of a tree, which, attacked at its roots, dry up, and fall off. Doctor De Rossi, and other medical men, who assisted to embalm the body, found it—these are their exact words—'with the face livid, the lips black, the abdomen swollen, and all the skin covered with purple blotches, the size of the heart greatly diminished, and the muscles about the back-bone lacerated and decomposed.'" The book, which Miss MacLaughlin translates, is useful as a history ; but its popular value is minimised by faulty treatment and arrangement.



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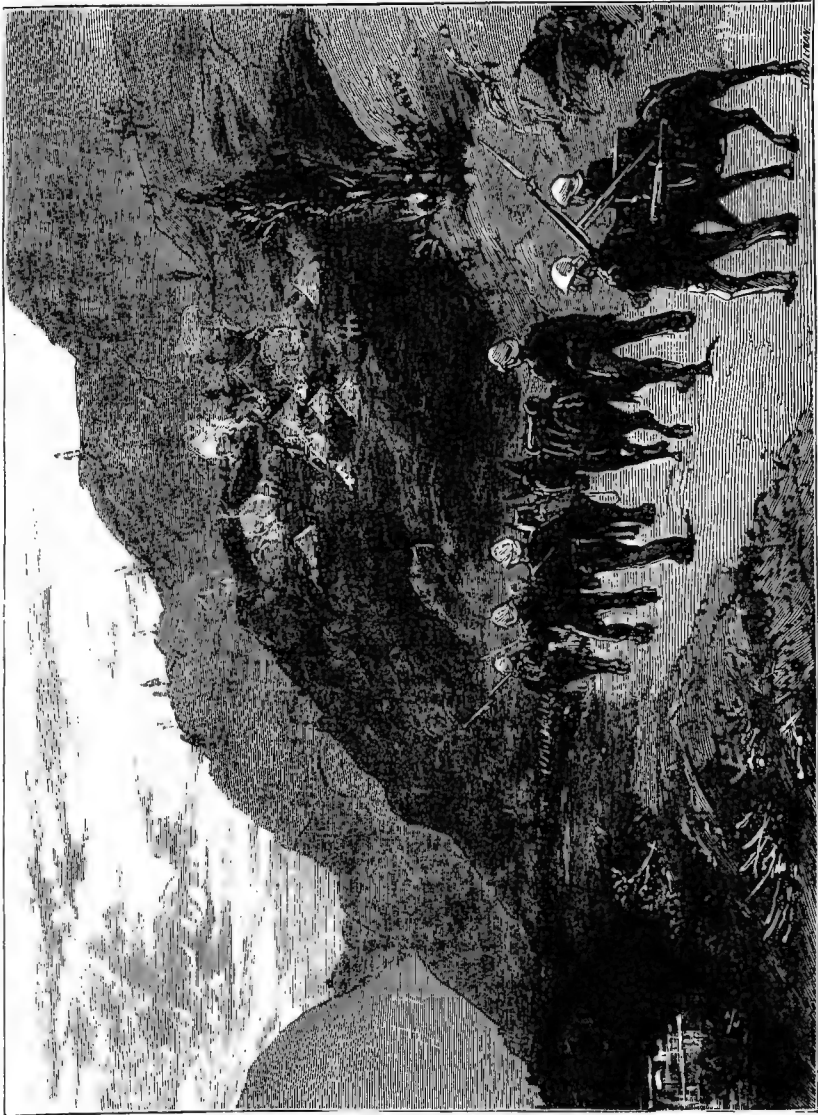
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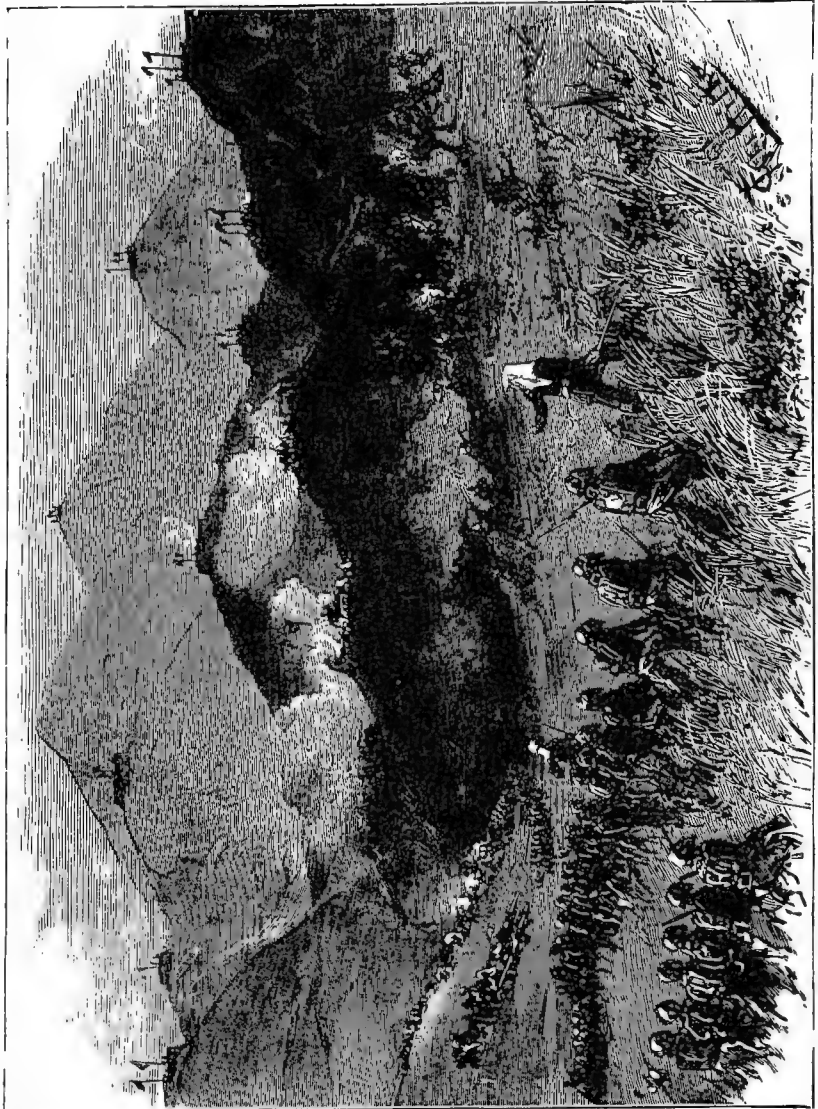
FORTS IN THE DONG-SUNG DEFILE, ALL CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH WITH THREE DAYS' FIGHTING



DONG-SUNG FORT, CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH, FEB. 6



THE MARCH OF THE FRENCH COLUMN FROM DONG-SUNG TO LANG-SON—PREPARING TO BIVOUACK NEAR THE FORT OF PHO-PU



THE BATTLE OF BAO-VIAY

THE FRENCH IN TONKIN
FROM SKETCHES BY AN ENGLISHMAN AT LANGSON

Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare gives us much interesting reading in "Studies in Russia" (Smith, Elder). As he tells us in his preface, Russians assert that a foreigner must spend two years in their country before being competent to give an opinion of them. Mr. Hare was only one summer in the Land of the Czars, and it must be confessed his work has many of the faults of a compilation. He does not know enough to tell us freshly and confidently what he thinks, and so he is obliged to fall back upon extracts from the works of other authors. Still, he has a great deal to say about Petersburg, Moscow, the land, and the people that will repay perusal.

"Coins and Medals" (Elliot Stock), by the authors of the British Museum Official Catalogues, and edited by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, is printed in the old style, presumably from a desire for analogy with its subject. It is an interesting book, the illustrations are drawn with care and pains, and it should have a distinct value for those who, apart from the general public, are engaged in historical study.

In "Gleanings from the Natural History of the Ancients" (Elliot Stock), the Rev. M. G. Watkins, M.A., gives us the *resumé* of his investigations into Homer, and other classical writers. In the busy world of busy men Mr. Watkins must not find his audience; but what he has gathered from the literature of the ancients with reference to their treatment of animals, and estimate of them, cannot be read without profit by the student. His work will be found a handy and useful companion by those who are engaged in the task of penetrating behind the scenes of old-world life.

"British Railways and Canals" (Field and Tuer), by "Hercules," is a valuable work for politicians and political writers; as it explains clearly much that intimately concerns British Trade. The subject has been recently treated in Parliament; but this book by "Hercules" is none the less useful to those, who desire to understand the proper working of one of the greatest monopolies in England.

NEW EDITIONS AND ANNUALS.—Mr. Elliot Stock has reproduced *facsimiles* of the first editions of three classical works: Herbert's "Temple," published in 1633, Walton's "Compleat Angler," published in 1653, and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," published in 1678. The get-up, both as regards printing and paper, of these reprints is admirable.—Messrs. Marion and Co. have brought out a revised and enlarged edition of their excellent "Practical Guide to Photography." Amateurs could not have a better handbook to teach them the working of photography in all its branches. The new edition contains a description of and instructions how to work the new rapid printing process; while the whole text has been brought up to the latest improvements and discoveries in the art.—There are also on our table "The Calendar of the University of Wales" for the thirteenth session, 1884-5 (J. E. Cornish, Piccadilly); the new edition of Mr. Herbert Fry's "London in 1885," a comprehensive handbook to the metropolis, illustrated by eighteen bird's-eye views of the principal streets (W. H. Allen and Co.); the fourth edition revised and corrected of "Seven Days in London," by Fred Gosman (C. Smith and Son, Charing Cross)—a handy, practical, descriptive guide for the stranger in the metropolis; "The Englishwoman's Year Book for 1885" (Hatchards, Piccadilly), a most useful reference work to those women who wish to earn their own living. Amongst feminine occupations here chronicled are banking, fence-making, fossil-digging, and cattle-dealing; May's "British and Irish Press Guide" (Frederick L. May and Co., Piccadilly); "The Advertiser's Guardian," an advertisement agent's guide, by Louis Collins (Wine Office Court); Walter's "Theatrical and Sporting Directory for 1885" (British Mercantile Advertising Co.); and last, but in no way least, "The City of London Directory for 1885" (City Press Office). This useful work has now reached its fifteenth year of issue, and has been carefully corrected to date. Amongst the various reference sections the "Livery Companies' Guide" contains several new features, and much valuable information concerning the various Companies' Rights, Privileges, Income, Charities, Fees, and Property—details especially interesting at the present time. The clearly engraved and coloured map accompanying the work deserves high praise.

THE LATE PROFESSOR AYTOUN.—Sir Theodore Martin writes thus to us:—"In a recent issue of the *Graphic* it is stated, in a notice of a volume of parodies, that 'The Dirge of the Drinker' was written by the late Professor Aytoun by way of parody of his own 'Burial March of Dundee.' This was not so. The parody was written by myself, no doubt with a view to my friend Aytoun's ballad style, but Aytoun had nothing whatever to do with it."

HUGUENOTS IN SPITALFIELDS

SOME attention is just now being directed to the formation of a Huguenot Society in London, by which the descendants of French Protestant refugees who sought an asylum in this country during the persecutions may be brought into communication, for the purpose of compiling and publishing records, registers, and historical information relating to the Protestant churches and families, and the various institutions which were founded in England at different periods of the emigration.

A society of a similar kind already exists in America, and seems to be well supported, so that there is no reason to doubt that numerous descendants of Huguenots, who are to be found in Norwich, Canterbury, and other places, as well as in London, will respond to the invitation to maintain the traditions which have survived in several institutions of a benevolent character, of which the French Protestant hospital in Victoria Park, originally founded above a century and a half ago, and the French School for Girls, once in the Savoy, and now in Bloomsbury, are the most prominent.

As this year is the bi-centenary of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, immediately after which above 15,000 French refugees settled in England, there is something appropriate in the proposed memorial. The forefathers of those who claim Huguenot descent were denationalised by persecution, and gave their energies, their gratitude, and their best sentiments to the country of their adoption. They fought in our army and navy, and were among the most capable of our citizens. They became English of the English, even, in numberless instances, to the extent of translating or transforming their names, and the result has been that the distinctions which existed even as lately as half a century ago have disappeared, and, except for the survival of several undoubted appellations, many of them belonging to people of considerable distinction, the recollection of their origin would have ceased. Those among them who cherish the claim to Huguenot extraction regard it as their great-grandfathers did—only as a serious demand upon their reverence for steadfast faith, and upon their loyalty to the principles of civil and religious liberty.

To many people the mere mention of the descendants of the Huguenots in London will appear like an attempt to revive some extinct tradition. It will be asked, "Where are there any remains of the community of which the latest evidences are the two or three French Protestant churches in London and the service in the Crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, which, by-the-by, was originally the meeting of the Walloon weavers, and not of the Huguenots? Who ever hears now of any remnant of the French Colony in Spitalfields, Shoreditch, and Hoxton, which, in the time that Chamberlayne made his survey of London, contained thousands of *émigrés*, and a dozen churches or chapels where the pastors preached in French? The churches themselves have disappeared, and their books, containing the register of the Huguenots in London, have long ago been deposited in Somerset House. There are no fields within miles of St. Mary Spital, and all the greenness was built out of

Bethnal a generation ago. The silk weavers of what was once the Eastern suburb have disappeared, in the fierce competition with foreign importations. The descendants of the French in England have been beaten by the descendants of the French in France and by the Germans. The looms are silent—have been moved off long ago. The click of shuttle and the whirr of wheel are heard no more, even in the few remaining poor and sordid streets, where the long leaded casements of the upper windows show that the houses were once the workshops for silk and velvet, and a ruined 'dormer,' or a mouldering pigeon-house upon the roof, suggest the time when the whole district represented an industry that even then was deeply marked with the signs of decay."

There is so much of truth in this conclusion that some boldness is required to whisper the declaration that there are still some hundreds (probably two thousand) weavers in Spitalfields, Shoreditch, and Bethnal Green, and that a considerable proportion of them, as well as of people now employed in other industries in the same district, are descendants of the Huguenot settlers. On Easter Monday (which has always been the weavers' chief holiday) any competent observer walking amidst the beds and borders of Victoria Park, or strolling in the vicinity of the Bethnal Green Museum, might have noted faces of as distinctly a French type—and a good French type, too—as would be found in Rouen or in Nîmes; and in the "weavers' books" of the manufacturers whose warehouses are still in Spitalfields may be read names that have come down unchanged, and many more that have been only somewhat distorted in spelling, since the time when the Spitalfields weaver was a Frenchman, and sometimes a French gentleman of good birth and breeding, with a pretty knack for playing the flute or the violin. A few relics of older and better days in the shape of delicate china, or a set of shoe buckles, or scraps of old point lace and quaint bits of furniture, were to be seen in the little parlours which in Bethnal Green, even as late as fifty years ago, overlooked small gardens gay with blooms of stocks, sweet Williams, dahlias, double pinks, and fragrant with pot herbs, and the materials for brewing *tisane*. Spitalfields was always a district of crowded tenements, narrow, close streets and alleys, and houses that were poor and gloomy. But there were real fields not far off, and Easter Monday excursions were to the country beyond Bishop Bonner's House, where the East London Hospital for Consumption now stands, and across the marsh land to the "White House," "High Hill Ferry," and "Temple Mills;" all three of which resorts survive, though they offer few temptations to the quiet holiday maker at Easter tide.

Fifty years ago the names upon the door posts of the principal manufacturers' houses in Spitalfields were almost all French, and some of them, though very few, are there still. In the roll of work-people the women who wound the silk on bobbins, the "warpers" who prepared the warp for spreading in the loom, the weavers who made the exquisite web, even the boys and girls who helped in the workshops, were Dormers, Duprés, Soilleux, Poytons, Lesages, Rondeaus, and so on, through a list which included some scions of families about which history has not been silent. Many of these names belong to the weavers of to-day, some of whom can have their pedigrees, or could do so if they set about it. But, alas! fifty years ago the era of poverty had set in for Spitalfields. The trade was smitten by protection, by competition, and by fashion. In an evil hour the weavers, whose numbers had been greatly augmented by English workmen, began to strike for advanced wages, and the manufacturers agreed to a scale of what were called book prices to be paid for weaving. These prices were actually sanctioned by law at Quarter Sessions, but they did not satisfy a number of turbulent workmen who, having entered the trade because wages were good, and the importation of foreign silks was prohibited, demanded what would have been exorbitant wages, and terrorised the less unreasonable operatives. Then (in 1826) the prohibition on foreign silk was removed, and a duty of 15 to 45 per cent. imposed, with the result that the competitor of the Spitalfields weaver was the smuggler. We were no longer large exporters but importers, and the power loom and the Jacquard loom were superseding hand labour, and taking the industry that remained in England from Spitalfields to the provinces. In 1832, there were 16,000 looms in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, of which 6,000 had been standing idle for six months, and the majority of weavers could only earn ten shillings a week. Fashion, too, was against the Spitalfields weaver. The smuggler had introduced French silks of different makes, and they were sought after when the duty was subsequently remitted. The system in France and Germany, where the workpeople had a plan of co-operation in eating and drinking, which enabled them to live on reduced wages, also had some effect. The silk industry in London declined, and has been declining till quite recently. The descendants of the Huguenots, men and women, still sit at the looms, and may earn from six to twenty shillings a week, but they seldom bring up their children to a trade which, though it might yet be revived if fashion would relent, is among the poorest and least certain of skilled industries requiring unusual faculties of sight and touch.

T. A.

VERNAL MIGRATIONS

RECOGNISING the fact that the majority of English tourists, unable to choose their own time for travel, can only associate the Continent with recollections of big boxes and small railway compartments, screaming babies and smoking snobs, crusty commissioners and hasty hotel-keepers, let us tantalise our less fortunate fellow-creatures by indulging in some reminiscences of Switzerland in May.

We hope we are not particularly ill-natured; but besides the delight of being able to exchange blue books and smoke for blue lakes and mountains, we cannot help deriving some satisfaction from the feeling of superiority which we experience in being able to go abroad in the spring.

Human nature is naturally selfish, and it is pleasant to feel we shall be the first on the field—that most other people are looking forward to their holiday in hot, overcrowded August, when, like a cloud of dust, all England is swept abroad; that Parliament is still sitting, and we shall have the opportunity of reading hot debates when they have had twenty-four hours to cool; and that all the schools are keeping those most objectionable of all fellow-travellers, the members of Young England, safely within bounds.

Our relations and friends also are keenly aware that we are stealing a march upon them, and, jealous of the advantage we shall have over them, exert all their powers to discourage us, in spite of our migration only being the result of the most urgent appeals of our doctor, who, weary of our various ailments, orders us to go abroad, feeling sure that before he will see us again we shall have forgotten the long list of complaints which we have been exerting our imagination in detailing to him, and shall probably return with some new ailment which will at least have the spice of novelty. Our uncle, an M.P., safely tied to London until he can succeed in bringing in his little Bill—a feat in which the doctor puts him to shame—tenderly asks us where we are going, and, on hearing our destination, immediately asserts—with as much *sans froid* as if he still were quoting facts in the House—that that is the particular centre where typhoid fever is raging, and at the same time recommends Tunbridge Wells or Bournemouth; our rich maiden aunt, with awful foreboding, threatens us with ice and snow—*absit omen*; our most intimate and faithful friend, a shareholder and director of railway companies, not content with our state of nervous depression, reminds us of the wretchedly-organised railway system, and suddenly remembers that he lost all his luggage last year.

These malicious attempts to spoil one's happiness, however,

prove their own destruction, as, when once we are fairly off, the reality contrasts so favourably with all dismal prophecies.

Crossing the Channel we do certainly think of typhoid fever and ice and snow, and, even when we have safely landed, we consign our baggage sentimentally to some official, feeling that we are parting with it for ever; but Paris once reached, and our portmanteau faithfully restored, we wipe our M.P. uncle off the tablets of our memory, try to imagine our maiden aunt's farewell speech to have had no *double entendre*, and expend all our energies on—trying to avoid being run over; for the Municipality of Paris, feeling that in a number of rules there is confusion, have much simplified the rules of the road by issuing one clear direction to all drivers—viz., "Whenever you see a foot-passenger, if possible run over him."

Then, can the heated and breathless tourist of August even picture the following conditions:—A railway compartment with only two or three people in it; and on crossing the Swiss frontier the transition from the doubtful charms of April to the serenity of an ideal English July? The hotel keepers regard us with the same feelings with which the English welcome the first swallow; first floor rooms are thrown open to us at prices for which later in the season one could hardly procure a shakedown in a loft, and at the first sign of independence on the part of mine host, we have only to delay absolutely taking rooms for an hour, and to saunter through the town with the apparent intention of viewing another hotel, to bring him to our own terms.

The very dulness of such places as Interlaken makes them amusing; the various different means which the hotel proprietors adopt to get their respective houses into working order; the procession of seventeen omnibuses, diligently despatched to meet each train, setting out hopefully, undaunted despite previous disappointments, only to return with perhaps three passengers among them! Then, for a solitary smoke and reverie, what place can be more delightfully isolated than the Casino while the band is playing?

The element of excitement is amply provided for in taking a drive, as the driver is liable to get so excited at obtaining an unexpected fare, that, on the first opportunity, while one is admiring some choice piece of mountain scenery, he is relieving his feelings at the hotel tap. We have vivid recollections on this subject. We prided ourselves we had made an excellent bargain with our coachman; but, while inspecting a torrent, we rashly left him out of our sight. On the return journey our pride nearly had a fall, as he persisted in galloping down a very steep road—bounded on one side only by a river—sitting with his back to the horse, facing us in the carriage, holding his reins loosely in his hand, which he kept stretched out from his side. It was in vain that we summoned up both our courage and our German; for, taxing the former to its utmost, to the latter he only confidentially replied, "This horse is quite young."

As this assertion, even with constant repetition, hardly reassured us, we were compelled to take the ribbon ourselves, when our Jehu at once became so painfully cautious, that at the slightest unevenness in the road he insisted on placing his hands on the reins, and checking the horse to a foot's pace. Feeling we had sobered him, we again entrusted ourselves to his mercy, only immediately to recommence our headlong course; but, after narrowly shaving rocks, posts, rivers, and streams, our disbelief in the charm attaching to the youthfulness of the horse was much rebuked by our being safely landed at our destination.

We are treading too well-worn ground to venture to expatiate further on the charms of our trip; but we returned with the satisfaction that we had plucked the first flowers, watched the first snow melt, and—aired the first beds.

B. D. K.



MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Vol. IX. of "The Organist's Quarterly Journal of Original Compositions" has arrived at Part 66, and continues to keep up its high reputation as one of the most useful and well chosen collections of works by English and foreign composers extant. First in the current number we have "Variations on *O Sanctissima*" (Sicilian Mariner's Hymn), an old and familiar favourite in a variety of arrangements, from the earliest instruction book lesson to the present musicianly theme, with five variations, by George Hepworth, organist at the Cathedral of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin.—Next we have "Morning Prayer," by E. W. Taylor, Mus. Doc., F.C.O. a thoroughly well constructed composition, which is followed by "Larghetto and Allegro," a brilliant and clever work, by J. Varley Roberts, Mus. Doc., Oxon.—"Two Sketches for the Organ," by James L. Gregory, F.C.O., are of a light description, suitable for a concert hall, or other secular purposes, whilst for church use we can highly commend a "Postlude," by G. Hermann Lott. It is to be regretted that the talented editor, W. Sparks, Mus. Doc., so rarely contributes to this journal.

MESSRS. REID BROS.—Two songs, music by Odoardo Barri, may be classed amongst his happiest inspirations. The one, as its title would suggest, is pathetic: "The Little Wail" is the somewhat worn-out theme of a poor little child straying into a church, seeing a vision of angels, and falling into a sleep from which she never awakens; the touching words are by Lindsay Lennox; this song is published in three keys, as is also "Jack Before the Mast," a lively song, words by Charles Rowe; which will win a double encore at a popular concert or reading.—Of the same nautical type is "Hand over Hand," written and composed by Thos. Gregory and E. C. Dubrucq.—"Forty Minutes" is a spirited hunting song, words and music by Frederic Cotton; of medium compass, easy to learn and to sing; it has a chorus in unison.—A pretty and very sentimental love ditty for a tenor, with a voice of limited compass, is "Tell Me," written and composed by H. Kelvin and Ciro Pinsuti.—"The Hilderness Hunt Galop," by E. M. Machell, is tuneful and dance-provoking, one of the best specimens of its kind which we have met with for some time past.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY COMPANY.—A quaint and taking little pastorelle for a dainty young soprano is "C'est Mon Ami," a poem by Florian, freely translated from the French by Walter Spinney; music by Ed. Rubini. This song deserves to be a first favourite in the drawing-room and the concert-room. By the same composer is "On the River," words by "Eleonore," a pleasing narrative song, all about the clouds and sunshine of love.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The second volume of the "Magazine of Music," for the student and the million, has entered upon its first number, and well merits the success which it has met with. There was a vacancy for a well-conducted and inexpensive musical journal, and the above magazine has fully met the want. A long and prosperous career may be anticipated for it. Contributors are stimulated to try their best by the offers of prizes for musical and literary contributions. With the current number is given a voting-paper for a "Musical Plébiscite"—reward, a fifty-guinea pianoforte. Rules and all particulars are given ("Magazine of Music" Office).—"Beyond" is a very prettily-written song; words by Rev. H. Burton, music by Miss E. K. Stewart; it comes from afar (E. K. Stewart, Alice, Victoria East, Cape Colony).—"Fantasia" for the pianoforte, by George Graun, is a neatly-written school-room piece (Messrs. Augener and Co.).—"The Water Lilies Waltzes," by Marie L. Wakefield, are pretty and danceable (Joseph Williams)

RECOLLECTIONS OF BERGEN AND THE HARDANGER FJORD

MISS MARTINEAU, although she herself had never visited the beautiful haunts she describes so graphically in that charming little idyll of the North, "Feats on the Fjord," has from childhood's days made us all acquainted with its many sights and wonders, and Mr. du Chaillu in later times has done even more to bring before us the strange charm and loveliness of the peaceful Nordland shores.

So it was with the brightest expectations we set off on our trip one fair delusive morning last July, and chose our cabins on the well-known Hull steamer, the *Domino*, bound for Bergen. That professional comforter, the stewardess, assured us the wind was in our favour, and the sea "nice and easy," but, all the same, our passage proved most tempestuous, and thankful we were when at last our boat glided into the smooth waters of a fjord, giving us for the first time the benefit of "nice and easy" movement.

After a few hours' sailing we put in at Stavanger, a picturesque little spot on the Bukke Fjord, where we were advised to telegraph for our rooms at the Bergen Hotel, as the town was reported to be crowded with visitors just at that time, and then, too weary to explore, we returned to our prison house to seek a little sleep before arriving at our destination.

Eagerly we rose the next morning, to hear we were entering the harbour, and notwithstanding our tottering condition, dressed ourselves in an incredibly short space of time, and hurried on deck to take our first long look on our surroundings. And never can the impression of Bergen, in its new and great beauty, be forgotten. Before us rose the green mountains, with their distant snows, gleaming whiter amidst the clouds, and from horizon to horizon stretched the shadowy outlines of hills, from which the mists had lifted, and beneath us, around and beyond, the rippling waters of the fjord flashed back the yellow sunshine. The colouring of a Norwegian landscape is peculiarly brilliant, dazzling the eye with its small-blue sky, its glittering lakes, red-roofed houses, and the many-coloured boats plying on the waters; but at the same time there is a wonderful softness in the shadows and in the dim lights on the far off hills, in perfect contrast with all the brightness, and at once resting to the eye and imagination.

The pangs of hunger after a short space arrested our appreciation of the scene around us, and giving our trunks into the care of a doddering old man watching and waiting on the quay, we began to make our way through the principal streets of the town to our hotel. Norwegians seem to be up and doing at all hours of the day and night, and although it could not have been later than five o'clock in the morning, the streets were already crowded with peasants on their way to, or from, the market, all laden with baskets of fish, fruit, and vegetables. Little girls, miniatures of their mothers, in the same long aprons, and with shawls pinned across their small shoulders, trotted by their parent's side carrying their share, and taking a family interest in the purchases.

The shops as we passed along were tempting indeed, nor could we resist peering with longing eyes through the windows at the various curiosities, and the great heaps of old silver ornaments, tankards, cups, heart-shaped caskets, and brooches and earrings which the peasants always dispose of before emigrating to America. Some windows were full of quaint wood-carvings, others displayed a variety of national costumes, but what charmed us most of all was a beautiful fur store, where we wandered fascinated through a maze of eider-down rugs, seal-skin wraps, stuffed birds, and other coveted treasures.

At last we reached our hotel, and gazed with doubt and apprehension upon the breakfast-table, with its plates of brown cheese and slices of bread and butter, spread with anchovies and shreds of reindeer tongue. "Ce n'est que le premier pas que coûte," however, and we were soon enjoying our meal as heartily as any born Norseman.

As soon as breakfast was over, we hastened to the fish-market, which of all Bergen sights is the most interesting, and were immensely amused at the gaiety and animation of the scene around us. The salesmen remain in their boats, whilst the fish-wives stand above on the quay. A sort of auction goes on, and the fish, which are always sold alive, are thrown from salesman to purchaser without any ado. The boats are wonderfully picturesque, with high prows sweeping up out of the water, not unlike the Venetian gondolas, but painted in every colour of the rainbow.

After having once more wandered through the town, we turned our steps countrywards, and sat for some time in a bright and pretty garden, where the band was playing. Here the beauty and fashion of Bergen had assembled to chat and listen to the music, many of the ladies being in quite smart Parisian costumes, and the officers in uniform. All, even the school-girls, were drinking large glasses of foaming ale, and appeared highly to enjoy the dissipation.

Towards evening we agreed to attempt the ascent of one of the highest hills surrounding the town, and after clambering for some hours knee-deep in wild flowers and grasses, we reached the summit, and were more than rewarded for our toil by the grandeur of the view. Below us, and as far as eye could reach, the silvery fjords melted into one another, darkening here and there as the shadows of the clouds flitted across, the towering mountains keeping guard on every side, and from the town at our feet the soft summer winds bore up the hum of the working world, the lowing of kine, the murmur of the bees, and wafted to us the hundred and one delicious scents of flower and mountain herb.

Had not time been so precious we should have lingered long weeks at lovely Bergen, but we had promised ourselves a sail round the Hardanger (than which there is no finer fjord in Norway), before returning home. This time, when, laden with books and work to beguile the idle hours, we found ourselves once more on board, there were no rough seas to encounter—none but soft wooing breezes fanned our cheeks as our steamer glided through the still blue waters of the fjord—past fragrant woods of pine, and fresh green slopes, spread with a mantle of the brightest of foliage, or again under the shadow of towering precipices and ridges, from whose heights crystal waterfalls danced lightly from crag to crag, whilst in the distance boomed the fall of masses of snow, and the roar of the cataract with its overwhelming downpour into the smiling waters below.

Among the peaceful villages clustering round the upper waters of the Hardanger fjord, the peasants retain their old customs, dialect, and costumes, more, perhaps, than in any part of the country. The variety in their dress is quite remarkable, each valley, almost each village, having its own particular uniform. The women are all smart in their great snowy caps, perfect marvels of the kilting art, whilst the young girls tie either bright-coloured kerchiefs or snoods round their heads. As our steamer stopped at the various stations on the fjord, numbers of the inhabitants ran out to greet us, and look for chance friends on deck. On Sunday mornings especially their gay costumes were a sight to behold—some in bright blue skirts, and hanging belts and bags, with snowy linen "Garibaldi" and black velvet heart-shaped bodices, and the men in short tight coats, fastened with old silver brooches, and embroidered pantalons. On reaching Odde, one of the most picturesque spots on the Hardanger, we heard that a dance was to be given in the kitchen of one of the principal farm-houses, and hastened to join the party to witness the fun. Row upon row of candles were fastened against the walls; the floor was strewn with twigs of juniper, and the spinning-wheels and carding-boards, and other tokens of household toil, were removed. A wooden

tankard of beer and a few cakes and a fiddle completed the simple arrangements, and before long the village-girls and their swains appeared on the scene, and were soon enjoying the most unsophisticated of polkas. All Norwegian girls dance well, being practised in it almost from the time they are babies for amusement on the long winter evenings, and they glided about, waving their arms with no little grace to the tunes of the old scraping fiddler. What amused us most of all was the dance to the tune of the "Jenny Lind Polka," performed by the most agile of the village boys. With an important and solemn expression, stepping well in time, he marched round the sanded floor, fixing his gaze every now and then on a large nail which had been driven into the wooden beam above. Suddenly, at a given note, he passed beneath the spot, turned a hasty somersault, and struck it with his heavy boot, which feat called forth murmurs of approbation, and a great deal of hand-clapping from the whole party. Before the company separated a song was proposed, and a bright fair-haired girl, with earnest eyes, stood up on the platform at the end of the room, and in a business-like manner sang one ballad after another in shrill, clear tones, with a certain ingenuous expression we found very charming, and we pictured to ourselves the Christine Nilsson of the past, when she used to dance and sing at the fairs of her native village, as being a counterpart of this simple peasant maiden.

After having spent a fortnight at Eide, an exquisite spot, nestling amid the Hardanger Mountains, the time arrived, alas! for us to turn our faces homewards, and leave behind us the lovely world of fresh green pastures and sunlit fjords, and it was with a longing desire to one day revisit the peaceful shores of Norway we bade place and people a last "far-vel."

C. B.

SAMUEL PEPYS AT THE PLAY

MR. SAMUEL PEPYS must have been one of the most constant playgoers of his time. In the "Diary" he records about one hundred and fifty visits to the theatre. His notices of the performances are interesting for various reasons. Most interesting to us, perhaps, is their portrait of the diarist as a dramatic critic; but they also throw light upon contemporary stage-management, and bring before us very vivid pictures of the conditions under which playgoers took their pleasure in the days of Charles II.

Mr. Pepys goes, January 3rd, 1661, to see Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, and chronicles the fact of its being the first time that ever he saw women come upon the stage, their parts having hitherto been taken by boys. This is one of the earliest notices of this most important innovation. A few months later he sees the *Scornful Lady*, "now done by a woman, which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me." Under date March 23rd, in the same year, is an amusing account of an absurd broil on the stage. Pepys says that the play was poorly done, "and with so much disorder, among others, in the musique-room the boy that was to sing a song, not singing it right, his master fell about his eares and beat him so, that it put the whole house in an uproar." Another unrehearsed effect took place some years afterwards, when one of the children performing began to cry, and the mother, hearing it, "by force got upon the stage, and took up her child and carried it away off of the stage."

There are two entries that give us a lively picture of the primitive nature of the theatre, and of the discomforts that "pitties" had sometimes to endure. On June 1st, 1664, Pepys sees Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, but "before the play was done it fell such a storm of hayle, that we in the middle of the pit were fain to rise; and all the house in a disorder." And at a later date there was, he says, "a disorder in the pit by its raining in from the cupola at top."

Bills of the play were novelties in Pepys's time. The first was issued from Drury Lane, dated 8th April, 1663. It begins: "By his Majestie his company of Comedians at the New Theatre in Drury Lane, will be acted a comedy called the *Humorous Lieutenant*." Then comes the list of characters and the concluding notice: "The play will begin at three o'clock exactly." Pepys makes no mention of playbills. He notes, however, on one occasion, what must have been a rather curious supplement to the bill. He goes to the first performance of Lord Orrery's play, *The Black Prince*. The performance goes smoothly until a letter is read, so long and so unnecessary, that the audience laugh, and are only restrained by the presence of the King from hissing the actors off the stage. Four nights later Pepys goes to see the same play, and finds it "mightily bettered by that long letter being printed, and so delivered to everybody at their going in, and some short reference made to it in the play." The performances did not always begin so early as the three o'clock named in the playbill mentioned above, for Pepys chronicles, under date February 15th, 1669, "The house very full; and late before done, so that it was past eleven before we got home."

It is, however, in the naïve criticisms of plays and actors that we find the most amusing, and sometimes the most surprising, parts of the diarist's dramatic notes. Some of his remarks on the Shakespearean plays are especially extraordinary to us now. He mentions having seen eleven of Shakespeare's plays: *Macbeth*, four times; *Henry IV.* thrice; *Othello*, *Hamlet*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, twice each; *Romeo and Juliet*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Henry VIII.*, *Henry V.*, *Merry Wives*, and *The Tempest*, once each. For only two of these has Pepys any word of commendation. He sees *Hamlet*, and is "mightily pleased with it, but above all with Betterton, the best part, I believe that ever man acted." *Macbeth*, he declares, is "a pretty good play, but admirably acted;" and on another visit he calls it "a most excellent play for variety." The other plays fare but indifferently well at his hands. The most astonishing deliverance is perhaps that on the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which, says the critic, "I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life!"

After this it is not surprising to find Pepys saying that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* "did not please me at all, in no part of it;" that *The Taming of the Shrew* is "a silly play and an old one, and generally but a mean play." He is so unfortunate, at one time, as to see *Othello* "ill acted in most parts;" but on a former occasion he had seen it well done, when "Burt acted the Moore; by the same token, a very pretty lady that sat by me, called out to see Desdemona smothered." There has been a little controversy lately in the pages of *Notes and Queries* as to whether the hapless Desdemona should be smothered or stabbed. The sentence just quoted is evidence of the antiquity of the stage custom in virtue of which she is almost invariably smothered. Pepys's notice of *Henry V.* is the chronicle of a failure. He plaintively says: "I sat so high and far off that I missed most of the words, and sat with a wind coming into my back and neck, which did much trouble me." Such was the penalty for sitting amongst the "gods."

Pepys goes to a first night performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, and resolves to go no more to "first nights," all the actors being more or less imperfect in their parts—a state of things not altogether unknown in these days. *Henry VIII.* is described as a much cried-up play, and, says the critic, "though I went with resolution to like it, is so simple a thing made up of a great many patches, that, besides the shows and processions in it, there is nothing in the world good or well done." The following strange verdict is passed upon the *Tempest*: "The most innocent play that ever I saw. . . . The play has no great wit, but yet good above ordinary plays."

Ben Jonson's comedies were Pepys's favourites, especially the *Silent Woman*, which, says he, has "more wit in than goes to

ten new plays." At another time he calls it the best comedy ever written. *Bartholomew Fair* is praised, but its abuse of the Puritans deprecated. Another play, much admired by Pepys, was the *Adventures of Five Hours*, adapted from Calderon by Sir Samuel Tuke. This comedy was a favourite with Charles II., and with the dramatic critics of the time. Echard describes it as "one of the pleasantest stories that have appeared on our stage;" and Langbaine calls it "one of the best plays now extant, for œconomy and contrivance."

Pepys's condemnation of a play that he dislikes is generally pretty vigorous. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country* he describes as: "Of all the plays that ever I did see, the worst, having neither plot, language, nor anything in the earth that is acceptable; only Knipp sings a song admirably." Readers of the *Diary* will recall frequent expressions of admiration of Knipp. Some plays now hardly known receive the most extravagant praise. Lord Orrery's *Henry V.* is called a most noble play, and is characterised as "the most full of height and raptures of wit and sense that ever I heard." A comparison of this verdict with the criticism on the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, before quoted, does not give us a very exalted idea of Mr. Samuel Pepys's qualifications as a dramatic critic. The diarist enrolls himself in the band of Nell Gwynne's admirers. She plays the part of a young gallant in Dryden's *Maiden Queen*, and "has the motions and carriage of a spark, the most that ever I saw any man have." "It makes me, I confess," says the writer, "admire her." Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all* greatly pleased our critic. Anent another of "glorious John's" plays, *An Evening's Love*, Pepys notes how Herringman, the publisher and bookseller, had told him that Dryden himself called it but a fifth-rate play. Towards the end of the *Diary*, Pepys frequently complains of his failing eyesight, and his last playgoing entry forms a pathetic conclusion to the record of his dramatic joys. He says: "It is with great trouble that I now see a play because of my eyes, the light of the candles making it very troublesome to me."

G. L. A.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE dedication of the work prepared us for something uncommon in "Melchior," by W. G. Wills (Macmillan), but hardly for the extraordinary poem to which the title is prefixed, or for the length at which a very slight story is narrated. Briefly epitomised, it comes to this: Melchior, a highly gifted, but unsuccessful, musician, is reduced to a morbid condition by the failure of his latest and most ambitious work, an oratorio on the subject of St. Cecilia. At this juncture, fortune throws in his way a young and lovely girl, Blanca by name, whom he saves from apparently premeditated drowning, and of whom he soon becomes enamoured—after a rather half-hearted fashion, as it appears to us. There is a mystery about the young lady's antecedents, which, by the bye, is never cleared up, so that we are left to imagine the worst. The artist, who seems to have lived in princely style, foretells his own death and makes suitable arrangements, whilst Blanca finds shelter in a neighbouring convent, the rules of which must have been of the laxest description. At last, by the exercise of the odic force, or something of the kind, Melchior brings her to him, and they live together *par amours*, until the inevitable parting and despair of both takes place; Blanca returns to be shot dead by her lover in a moment of frenzy, after which he pines away, and dies at the proper time. The minor characters, Hans and Wolfgang, are colourless—except that the change in the latter appears sudden. Mr. Wills, who has hitherto been chiefly known as author of some successful plays, has struck out a new line, but we cannot think it is one in which he is likely to persevere, or to obtain much favourable recognition. Mr. Browning, whatever may be his merits as a poet, is a dangerous model for an aspirant; in "Melchior" we have all his ruggedness of metre and his obscurity, without the underlying genius which so often makes atonement for his perversity; but what may be pardoned in the master is not to be imitated by his disciples, and the effect of the whole is that of a conscientiously laborious but abortive imitation. When the author permits himself to be natural he sometimes deserves a good deal of praise, e.g., the description of the garden at page 120, or Wolfgang's parable to Hans—but these are oases. The introduction of Dutch phrases strikes us as an affectation, and there is far too great a tendency to use eleven-syllabled lines. "Melchior" must be pronounced a failure, but we shall hope to welcome more congenial work by the same hand.

One always expects a treat when the name of Mr. Alfred Austin appears upon the title-page of a volume of poems, and expectation is almost more than satisfied in his latest work, "At the Gate of the Convent, and Other Poems" (Macmillan). Briefly, the book is, in one way or another, first-class throughout. It opens with a delightfully pastoral, though subjective, prelude, from which we would gladly quote, were it possible to select any one stanza as superior to the others. The poem which names the volume consists of an argument as to the superiority of the monastic life, and it is hard to know which to admire most, the manner or the matter; the gentle old prior's appeal to his departing guest is as touching in its simple conviction as the response of the latter is true to ordinary humanity, and the image in the following verse strikes us as particularly happy:—

But though we two be severed quite,
Your holy words will sound between
Our lives, like stream one hears at night
Louder, because it is not seen.

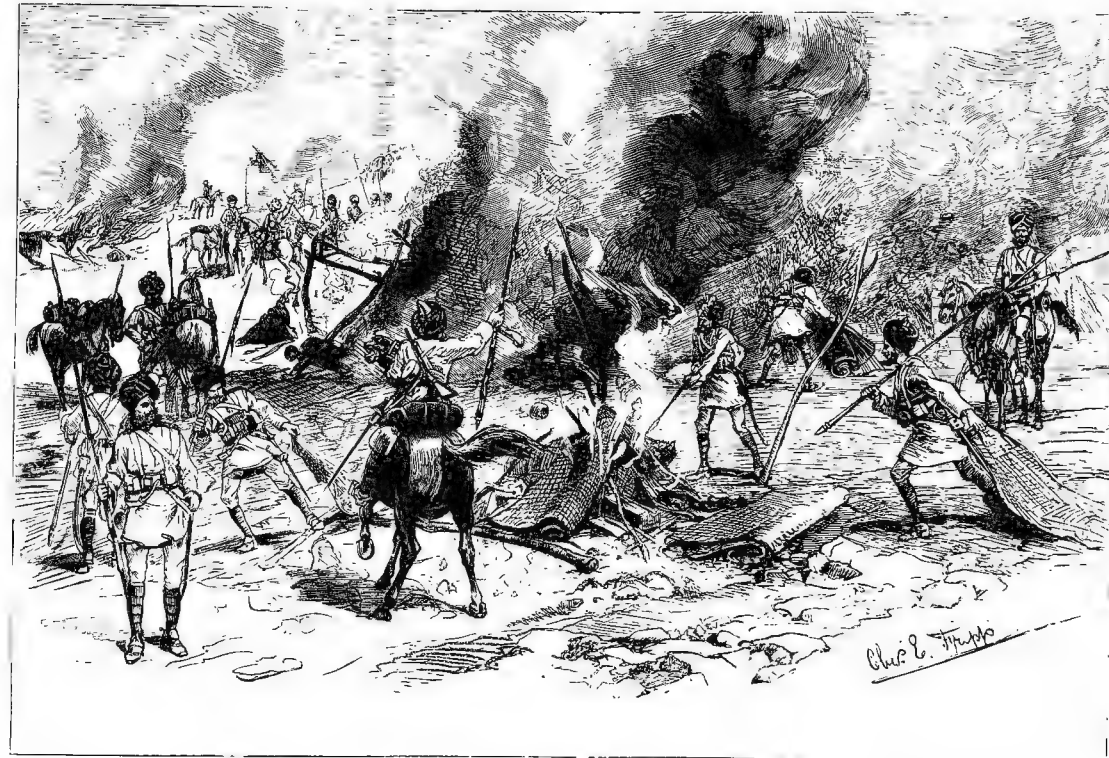
As a sort of antithesis to this take "Outside the Village Church"—equally good in its way. The "Defence of English Spring" shows Mr. Austin's idyllic power, as, to some extent, does that intensely human piece, "The Last Night"—it is beside the question to point out that the young emigrant's aspirations are, however beautiful in theory, hopelessly Utopian! We do not like "A Te Deum"—it may be realistic, but is decidedly unpleasant. Incomparably the best thing in the collection is the "Hymn to Death;" a noble, manly, Christian poem throughout: it would deserve to live were it only for the concluding lines of the last stanza:

So unto Death I do commend my Spirit,
And Time, which is in league with Death, that they
May hold in trust, and see my kin inherit
All of me that is not clay;
Emblem my voice and keep it from decay.
Then I will not ask to stay:—
Nay, rather start at once upon the way:
Cheered by the faith that, at our mortal birth,
For some high reason beyond Reason's ken,
We are put out to nurse on this strange earth,
Until Death comes to take us home again.

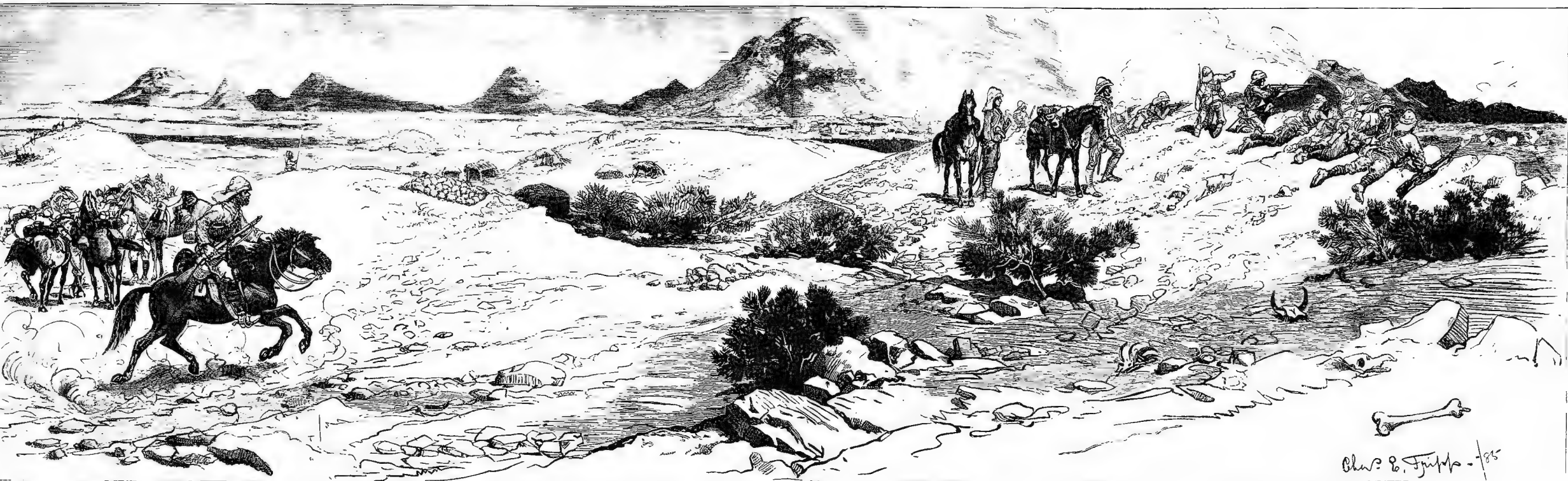
There can hardly be a more difficult task than to write verses really suited to the requirements of the very young—which shall be child-like without being childish, and embody such thoughts as the imaginary speaker might be reasonably supposed to have, expressed in fitting language. But the undertaking has been carried out to perfection in "A Child's Garden of Verses," by Robert Louis Stevenson (Longmans), a book which is sure to be one of the treasured volumes of every wholesome nursery. Mr. Stevenson must be congratulated on his happy retention of so much youthful freshness, there are but few, who could write so naturally as a healthy, happy child would think and speak; his verse, too, is easy and familiar without ever degenerating into doggerel, and there is an entire absence of the goody-goody element. Who cannot recall such delights as those imagined in "The Pirate Story," with



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its delicious jumble of nautical adventure and mad bulls, or "My Ship and I"? Which of us is too old to sympathise with "My Shadow" or "The Lamplighter"? And how perfectly juvenile notions of happiness are realised in the aspiration after

fairly land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

If exception *must* be taken, it would be to "North-West Passage," which strikes us as being liable to suggest uncanny fancies. But the book is the best of its kind we have ever seen, and an ideal present for a young child. Had it nothing else to recommend it, its remembrance by elder folk would be ensured by the *envoi* "To Minnie," and the pretty, loving dedicatory lines addressed to the author's old nurse.

The anonymous author of "Songs of Coming Day" (Kegan Paul) mentions, in a rather ostentatious preface, that he seldom reads reviews, so he is not likely to be wounded by the remark that he had better have kept his verses for his own entertainment and that of his friends. Both rhythm and rhyme are of the erratic order, witness "Herakles," in the former instance, and, in the latter, the attempt to make "pause" rhyme with "doors," and "feet" with "speed." The book contains no thought to redeem its technical shortcomings.

There is decided promise of good work in "Plays and Poems," by Albert E. Drinkwater (Griffith and Farran); the author's talent is rather in the dramatic than the lyrical branch of his art, and, with care and experience, we should not be surprised to meet with his name appended to a successful play. Of the three pieces the first two, "Tried by Fire" and "Sir Jasper's Vow," are much the best: the latter has signs of undoubted power, as in the meeting between Donald, his injured mother, and her dastardly husband; the former would not be ill-suited for private performance. On the whole, we think that Mr. Drinkwater may be encouraged to persevere.

A very dainty looking volume is "Ros Rosarum ex Horto Poetarum," by "E. V. B." (Elliot Stock), and the illustrations, from the pencil of its well-known compiler, enhance such pleasure as it may otherwise give. The contents consist of a series of practical extracts, ancient and modern, dealing with the rose under various aspects, and it may interest the curious to know that, at page 230, they will find some hitherto unpublished lines by Lord Tennyson. The selection of authors has, as a rule, been judiciously made, and the book is one which would be an ornament to any boudoir. We note with some interest, in the rather affected preface, an extract from Parkinson treating of a similar phenomenon to that dealt with by Mrs. S. K. Phillips in her pretty verses "Towton Roses," noticed not long since in these columns.

There is some merit, though not of a particularly high order, in "Sturm und Drang, a Volume of Verse" (Elliot Stock). From the title, we had expected one of those wearisome subjective rhapsodies so dear to the hearts of young poetasters; but, on the contrary, the volume consists of fair well-written and careful pieces on various subjects; the author is evidently a thoughtful and earnest man, with a musical ear, and occasionally, *e.g.*, in "Caliban in East London,"—by far the best of the series,—he gives evidence of real power and some originality. But we must confess ourselves in the dark as to the inner meaning of "The Little Grey Man!"

Unlike recent volumes of verse by the same author, "The Secret of Death," from the Sanskrit, with some Collected Poems," by Edwin Arnold, M.A. (Tribner), is not exclusively occupied with Oriental matters, but deals mainly with classic and modern subjects. To these we own to turning with a sensation of relief, after the slightly uninteresting translation which opens the collection, and which is not made more inviting by a plentiful sprinkling of unpronounceable Sanskrit names and words, which may have attractions for Indian students, but hardly for the general public. "The Epic of the Lion," on the other hand, is graceful and pretty; there is considerable power in "The Cholera in Italy," suggested by Mr. Millais's well-remembered drawing of the skeleton and the sleep-wrapped town; and "Nencia" is as sweet a pastoral as any one need wish to read. "The Lost Pleiad" is another poem calling for special attention; and "King Saladin," a version of Boccaccio's story of Messer Torello, is perhaps one of the best things the author has ever written. In short, the book, taken altogether, is a pleasant one, though it might be rash to predicate for it the immortality which Mr. Arnold, in a not particularly admirable sonnet, seems to assert will be the meed of his verse generally.

We have received from Messrs. Field and Tuer two five-act tragedies which may be lightly passed over, inasmuch as they appeal to the mind neither by dramatic interest nor by any great poetical merit, both being written in very indifferent blank verse. "Lorello," the first of these, is a bloodthirsty, though by no means improbable, story of Italian crime in mediæval times; none of the characters have any individuality—the Princess Violante might have uttered many of the silly commonplaces put into the mouth of the murdered page Lorello, and the Prince's and the Cardinal's advisers would probably, had they changed places, have changed speeches also. It strikes one curiously to find a dignitary of the Latin Church speaking of a plotted brawl as "the row got up by my arch-priest!" "The Emperor's Wish" deals with the last days of Nero, a subject which has been treated by more capable hands, and the title has little or nothing to do with the action, though it is true that the Emperor does, at an early stage of the action, casually expresses a wish "that the Roman people had one neck, that I might strangle it!" Both plays are from the pen of Mr. Fairfax L. Cartwright, B.A., third Secretary at Her Majesty's Embassy at Berlin.

"The Sage of Thebes," by George Eyre (Elliot Stock), shows advance upon the author's former poetical attempts; he has evidently profited by friendly advice, and studied, for the varied lyric metres in which his weird story is told are musical and pleasant to the ear, whilst the tale itself is not without fascination, though recalling memories both of *Faust* and the *Deformed Transformed*. Still there is nothing that the most captious could call plagiarism, and the little poem deserves genuine praise. By-the-by, could not Mr. Eyre substitute an English word for "chanson"? Would not "anthem" have expressed his meaning better?

"Poems," by "A. E. D." (Griffith and Farran), is a fairly good collection of rather colourless verses, of the ordinary magazine type. They call for no special censure, but neither have they anything sufficiently distinctive for praise. "Romance" is, perhaps, the most satisfactory piece in the book.

TRAVELLERS ON THE DISTRICT RAILWAY probably know little of a useful work for the benefit of the hard-working officials who provide for their safety—the West Brompton Railway Mission. Since the Mission began seven years ago numbers of railway men and their families have joined the Bible Classes and religious meetings, and the Committee are anxious to build a Mission Hall at West Brompton, similar to that at Westbourne Park, where Services and Temperance Meetings could be held suited to the hours of leisure amongst railway men, whose working times differ so widely from those of ordinary labour. Men will come to such a hall who at first will not go to church. Over 4000 have been collected, and 2657 further is needed, and it is hoped that the travelling public will help on the undertaking. Contributions may be sent to Miss Protheroe, 11, Alfred Place West, S.W.; Miss Eck, 100, Cromwell Road, S.W.; or the Secretary of the Railway Mission, 186, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

TEA HOUSES

MATTERS pertaining to Japan—its manners and customs, its beauty, its romance, its history, its folk-lore—have been made so familiar to us of late years by the works written by residents and globe-trotters, that it need scarcely be said that the Tea House is to the Japanese exactly what the hotel, inn, or public-house is to us. But he who would see the Japanese tea-house of old days must get off beaten tracks, and wander far away from the influences of foreign settlements and railways, or he will be brought face to face with the stern, unpleasant fact that the five hundred years' jump which the nation made in as many days has not, in the case of tea-houses, been marked by so successful a result as in other directions where change has been effected. He will fail to reconcile the prosaic reality with the pleasant, romantic ideal which he has built up for himself from the writings of early travellers in the country. Arrived, let us say, at the fashionable autumn resort of Hakoni or Miyanoshta after an interesting journey along the most picturesque of roads, he will receive somewhat of a shock at the first view of his chosen tea-house. Invited to step within by an abominably composed legend in English and French, he will observe a small gentleman, attired in a cast-off European evening dress suit, and smoking a cigar in the corner of his mouth, whom he will learn, when he pays his exorbitant bill, to be the proprietor, but not until then. He will observe tables and chairs, kerosene lamps, and gaudy Occidental pictures. He will note that cheap carpeting has ousted the good old-fashioned matting, and that bottles of European and American liquors are ostentatiously dotted about. With all this perhaps he might put up, for some little training is necessary to enable the European to live altogether *à la mode Japonaise*, but when he finds that, with the old-fashioned externals of the tea-house, the old-fashioned politeness and attention and efforts to make the stranger feel like a friend have fled also, the fact that he is in a country of unqualified reform and advance is unpleasantly forced upon his conviction.

Still, for the trouble of searching he may yet come across the old-type tea-house, and he will be amply rewarded for his trouble. In their devotion to the tea-house as a necessary adjunct of every-day life, the Japanese resemble the French in their passion for the café, and indeed from many other points of resemblance they have been called the "French of the East." Although the word "Home" and its associations mean a great deal to the Japanese, the native holiday-maker deems the tea-house visit as by no means the least important part of his day; and when we consider that the Japanese year half consists of holidays and festivals, we may imagine that tea-house proprietorship is as a rule a very lucrative calling, especially as it is totally independent of such distinctions as summer or winter seasons. To see summer tea-house life at its best, the visitor to the capital should repair to the pleasant woods of Ueno during the Cherry Blossom Festival in the month of April, or to the river side during the festival of the River Sumida in the month of June, the former being essentially a day celebration, whilst the latter does not commence until evening. The former may serve as a true and representative type of a popular holiday. A long day may be spent amongst the tea-houses—mere wooden shanties temporarily run up between the booths, under the pleasant arcade of red and white flowers—and the most genuine, hearty, simple enjoyment, unalloyed by any drunkenness or unseemly behaviour, will be observed on every side. The night festival is best observed from a gondola on the river, as a nearer inspection of the brilliantly illuminated tea-houses which line the banks from bridge to bridge is rather apt to destroy the illusion. Many of these river-side tea-houses are perfect palaces, consisting of suites of gorgeously-decorated rooms, rising storey above storey over a pleasant garden, in the midst of which is a fish-pond crossed by a rustic bridge. To these none but the wealthy resort, and here they pay a high price for the real *haute cuisine* and for the choicest brands of wine, whilst they witness performances by the most famous singing and posturing girls of the capital.

To the many theatres, tea-houses are necessary adjuncts; for, as the Japanese play is a serious affair, occupying sometimes a week in performance, the playgoer finds it impossible to enjoy himself *à la mode* without a constant application to creature comforts. It is in these tea-houses that the pets of Japanese society, the great actors and the great wrestlers, may be met—actresses as yet being comparatively unknown to the native boards; and hither the young bucks resort during the *entr'actes* to discuss matters over stewed eels, sea-weed sweets, and innumerable cups of hot wine.

Tea-house exploration in the low quarters of Tokio should be cautiously undertaken, even in these enlightened days of police and friendliness to foreigners. About the great Asakusa Temple and the faubourg of Shinagawa, not very long ago, it was absolutely dangerous for a foreigner to pass a night at a tea-house, for he was considered fair game for the wandering Rônin or the highwayman; and even if he did not enter, but kept to the middle of the street, was liable to be seized from behind, gagged, dragged in, drugged, and might deem himself fortunate if he escaped with the loss of his valuables, and without a slash from a keen muramasa blade. Such events, however, are rare now; but it is as well to be on the safe side, and not to run the risk unarmed and unescorted.

But in the country matters were always different. One of the great charms of Japanese travelling is that the stranger need never alarm himself about the possibility of not being able to get food and lodging. The meanest of villages has its tea-house, and upon the lines of the great roads many of the tea-houses are models of cleanliness, comfort, and often luxury. But the days of the old-fashioned Japanese road-side tea-house are already numbered. The extension of the railway system is ruining the road-trade of Japan just as it did that of England, and the traveller along the Tocaïdo—the great road of the Southern Sea between the capital and Yokohama—observes much the same signs of decay that he notices along the great coach-roads of our own country. He will see splendid tea-houses, some of them capable of accommodating a hundred guests, falling to ruin, mere shadows of their former grandeur, from which the servants implore him to stop and rest his honourable limbs, where the expenditure of a few pence is hailed with genuine gratification, and where he will be treated like a prince. The few features of old prosperity still clinging to them remind the traveller of the old days when a great lord on his way to pay his annual respects to the Sovereign at the capital, with a retinue of two or three hundred men, would send word a day beforehand of his coming by swift runners. With a little stretch of fancy he can people the deserted rooms with swagging swashbucklers in crested coats, and with long swords unsparingly used on any miserable peasant who should neglect to obey the shouted "Make obeisance!" He can animate the street outside with a noisy, bustling crowd, with the great man's palanquin, and the lines of prostrate peasantry, and when he turns to the present silent, deserted scene he will be unable to repress a feeling of regret that old-world pomp and display has been banished from its last stronghold.

On the routes resorted to by pilgrims to the shrines on Mount Oyama, or to the Peerless Mountain itself, the tea-houses still do a roaring trade at certain seasons of the year, and the old state of affairs exists to some extent. But as Japanese pilgrims, in common with the pilgrims of most countries, place cleanliness as a very bad second to godliness, the fastidious European should hesitate before he elects to pass the night at one of their houses of call, a move which need put him to no inconvenience, as there are always houses which, for the above-mentioned reason, refuse to take in pilgrims.

Worship of Nature is so innate in the Japanese character that a country tea-house without a single picturesque feature about it is a rarity. It is certain to have a quaint little garden behind it, or it is so placed as to command a view, or near a waterfall, or on the borders of a lake or river, and the pedestrian is too often lured by its Capuan attractions to linger longer than he intended, and to find himself obliged to put on a spurt in order to reach his destination by nightfall. Their very names breathe the love of Nature; *ami*, instead of the absurd incongruities and monotonous sameness so characteristic of English inn signs, we find "Drooping Pine," "Singing Sea Wave," "Fairy Bamboo," and other conceits generally suggested by some striking feature of the neighbouring scenery abundant.

Naturally the village tea-house is the centre of local life and excitement. The squire himself condescends often to repair thither, in order to glean the last news brought by travellers from the capital. The priest attached to the little temple on the hillside finds tea-house gaiety very much more congenial than the solitude of his little room. The itinerant players, maskers, conjurers, and posturers pitch their ring in front of it; the beggar knows that broken victuals and loose cash are certain to be had for the trouble of whining a few bars in the ears of the tea-sipping travellers. Moreover, the proprietor is a man of position and possessions, and as such is looked up to as being second only to the squire, his wife being the local oracle in the matters of fashion and etiquette, and his daughters regarded as accomplished young ladies most desirable to be caught for wives; whilst to get a position of waiting-maid in his establishment is considered by the damsels of the neighbourhood as the equivalent of a very good start in life.

F. A.

WAR PUBLICATIONS.—Mr. Charles Marvin's little work, "The Russians at the Gates of Herat" (Frederick Warne and Co.), is especially valuable just now. It gives the history of the Russian advance since the swoop upon Merv, and touches largely upon the secret intrigues carried on by Muscovite generals and emissaries. The various plans put forth by Russian military authorities for the invasion of India are given in brief, and the boundary dispute which is now agitating England and Russia is discussed and analysed. Mr. Marvin, of course, believes in the "fixed idea" long cherished by Russia of an invasion of India, and characterises the attitude of England as that of a man standing on a railway line and disregarding all warnings of an approaching train. The book is illustrated, and contains two maps.—Another equally opportune work on the same subject is "The Russo-Afghan Question and the Invasion of India," by Colonel Malleon, C.S.I. (Routledge), who deals far more exhaustively than Mr. Marvin with the history of the Russian advance. Colonel Malleon gives a stirring account of the defence of Herat by Eldred Pottinger in 1838, and warmly urges the importance of that province. "As long as Herat is held by an ally or dependent of India, India is unassailable." Otherwise Herat constitutes a new and perfect base for a hostile army. Colonel Malleon describes the route from Herat to Sarakhs and the Murghab, and concludes with a useful summary of the strength of the armies on both sides. Both these works are well worth careful reading at the present time.—Another useful war publication is "A Special Map of Afghanistan and the Adjacent Countries Connected With the Anglo-Russian Difficulty," published by Mr. T. Ruddiman Johnston, F.R.G.S., of Edinburgh. Besides the Afghan map it contains inset maps of Europe, Asia, South-Western Asia, and India.—Messrs. George Philip and Son, of Fleet Street, have also sent us three admirable maps bearing on the Afghan dispute. One, "Philip's Map of Central Asia," is particularly handy, showing the boundaries of Russia and Afghanistan. Another, "A War Map of Afghanistan and the Indo-Russian Frontiers," also contains a large general map, showing the connection between England, Russia, and India; while a third, "Afghanistan and Persia," is on a larger scale, and especially adapted for following military operations, being exceedingly lightly and clearly printed, and the various roads being distinctly defined.—Mr. E. Stanford, of Charing Cross, has sent us a well-executed "Shilling Map of Afghanistan and Adjoining Countries," the frontier borders being particularly well defined.—A "Bird's-Eye View of Afghanistan and its Surroundings" has been published by W. and A. K. Johnston, of Edinburgh.—Turning from Afghanistan to Egypt, a sad interest lies in "Letters from Khartoum, Written During the Siege," by the late Frank Power (S. Low). These letters, written only for the home circle, date from May, 1883, when Mr. Power started with Mr. O'Donovan to join Hicks's ill-fated expedition against the Mahdi, and contain admirable descriptions of the everyday life at Khartoum, from the time of the disaster at El Obeid to last March. His telegrams to the *Times*, however, bring news of Khartoum to July 31st. The letters are full of mingled humour and pathos, and are especially interesting from the fact that they form the sole record—General Gordon's diaries excepted—of the siege of Khartoum. Mr. Power expresses the highest possible respect and friendship for Gordon, with whom he seems to have formed a close intimacy—Gordon promising to take him in the Congo expedition, which he was looking forward to lead for the King of the Belgians when Khartoum was relieved.—Another chatty work is "Khartoum As I Saw It," by Colonel J. A. Grant, C.B., F.R.S. (Blackwood). As Mr. Power describes Khartoum in the throes of the siege, so Colonel Grant, by means of excerpts from his diary, depicts the city as it was in more peaceful times in 1863, when he visited it in company with the late Captain Speke, the well-known explorer. The little book is pleasant reading, and contains some illustrations of Khartoum and its neighbourhood.—Mr. William Alfred Gibbs, the well-known author of "Aston Grange," and other poems, has just reprinted in a cheap form (one shilling) his spirit-stirring *Battle of the Standard*. This picturesque record of English courage is very seasonable at the present crisis, when the din of warlike preparation sounds on every side. Mr. Gibbs has written a new preface, which contains a forcible appeal for the further utilisation of our admirable Volunteer Force; and also a poetical address, entitled "Arm, England, arm!" which, although we are opposed to Jingoism, we must admit to be replete with the true poetic fire.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.—Geographical science now plays so prominent a part in our everyday life that we are glad to welcome any works which will aid in imparting knowledge of the more abstruse side of the subject to young folk, without incurring the risk of wearying them. For this reason we may highly commend two little books, published by Mr. Thomas Young (36, Kensington High Street). One of these is "The A. B. C. Guide to Physical Geography," compiled especially for the "instruction and diversion" of juveniles, and written in a lively and chatty style.—The same may be said of "Shores, Bars, Banks, and Deltas," which deals with the changes that rivers are wont to effect on the earth's surface. Both little works convey plenty of information in an essentially pleasant and facile form.

A SERIES OF FINE PHOTOGRAPHS of the beautiful scenery of the Yellowstone Park are on view at the Offices of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, 20, Water Street, Liverpool, and are worth a visit from any one passing through that town on their way to the United States.

A CAPITAL INVESTMENT

I.

THE PURCHASE

THERE could not be a doubt that Gretta Foley was "a good-looking lump of a girl." The barony of Killeen had decided that point long ago. Any Sunday morning you might see her hurrying along the mass-path to Killeen Chapel. She was generally late, her bonnet was sure to be crooked, and her necktie comfortably settled under one ear, but her broad ruddy face was so radiant with smiles, her dark eyes were so bright and dancing, and her teeth so brilliantly white, that minor deficiencies of toilette might be excused. To avoid disappointment, I may as well say at once that Gretta's hair was *not* golden, but a nondescript shade of brown, and, moreover, might have been improved by a good brushing. It is also painful to admit that her ankles were far from symmetrical, though at the same time they were sturdy, useful members, and able to bear any amount of strain that might be put upon them. Best of all, Gretta was full of heart—bubbling over with it, and would willingly have given her last penny to any one who stood in need of it. She filled the post of chief manageress and general factotum in the family of a farmer near Killeen. The tubs she scrubbed, the butter she made, the cows she milked would astonish you. She was strong in mind and body, and if she had had any culture would probably have gone in for women's rights or female suffrage. As it was, her thoughts were not this way bent. It could hardly be supposed that Gretta had reached the age of two-and-twenty without some ideas on the subject of matrimony; in fact, the prospect of "gettin' marrid" was never absent from her mind for a single hour. As she had no enterprising female relative to manage these affairs for her, she bravely took the matter into her own hands, and negotiated for herself.

For some time the right man did not appear. At last, at a wake in the neighbourhood, Gretta beheld a "boy"—one Mike Dempsey, a tall, lazy, loutish-looking fellow, whom she at once recognised to be her "fate." An acquaintance soon sprang up, and they talked together, in other words courted, for some months. Then the idea of matrimony presented itself. But here, on the very threshold, they were confronted by those terrible ways and means which have bewildered more aristocratic couples than they were. Gretta had her wages and her situation, but Mike had simply nothing. He resided under the paternal roof (and a very crazy roof it was!)—the roof of a cabin situated on the edge of a bare bog. When the cutting easterly wind blew, it explored every nook and cranny of the cabin under which seven Dempseys were crowded together. When they had potatoes they ate them, and when they had none they did without, and hoped for better days. But the better days seemed very long coming; the Dempseys were "down in their luck."

"Arrah! why don't you get something to do?" cried Gretta, one day, giving her lazy admirer an impatient nudge with her elbow. "Ye ought to be footin' the country to look for work."

"Sure, what could I get?" he answered, leisurely taking the pipe out of his mouth. "The harvest is over now, and there's not a hand's turn doin' anywhere. Sorra a ha'porth of use to be wearin' out shoe leather goin' here and there for nothin' at all."

After a pause Mike continued, "Maybe it's to Australia I'll be goin' in the spring. I have an uncle out there, and I'll go bail he'd find me the price of my passage, if I asked him."

Now Gretta did not relish the idea of Australia for her swain. Once out there, the probability was that he would forget her, and this would not suit her book at all. No! something must be thought of without delay, and often the light artillery of the female mind is more effective than the heavy guns which are all the masculine intellect can bring into the field. There was an old herd, or caretaker, at the farm, who was now getting superannuated, and not likely to live through the winter. Gretta might be able to put Mike into his place, and then what more easy than that these two should set up housekeeping on their own account in the little cabin which adjoined the farm?

But they had no furniture—no "sticks" as Gretta expressed it—not a solitary chair, or table, or kettle! For this difficulty also Gretta had a resource. Out of her earnings she had managed to save about ten or twelve shillings. This capital she resolved to invest in a young pig—a "bonham"—which in a few months could be fattened up and sold for three or four times the amount of what she would give for it. No sooner thought of than done. When the next pig-fair came off at the village of Ballinabrophy, Gretta dressed herself in her best, and started for the scene of action, with her money tied up in a handkerchief. No horse-dealer at Tattersall's could be sharper about the points of a hunter than Gretta was about the points of her pig. Drove after drove passed before her without a purchase being made. At last, her quick eyes darted down on a small active, black "bonham"—she looked into its mouth, she pinched its chest, and, after a few more investigations, she decided that this was the one she would have, and no other. She paid down her eleven shillings to the dealer, getting a shilling luck-penny in return, and then she drove her prize triumphantly out of the fair.

She had decided to board and lodge it with a friend, Timothy Mulligan, to whom she would pay ninepence a week for its keep. The pig seemed to know what important results depended on it, for it thrived amazingly, it almost grew before one's eyes, and expanded visibly in breadth and flesh. Its tail became more curly, its eyes more knowing, in fact, with a little cultivation, it might have turned out to be a learned pig, able to fathom the mysteries of the alphabet. It was an acknowledged pet with the children at Timothy Mulligan's, it slept with the family, it had the "run of the house," and was allowed to help itself to any delicacies in the shape of decayed apples or broken eggs that might be going. Gretta often paid it a visit, and surveyed it with pride and satisfaction.

What sides of bacon, what hams, what sausages were there in embryo! Even its very pettitoes were valuable, and its head, garnished with cabbage, would feed a family for a week.

As Gretta hurried back to the farm, she built many a castle in the air as to what she would do when her pig should be sold at a good price, and she would be able to embark on the sea of matrimony with Mike Dempsey, the chosen of her susceptible heart.

II.

THE SEIZURE

TIMOTHY MULLIGAN was not a prosperous man. Literally and metaphorically, he was out at elbows—wallowing in a mire of difficulties—in debt at the whisky shops, in debt for provisions, for rent, and for county cess. He did not meet his troubles half-way, he took things "aisy," and, like Mr. Micawber, waited for "something to turn up." But when that something *did* turn up, it was quite different from what he anticipated. He looked for sunshine, and behold! a storm; for fair weather, and, lo! the lowering of a tempest was in his ears.

One sunny day in March Timothy was lounging by the gate which led to his abode. The gate was as forlorn a specimen of a gate as could be imagined. It was hanging by one rusty hinge, the lower bar had fallen to pieces, and Gretta's pig had just forced its way underneath, and was now vigorously grubbing on the borders of a stagnant pool that skirted the high road.

"Bad manners to it!" quoth Timothy, as he put his pipe into his mouth; "the pig, I mane—it's the only thriving thing about the place, but by the help of God, I'll have a pig of my own afore long, when Gretta pays up for this one's keep. Nothin' 'll do her

but gettin' marrid. Sure it's the way wid them all; there's my own boy spakin' to a girl down at Ballinabrophy. What right has a little hobbledehoy like that to get marrid, I'd like to know. It's aimin' a couple of shillins' to keep his father out of the poorhouse he ought to be, but divil a care he has for that. Well, there's a good God over all, and maybe, I'll astonish him yet."

Timothy's meditations were cut short by the sound of wheels. An outside car drove rapidly up, and stopped at the gate. Mr. Carruthers, the county cess-collector, was seated on one side, and two of his assistants on the other. Mr. Carruthers was big, tall, red-faced, and imposing, and there was an air of business about him to-day which showed that he was not to be trifled with. Timothy gazed at the party from under the brim of his ragged hat, with a look in which surprise, disgust, and terror were oddly mingled.

Mr. Carruthers jumped off the car, and began to address him as follows:—

"Good morrow, Mulligan, I am coming to-day to demand of you twelve and threepence halfpenny, which you owe for county cess."

Timothy quailed inwardly, but put on his most humble attitude, and faltered out,

"Give me a few days longer, sir, and I'll pay you without fail. Everything's been agin me this while back."

"No, no. You've put me off with promises too long. I won't listen to them any more. This is the way you serve me every assizes, you are one of the very worst names on my black list. To-morrow will be the last day to pay up. I must lodge the money then, and I don't mean to pay it for you again. I have done it before, and I won't be at the loss of it this time."

"Oh! what will I do, at all, at all?" wailed Timothy, thrusting his still hot pipe into his pocket. "Sure, I have ne'er a shilling in the house this blessed day."

"Well, I must make a seizure, then, that's all. I shall have to do it if you don't pay on the minute."

"For the love of God, don't seize this time, sir, and on the word of a man, I'll pay you before the week's out."

But the collector turned a deaf ear, he was determined to listen to no promises, no entreaties. He would be inexorable this day, at all events. He well knew that it was not an agreeable task to seize the widow's last blanket, or to confiscate the sole remaining cow of a family, but there was no help for it sometimes, the law must be carried out. So now he looked about Timothy Mulligan's premises in search for something suitable to seize. In vain this search seemed to be. He could see no poultry, no cows, no geese, no donkeys, no goats. At length he cried, impatiently, "Come, Mulligan, what property have you got handy to drive? You know you can release it in a day or two, if you manage to make up the money."

Mulligan made no answer. There was a dogged, sullen look in his dark face, which seemed to say, "You will get nothing out of me." Mr. Carruthers saw it, and it only made him more determined to pursue his search. He walked into Timothy's cabin, prodding his stick while he went, as though he might possibly turn up something valuable from the damp earth. But no! a wooden cradle with the latest hope of the Mulligan family huddled up among rags would not be worth seizing, neither would a broken-nosed jug, or a few cracked cups and saucers, or a three-legged stool. But suddenly a welcome sound greeted the collector's ears. It was not the cry of the baby in the cradle—that was unsatisfactory, for it represented neither pounds, shillings, nor pence. No! This sound was a grunt—deep, prolonged, and unctuous. Where there was a grunt there must be a pig, and where there was a pig there must be also that desideratum—something to seize and something to drive! Mr. Carruthers and his two assistants followed the sound of the grunt, and in a few minutes they espied the curly tail of Gretta's pig peeping out of the gutter. They pounced upon it in triumph.

"By Jove! We've got something this time," cried the collector. "Here, McGrath, take this pig."

And Mr. Carruthers pronounced over it the following formula, which he partly read from a printed notice he held in his hand, filling up the blanks as he went along:—"I hereby seize this slip of a pig for County Cess by virtue of my warrant to me delivered by the County Treasurer, and I give you, Timothy Mulligan, this notice to that effect. I will sell, or cause to be sold, the said slip of a pig on Thursday next by public auction at the hour of noon at the market-cross of Ballinabrophy.—SAMUEL CARRUTHERS, Collector."

"Stop, stop, sir!" cried Mulligan, thrusting out his hands. "Whatever you do, don't seize that pig, or you'll ruin me entirely. Take meself, take Biddy, take the childer, but for the love of God, lave the pig!"

"Botheration to you!" exclaimed Mr. Carruthers. "What good on earth would it be to seize you or the children? Do you think I could sell *you* at the market-cross of Ballinabrophy, man alive? No, no, no, quite. I'll take the only saleable thing I can see, and that is your pig, so you may bid good-bye to it."

Chuckling at his own repartee, Mr. Carruthers ordered the carman to drive on, and to meet him at the cross-roads, while he and his assistants (with the pig) took a short cut along the fields. So they departed, and the whole Mulligan family came out to the gate, and surveyed them go with the most intense dismay. A cry rose up from the nine Mulligan throats—the father, bass, and the six-months'-old baby, a piercing treble—which echoed far and wide over hill and dale, over bog and meadow.

For some time all went well; the pig was obedient, and the distance of two fields soon stretched between it and Mulligan's abode. Suddenly, the idea began to dawn upon its intellect that the scenes of youthful peace and innocence were rapidly becoming less and less distinct. Such a thought was intolerable. Our friend made one furious dive, and rapidly proceeded in the direction of "Home, Sweet Home." But the collector and his men were not to be balked in this way. They faced about, and gave the sagacious pig to understand that it must be led by them, and not by its own sweet will. It had ideas—and very pronounced ones—of its own on the subject. So away it went, making for a gap in the hedge—turning, twisting, butting, like a four-legged eel. Collector and Co. had hard work to keep up with it; the more they shouted the louder grunted the pig—it absolutely seemed to defy them. There was a troop of boys and girls weeding turnips in the adjoining field. Delighted at such a splendid opportunity for idleness, they all left off work, and mounted a double ditch so that they might obtain the best survey of the situation. It is hardly necessary to say that their sympathies were entirely with the pig and against the collector. The pig was cheered, the collector was groaned. Meanwhile, the chase grew more and more exciting—the pig seemed to be getting the best of it. It had nimbly doubled on its pursuers, and was now close to a gap in the field near Mulligan's farm. Then a diversion was made. It was beaten back by a flank movement from the collector; again it ran in an horizontal direction, when a sharp prod from a long stick forced it to turn back. Another run brought it again to the gap in the ditch. Courage! A little more holding out, and who could tell but the collector and his men might be defeated in the end? It was no easy task to run such a pig as this to earth, its exertions were something more than pig-flesh had ever exhibited before. It seemed to be possessed—enchanted. One has heard of enchanted swans—but an enchanted pig!

III.

THE RESCUE

MEANWHILE, Gretta was peacefully engaged making butter in the dairy. She was as busy as a bee, her short skirts tucked up almost

as high as Lizzie Lindsay's in the song, and her stout arms bare to the elbow. She was singing to herself her favourite air, "The Little House Under the Hill," and as she did so there rose before her mind's eye a vision more delightful to her than marble palaces or sparkling grottoes—a vision of a smoke-blackened cabin of which she would be the mistress, and Mike the proprietor and lord. It would be furnished by her exertions—already she had her eye on a second-hand table and an imperfect set of crockery ware, which would form important items in the future household gods. The old herd was now dead, and Mike was sure of his place, so Gretta's heart rejoiced within her. Suddenly she heard a noise, and she put her head out of the dairy window to discover the cause thereof.

"Arrah, Larry!" she cried to the yard boy. "What's up?"

"Sure, it's the collector, Mr. Carruthers. He's been down at Mulligan's beyant."

"Well, and what did he do there?" asked Gretta, eagerly.

"He's after seizin' the slip of a pig, and they're strivin' to drive it away to Ballinabrophy."

"Is it the pig?" shrieked Gretta, putting her whole heart and soul into the momentous word.

"Isn't that what I'm tellin' you? They're after seizin' Mulligan's pig."

Gretta gave a shout which might have been heard a mile off. Hurry off she must and should to claim her property. No time for a bonnet. She flung a shawl over her head, and wiping the butter-milk from her arms on her apron, away she flew through the haggard, down the hill, over the ditch, straight as a die for Mulligan's cabin. Imagine the feelings of some adventurous shareholder if he should hear that all his Mexicans, his Eries, his Cape Coppers were going to smash with one fell blow, and you may have some faint idea of Gretta's state of mind at this critical moment of her history. She felt as if "the life was lavin' her." In her haste she stumbled over roots of trees, she caught her foot in a rabbit-hole, she tore her skirt to ribbons in a blackberry bush—but all was no matter—nothing, nothing was any matter so long as she arrived in time. Already she heard the grunt of her pig and the muttered oaths of the collector and his men.

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" panted Gretta with all the breath that was left to her. "Give over drivin' that pig, I say. Ye'll kill it! Give over!"

By this time she had reached the scene of conflict, and stood before the collector, frantically gasping out "Stop, I say, stop!"

"My gracious, girl, are you clean demented?" he cried. "What on earth business is it of yours? It's Mulligan's pig we're driving."

"It's not; it's not," panted Gretta. "It's *mine*; ivery bone in its body is *mine*. Oh! what will I do at all if ye've kilt it? I've stuck all my wages in that pig."

"I found it at Mulligan's farm, at any rate," answered the collector decidedly, "and I've seized it for cess that he owes. I've a legal right to seize anything I find on the premises."

"Oh, yer honour," cried Gretta, "give it back, for God's sake give it back to me, and I'll pay the cess to-morrow when I sell the pig. On my faith and conscience, I will."

"I'd be long sorry to trust any of you," said the collector.

But his heart belied his words. As he glanced at Gretta's face, there was something in it which told him she was honest. Should he give in to her or not?

"I am always a fool about a good-looking girl," he muttered, and then he reflected that the pig was certainly a most aggravating animal to drive, and it was not pleasant to be exposed to the jeers and jokes of the onlookers at the double ditch. Altogether, the position was an awkward one, and the collector was glad of a chance of escaping from it. "If I do mind you," he said, turning to Gretta, "I suppose I shall just have to pay Mulligan's cess myself, and be at the loss of it."

"Divil a fear!" exclaimed Gretta, eagerly. "Whin I sell the pig to-morrow you shall have the cess paid down on the nail. Long life to you and yours!" So Gretta departed, triumphantly driving her pig back to its old quarters, while the collector mounted his car, muttering, *solito voce*, "Well, if I am a fool, I can't help myself."

The next day, as he sat at the receipt of custom in the Session house of Ballinabrophy, it almost seemed as if his doubts as to Gretta's integrity were likely to prove true. Eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, one o'clock, and still she had not appeared. At last, just as the town clock was on the stroke of two, in burst Gretta, flushed, eager, and rejoicing.

"There! your honour," she cried, flinging down a handful of shillings, "there's Mulligan's cess money—twelve and threepence halfpenny; take it up, and my blessing with it. Sure, I'm after sellin' the pig for three pound ten! I niver had such luck wid a pig afore. The drivin' yez gev it 'ere yesterday made it thrive wonderful, and now Mike and I can get married afore the month's out."

And so they were. It need hardly be added that Gretta ruled the roost, but it was the best thing that could happen both for husband, pigs, and children, as she was the brains-carrier, and kept the household up to the mark. She never fails to chuckle at her triumph over the collector, and at her own capital investment.

C. J. II.

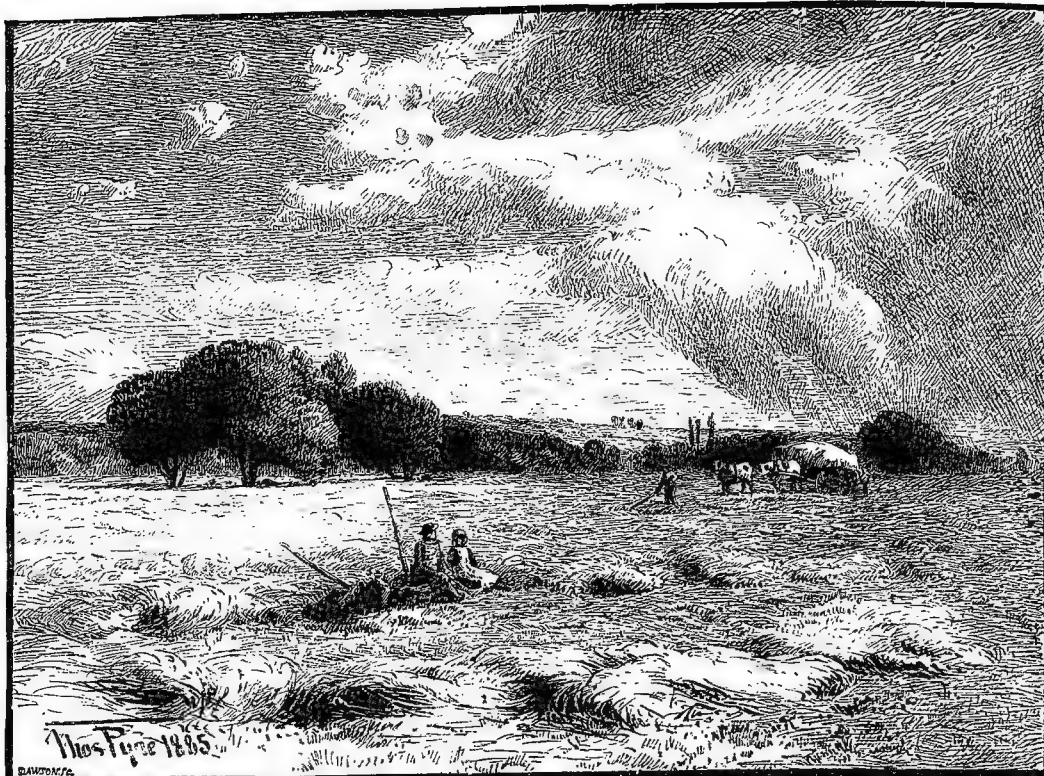
AGRICULTURE AND EDUCATION.—The dearthness of labour and the depression of agriculture compel us to note the plain fact that many light farming operations which, in the days before the Education Act, were done by youngsters under proper supervision, are now left undone for the want of such hands to whom six hours' daily cramping in a small schoolhouse is probably far harder and far less healthy work than that of their fathers when they were boys. If the farmer of a large light land flock farm wants to weed a field of corn, he has the annoyance of seeing a gang of able-bodied men doing the simple work at a cost four or five times greater than it used to be done for by the young lads of the village. Crow-scaring and half-a-dozen other cases might be instanced.

IN THE COUNTRY a lad of fifteen will get 7s. 6d. a week, rising very rapidly to 10s. His dress will be strong and durable, appropriate and weatherproof. He will enjoy ruddy health, an unfailling appetite, and a hundred natural and pleasant sights which, without appealing to his mind directly, will yet exert a sensible influence in keeping him happy and interested. In the town an office boy of the same age will start with 5s., rising very slowly to 7s. 6d. He will have to dress very tidily, and in clothes which to appearance give up what was meant for protection and for health. If he falls ill, or loses his place for any other cause, a protracted time of want and anxiety may, and all too often does, intervene before he finds another situation, whereas the handy country lad can "pick" a kindly master. He need never wait a week for a place in ordinary seasons.

PRINCE BISMARCK is now one of the largest landed proprietors in Germany, thanks chiefly to the gratitude of his countrymen, who, before presenting him with the old estate of Schönhausen on his last birthday, had given him Friedrichsruhe, in Lauenburg; while the Pomeranian estate of Varzin was bought with a national grant after the Austro-Prussian War. Altogether, he owns nearly eighteen square miles of territory, ten of these chiefly forest land; and the revenue, including the returns from large paper-mills at Varzin, amounts to some 18,000*l.* yearly. The Schönhausen estate belonged to the elder branch of the Bismarck family, and was sold for debts.



SHUTTING THE LOCK GATES—H. CAFFIERI



A HAYFIELD AT MARLOW—T. PYNE.



PAN PIPES—WALTER CRANE, R.I.

"CARRY HIGH THE COLOURS"—THE GUARDS DEFENDING THE
SANDBAG BATTERY AT INKERMEN—W. B. WOLLEN

NELLY AND HER GRANDFATHER AT THE RACES—CHAS. GREEN, R.I.



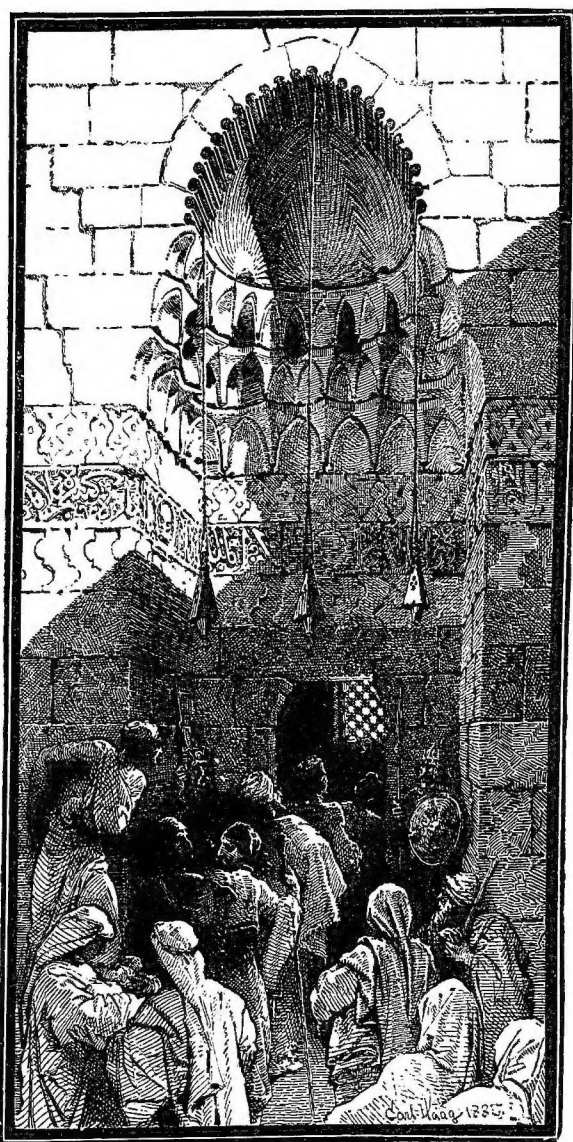
A FAVOURITE AUTHOR—H. S. MARKS, R.A.



BANDITTI—SIR JOHN GILBERT



WHERE THE MILL STREAM LEAVES THE RIVER—J. W. NORTH

BAB EL MAKAMAH (THE GATE OF JUSTICE IN JERUSALEM)—
CARL HAAG

THE THREE RAVENS—E. F. BREWTHALL



POMONA—ARTHUR HOPKINS

AN INDIAN SCANDAL

THE educated natives of India are just now in the position of "Lothair"—they are in search of a religion. Education is convincing them of the absurdities of their ancient superstitions, but Christianity, the belief of their rulers, is not to their tastes. Under the circumstances they are as credulous as children and as easily led as sheep. So promising a field as India now affords for the practice of what is popularly called "Occult Science" could hardly fail to be neglected while the American Cousin is around. Consequently a Yankee, "Colonel" Olcott, accompanied by, it is supposed, a Pole, Madame Blavatsky, seized the opportunity to carry an extraordinary description of religious comfort to the thirsty souls of the Hindus. The pair seem to have hit upon Theosophy as a suitable creed for Baboos without one, and for some years past Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky have been travelling over India, making proselytes as they went, and bringing in shekels of gold and silver to the Theosophical coffers. What Theosophy pretends to be, the Deuce only knows; but, what it actually is, is a fraud and an imposture, if there is any truth in certain letters published by the editors of the *Christian College Magazine* at Madras. So far as it is possible to comprehend the tenets of the Theosophical faith, it appears to be an *olla podrida* of the worship of Isis, of Buddha, and of modern Spiritualism mixed up together, and that the mixture is an agreeable one to swallow is shown by the gullibility of various European gentlemen and ladies of good social position, as well as by the coquetting with "Mahatema" of certain Indian rajahs and native gentlemen of high degree. Who "Mahatema" may be is also unknown to the uninitiated. He may be the Emperor of Russia for all we know to the contrary. In the Theosophical creed he appears to be what the Great Spirit is to the North American Indians, and he is strangely associated with that wonderful Mystic of Tibet with which the novel of "Mr. Isaacs" has made us all familiar. But whoever he may be, when he is at home, some people of the name of Colombe, members of the Theosophical Society, entertain misgivings regarding his reality, and in an evil hour for Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky they have entrusted their doubts to the editors of the Madras magazine referred to. For this has resulted in the publication of Madame Blavatsky's private correspondence in all the Indian papers, which correspondence may be a forgery; but it certainly looks genuine enough to gain credence with persons not imbued with the principles of Theosophy. One short extract from the letters so published is sufficient to indicate their general style and tenor. It is as follows:—"My dear Marquise—Holkar, *fiasco*. So much the better. He sends Rs.200 for my expenses. I darsay he was afraid of some cursed, bigoted official. Damn him."

From this it may be gathered that if the Theosophists are religious people they can still swear roundly; but why Holkar should contribute to their expenses is a mystery that as yet remains unexplained. Holkar has the reputation of being a shrewd Prince, and Theosophy is not a thing to recommend itself to the favour of money-making men; it rather commends itself to persons who wish to get rid of their cash. But, however that may be, the lady—whose name has a Russian ring—has undoubtedly succeeded in gaining many converts, and sometimes, with no better paraphernalia than a magical teacup that repairs itself when broken to pieces, and a lock of her own hair that is miraculously discovered in the Prince of Wales' statue in Bombay, while the owner of the tress is herself residing at the other end of India. Phenomena so surprising should certainly prove sufficient to convert all India to a new belief; but to add to the attraction, the Theosophists have set up an altar on the banks of the Adyar at Madras, where the devout can receive letters from "Mahatema" in his own handwriting—a Theosophical Post Office, in short.

Theosophy has been heard of in London and in Paris as well as in India, and it seems to have a sort of fascination for people who believe that there is something after all in Indian magic. The East is the home of the magicians, and there are conjurors among the Aryans even at this present day who can make mango trees grow, flower and fruit, all in half an hour, to say nothing of cutting off a person's head and putting it on again. The Brahmins and Ascetics are popularly credited with a knowledge of the mysterious lore of the Chaldeans; but it is obviously an anachronism that modern America should try to introduce occult phenomena to Ancient India! It is like carrying coals to Newcastle. And whether the Colombes' revelations regarding the leaders of the Theosophical Society are genuine or not, the miracles performed by the lady with the Russian name appear to be of the tamest description. Letters from "Mahatema" do not count for much, because they could be written by anybody without the smallest chance of "Mahatema" ever prosecuting them for forgery. Broken china can be repaired at the cost of a few penn'orths of cement; and rings and cigarettes whisked away into gardens, while affording as much matter for astonishment as the fly in amber, are hardly calculated to impress any one with a religious respect for the powers of the Spirits, considering what very trivial use they make of them.

A creed founded on such phenomena could hardly live even without the heavy blows M. and Madame Colombe have dealt it; and yet, such as it is, it has turned the heads of a good many Englishmen and natives of India, who, as was said before, are obviously in want of a religion. It is, perhaps, the resemblance of the worship to the adoration of the natives of their gods that has made Theosophy so popular in India. The "mild Hindu," kneeling before a peepul tree (*Ficus Indica*) on which a patch of vermilion paint has been smeared, is no bad type of the Theosophist and his "altar" at Madras.

The Hindu Mythology abounds with creations like the Mystical Being of Thibet, and the great gift of being able to annihilate space—which really belongs to the electric telegraph—is shared by various *ins* of the Hindus with the Puck of Shakespeare. The Buddha portion of the Theosophic mixture is something again with which the Hindus are quite at home. It is only to enjoy Nirvana (*Anglië*, blissful repose) without exerting oneself in any way for the good of humanity. The adoration of Isis, in the Theosophical Creed, lends a spice of *diable* to a religion composed of so many elements, and is all that is wanting to make the Hindus thoroughly appreciate it as a whole. Theosophy, then, stood a fair chance of becoming the creed of thousands of half-educated Indians, but for this fatal exposure at Madras. If the letters which the Colombes have published on the subject are genuine—and the editors of the *Christian College Magazine* pledge their credit to their being so—it is difficult to see how the most unsuspicious Hindu can believe in Theosophy any more. The friends of Theosophy may pretend that truth is truth, even though its professors resort to shifts and expedients of a very dubious character, in order to promote it; but less ardent admirers of the new creed will shake their heads when they hear, in this correspondence, of trap-doors, of a free use of the telegraph wires for the manifestation of miracles, and of curious impecuniosity among persons supposed to have the spirits and all their supernatural powers of disclosing hidden treasure at their command. Take away the occult possibilities of Theosophy, and it is only a spurious kind of Buddhism that remains, but of Buddhism the natives of India can have enough and to spare without going to Americans or Poles to teach them. There is no denying the fact, however, that the collapse of "Koot Hoomi," as it is called, has created a great scandal in India, and it is to be hoped that the Russians won't laugh in their sleeves at the exceeding folly of the whole business. Had it been Christianity that was spreading in India instead of superstition and devil worship as bad as anything the Hindus ever had of their

own, our good friends the Muscovites might have pulled a long face; because if there is one thing more than another that would bind the People of India to our *Raj* and the Army of India to our interests, it would be for both people and troops to be of the same religion as their rulers.

F. E. W.

VENICE IN SPRING

VENICE has thrown off her dismal winter dress; the lead-coloured dome above her has become blue; she smiles once more beneath the first kisses of returning spring. During these humid days of March and April we have witnessed a set of battles between the sun and the mist, each conflict ending with a victory for the sun, who hung his red buckler at evening in sign of triumph over the far blue Paduan hills. Now is the season of lazy afternoons, when the brightest hours of a bright day seem best spent in floating whither the gondola may lead you. Perhaps you will have chosen one of these soft, windless afternoons to row out to San Giorgio in the Sea-Weed, that mournful, desolate island prison, and the tide is taking you back towards a long line of white, shining buildings, all steeped in yellow light. So you drift from the sad San Giorgio to the cheerful San Giorgio, that stands in face of the fairest portion of the city, a bright island, peopled by merry soldiers.

Glancing back down the canal of the Giudecca, the spars and cordage of yonder brig by the bank make a black ladder against the golden haze that shrouds Fusina's poplar-trees in the west. Over the red bell-towers in the background, and about the sombre boughs and foliage of the Public Gardens, opal mist is gathering; but it does not hide the presence of the moon. There she hangs above San Giorgio as a dim globe of ice. Soon her face will take lustre when all the hot sunset lights are burnt out. Voices come across the water, voices from blue, agile figures, briskly unloading barges by the Zattere, and bearing sacks of salt or bales of cotton to shore. As each brings its burden to the shed, you hear some hoarse throat recording the numbers: "Sette!" "Otto!" "Nove!"

The air has a scent of spring in it; the silence, the repose make one almost sad. Gigio, the gondolier, takes advantage of your reverie to tilt up his oar and sit down upon the *poppa*. Doffing his winter cap to stroke its edge of rabbit-fur, he lights his last Cavour and sends up a thin blue coil of smoke. Thus drifting, you will have dreamed another golden afternoon away. Or perhaps you choose some day when the lagoon is flecked with tiny foam-crests, when a fresh breeze can fill your sail and drive you swiftly to the Lido. There, at sweet San Nicoletto, you ramble amid the moss herbage of a verdurous coppice, in quest of violets. Many a scented handful may be had for the plucking; and then, with your fragrant treasures, you will walk up to the grassy ramparts of the fort that fronts the sea, and watch the broad, calm field of turquoise water, studded with scores of flame-coloured sails.

It may be that, as you voyage back, the wind will shift, and fling over all the scene a salt sea-mist. Each tower, each red-walled island, rosy and distinct in sunlight but a moment before, is blotted out by this grey veil of vapour. You are lost in a fog; Venice and her spires have vanished; you moor your boat to the nearest shell-encrusted stake, as white gulls wheel and shriek above and around. Soon, soon the islands reappear; the mist melts; victorious sunlight glorifies all. Some may deem these hours wasted, but surely they have been more pleasantly spent than with the gaudy, chattering people in the Piazza, who trail their finery up and down to the bang of drums interpreting Verdi and scaring the soft doves. This is but one more of many memorable afternoons. Soon, when summer heats come on, the cool night hours of moonlight and harmony will form the most delightful portion of your day. There may be eccentric hotel-Americans even now who will pay for a boatful of paper lamps and violin players with which to float shivering down the Grand Canal and listen to Venetian love-songs. But sour people might say that this was both a foolish and expensive method of taking cold.

It does not need a Venetian to convince you that the proper season for serenades, guitars, and lamp-lit boats has not yet come. These tender spring afternoons, with their rich sunlight and soft breezes, should content you; the nights are still too chilly for a *giro* in the gondola below the stars. Nor should any thirst for entertainment in the evening ever lead you to commit the error of visiting the theatre, where curious players vie with each other in screaming out of tune. Good music may be heard anywhere but in Venice. After the lagoon, the sea birds, the wild, lurid sunsets, and all the myriad beauties of Venetian landscape, who could hope to find pleasure and solace in a tawdry playhouse, pink faces, and *La Traviata*? It were better, perhaps, to spend half your night with some great writer, whose noble pages may give you lofty thoughts, and sustain, prolong that serenity, that harmony of soul and mind which to-morrow's sunlight will surely renew.

Reader, we will suppose that for a month past you have devoted all your brightest mornings to the contemplation of pictures. It is a pleasant business to view beautiful pictures; in Venice pictures form one of her strongest aids to emotion,—to emotion that is both pure and healthful. But the day has come when there remains nothing for you to see. Bellini, Carpaccio, Basaiti, Palona, Titian, Cima, Veronese, Tintoret, these have all presented their lustrous creations to your reverent gaze. You have missed sight of none. In the chilly halls of the Accademia, Ruskin from his handbook scolded, snubbed you; in the dim Scuola di San Rocco he was with you still, to reprove and to explain; there, as you stood poised upon impromptu scaffolding in the obscure little Shrine of the Slaves, he taught you gravely from his red covers to value the strange sweetness and refinement of tender-souled Carpaccio. You took your lesson and you had rich reward; you were patient, attentive, enthusiastic. And now your occupation is gone. There are absolutely no more pictures, no more churches to admire. How shall you use your day? With coffee and the morning paper comes a kind friend who can solve the problem. He says lightly, yet with decision: "You have exhausted the ancients, have you? Well, I will introduce you to the moderns." And so we pay successive visits to the studios of Van Haanen, Favretto, Nono, Pasini, Henry Woods, Ruben Tito, Blaas, and many other skilful workers in the same field, who all draw their inspiration from the lovely, enchanting sea-city where they have fixed their home.

F. E. P.

"NEW OXFORD"

THE vote taken last March in Convocation for funds to fit up the new laboratory at Oxford attracted thither an unusually large number of non-resident graduates; and when the assemblage, after a good-humoured but somewhat noisy meeting, dispersed, many of those present, who were not obliged to return to London at once, were tempted to saunter about and take stock of the recent changes in the University.

How great a difference the last ten years have made! One whose name was long anathema now presides there with general approbation. His sway may incline to despotism, yet it is tempered by benevolence and good sense; and, though an autocratic Vice-Chancellor must occasionally commit mistakes, the reign of the Master of Balliol will be remembered, not for these, but for the course of liberal and enlightened reform which he has inaugurated in Oxford life, so that even those who still remember the bitter controversies of a bygone time associated with his name may well join now with the past and present members of his own College, for

which he has done so much, in the "Jowett-cultus" of the period. But if this one figure has attained especial prominence of later years, there are others also whose recollection will long abide with old Oxford men, though the University sees their faces no more. The quaint figure of Mark Pattison; the stalwart frame of Henry Smith, most universally beloved of College Dons; the plain features that could not hide the commanding intellect and fascinating individuality of T. H. Green—where are they all? A new Warden reigns at Merton, a new President at Corpus (under which title one scarcely recognises the well-known Professor of Logic of an earlier day); the dignified quiet of All Souls' and the restful sleepiness of Wadham have been awakened by the disturbing influence of new Heads, and one might enumerate many similar alterations that have taken place within the last ten years. Has not the retiring Stubbs made way for the aggressive Freeman, and is not Canon King now vacating his Professorship of Pastoral Theology—a post of very doubtful import to a lay graduate's mind? All will hope that the famous historian may do as good work at the University as the Bishop of Chester, and that the new Bishop of Lincoln may leave a worthy successor behind him in the august society of Christ Church.

But New Oxford consists not only of new persons, but of new buildings; at every turn the eye sees new erections, some—nay, most—noble and worthy of their position, but many unfortunately inferior, and even, if the word may be forgiven, hideous. The abominable brick-patterns of Keble, the repulsive decoration of the Indian Institute—latest of Oxford fads—the unmitigated ugliness of the new buildings at Merton, which might really be held to justify an explosion of dynamite near them in "The Long," or the wonderful roofs of divers-coloured slates and tiles with which aspiring builders have thought fit to decorate some of the more recent erections of the University City—these need not be commented upon further. Nor can it serve any useful purpose to dilate upon the iniquity of the authorities in filling up the lower storey of a small projecting house in the lower part of "The High" with the modernest, cheapest, and nastiest of modern, cheap, and yellow bricks; nor on the strange phase of sacerdotalism which has adorned the exterior of the Pusey Memorial Library—locally yclept "The Puseum"—with staring patches of gold and white that strike a newcomer as alike unsuited to the calm dignity of the great Churchman commemorated there, and the decorous simplicity visible, or the studious hours spent, within the walls. Again, it hardly seems worth while now to drop a word of remonstrance at the barbarous utilitarianism which has sacrificed the exquisite grouping of old Magdalen Bridge with the adjoining tower for the convenience of College scouts who enter Oxford by tramcars over the wider bridge that forms, we are told, a more fitting entrance to the city. The mischief is done, and there is no good crying over it, and new Oxonians and visitors, unacquainted with its predecessor, will no doubt admire and rest content with the new Magdalen Bridge, a handsome structure enough in itself. Let us rather turn at once to what is undeniably good among the recent additions to Oxford architecture. First must be placed the new and as yet uncompleted buildings at Magdalen, whose stately charm recompenses us, if anything can, for the stern necessity that has destroyed the line of the High Street by removing the trees that formerly abutted on the roadway. Then there are the new Schools, the new High School for Boys, the new buildings at Trinity—all constructed by the most conspicuous of modern University architects, Mr. Jackson—the sets of rooms which the late Sir Gilbert Scott added to New College; the showy hall at Balliol; and the recent additions to Exeter and St. John's, to Corpus and Brasenose, not to mention the handsome belfry that now adorns the corner above the exquisite staircase at Christ Church in place of that remarkable wooden erection so deliciously satirised, when first put up some fifteen years ago, in a contemporary *brochure*, by the witty author of "Alice in Wonderland," who warned the stranger to the effect—

If thou wouldst view the belfry aright
Go visit it in the mirk midnight,
For in the glare of lightsome day
'T would scare the beholder quite away.

or the somewhat cumbrous and, as many will think, wholly useless structure in which the debates of the Union Society are now held.

The most notable of these buildings is the very striking edifice dedicated to the torture of the undergraduate mind, and known as "The Schools;" after a careful examination inside and outside the visitor will probably think there is little cause for complaint and little room for improvement except in the two preposterous *bas reliefs* that surmount the entrance-porch, representing a *viola voce* examination and the conferring of a degree, which should be removed forthwith. The vast rooms, the stately corridors, the lavish wealth of decoration in marbles of every country and hue, in stone-carving, in wood-carving—English and Italian—in tiles, each several pattern being designed by the architect, and revealing all kinds of pretty and fanciful conceits; these ought to please the most exacting critic; and if one be disposed to complain that wings of the building are still wanting, that the external quadrangle is far from complete, and that much of the internal ornament is little more than begun, these are defects to be remedied in course of time. The University coffers may be exhausted for the moment, but ample care has been taken that when more funds are forthcoming the original plans shall be carried out to the letter, for nothing has been left altogether undone, though many a mantelpiece has but a suggestion of the carving that is to be there, and many a ceiling can only show one or two panels actually executed. The massive Jacobean character of this building is well suited to its purpose, and the like appropriateness is discernible in the other works of the same architect in Oxford. Their elevations are striking, their proportions pleasing, and the ornament sufficient without over-elaboration; and if only others who have left their mark on New Oxford had done as well, a chorus of approval must have attended their efforts.

The stone employed by the recent builders varies much in colour and quality, some being more grey, some more yellow, some harder, and some, to all appearance, more likely to crumble on the surface, and this raises the question how far, in such a climate as ours, it is safe to attempt any elaborate architectural detail if it be expected to withstand the assaults of time and weather; but for the moment the general effect is good, and it is only where modern facing or piecing is added or inserted upon old work that the variety of material is distinctly displeasing, as in the wanton disfigurement of the once beautiful "Tom Quad" at Christ Church, that seems to have been ruined for no purpose except the expenditure of money. Amid all this new building brick as yet finds no favour among Oxford architects; and certainly the hideous embellishments of Keble are a warning against tampering with the old traditions that colleges here should be of stone, but those who know the capacities of brick as shown by mediæval architects may perhaps be allowed to lament that Oxford, most picturesque of English cities, is without any noble building in that material.

A stroll round the parks forms a fitting conclusion to the day. The swarms of children, in themselves a sign of that new life which has banished celibacy as a necessity amongst the Dons by allowing to each college a certain proportion of married Fellows, give a cheerfulness to the prospect that it formerly lacked; the beautiful new cricket-ground, which in summer must be, one would suppose, the loveliest in the world, presents an expanse of level grass sward most pleasing to the eye on a sharp spring day; and the large and increasing quarter beyond, with endless villas and rows of streets and terraces reaching to the Cherwell, and calling aloud for a new bridge to the remoter suburb on the ridge across the river, testify to the growing population and residential advantages of "New Oxford."

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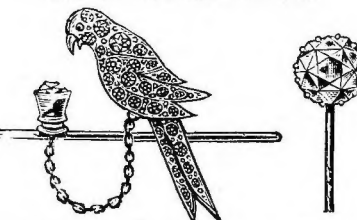
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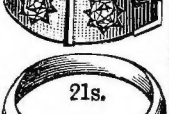
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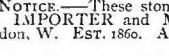
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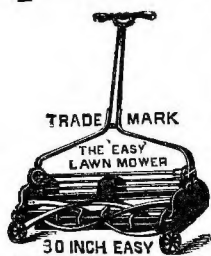
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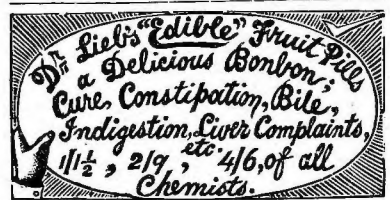
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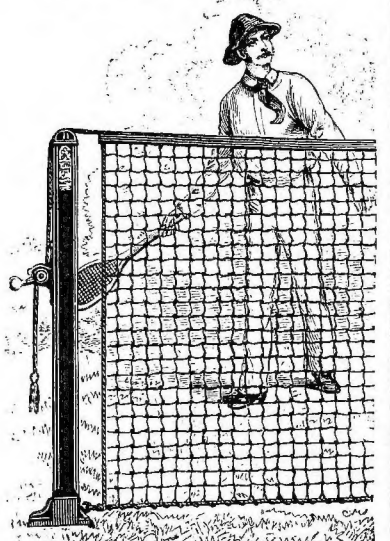
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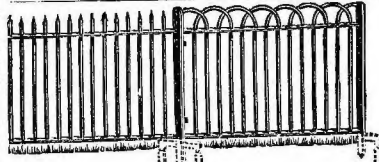
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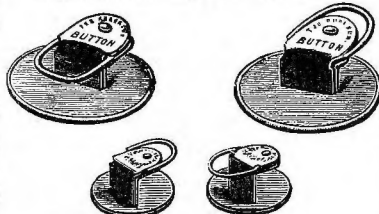


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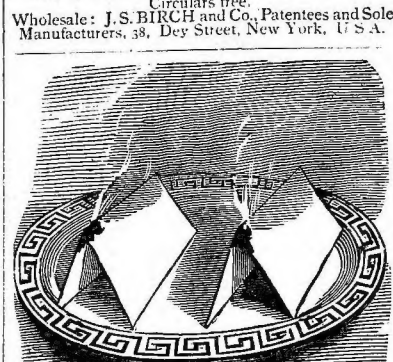
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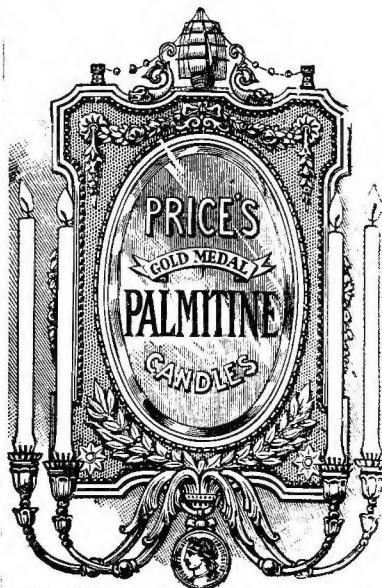
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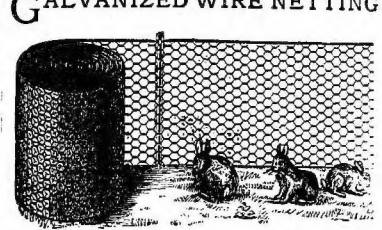


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